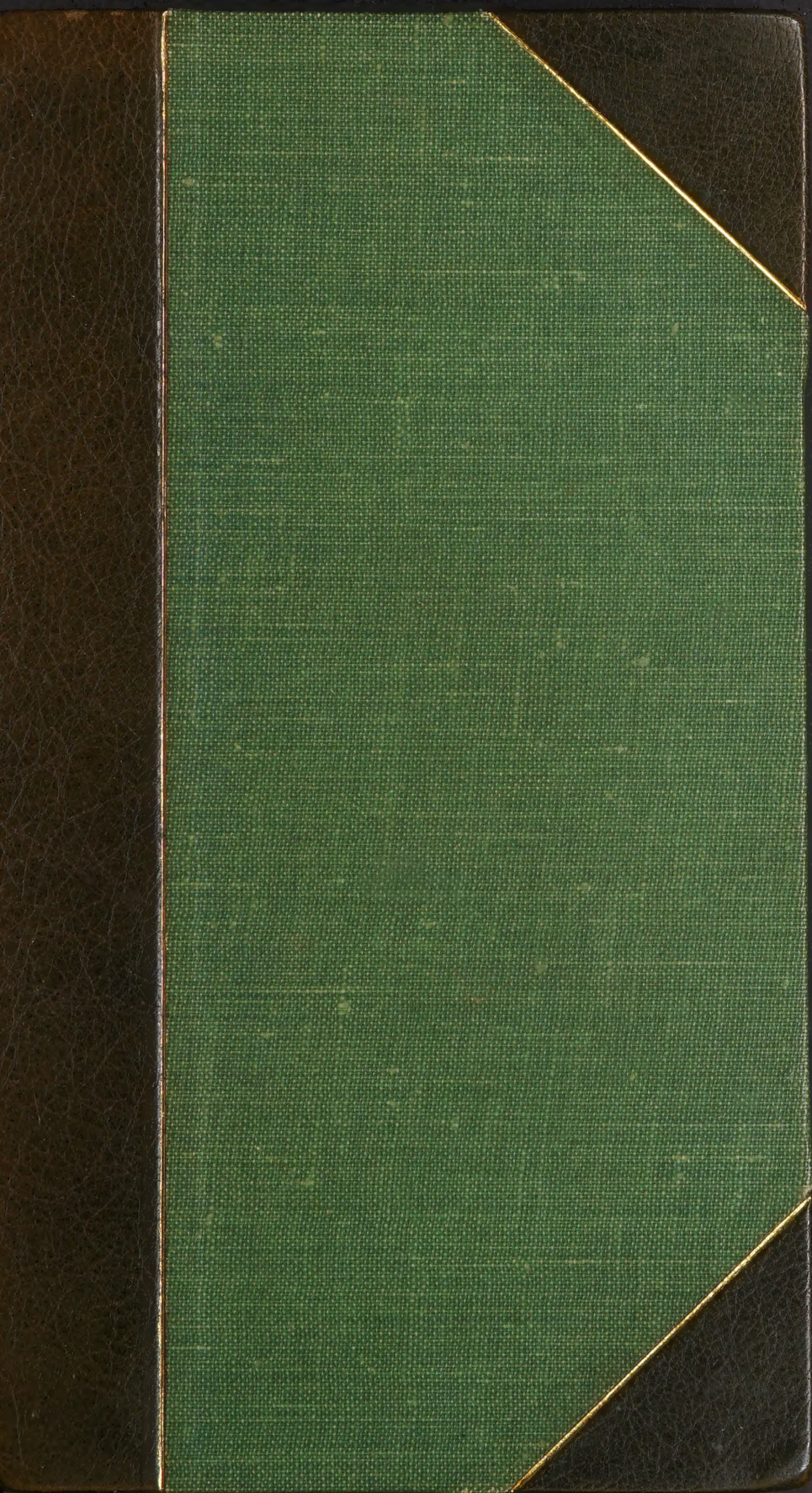






HISTORY
OF THE
STAGE



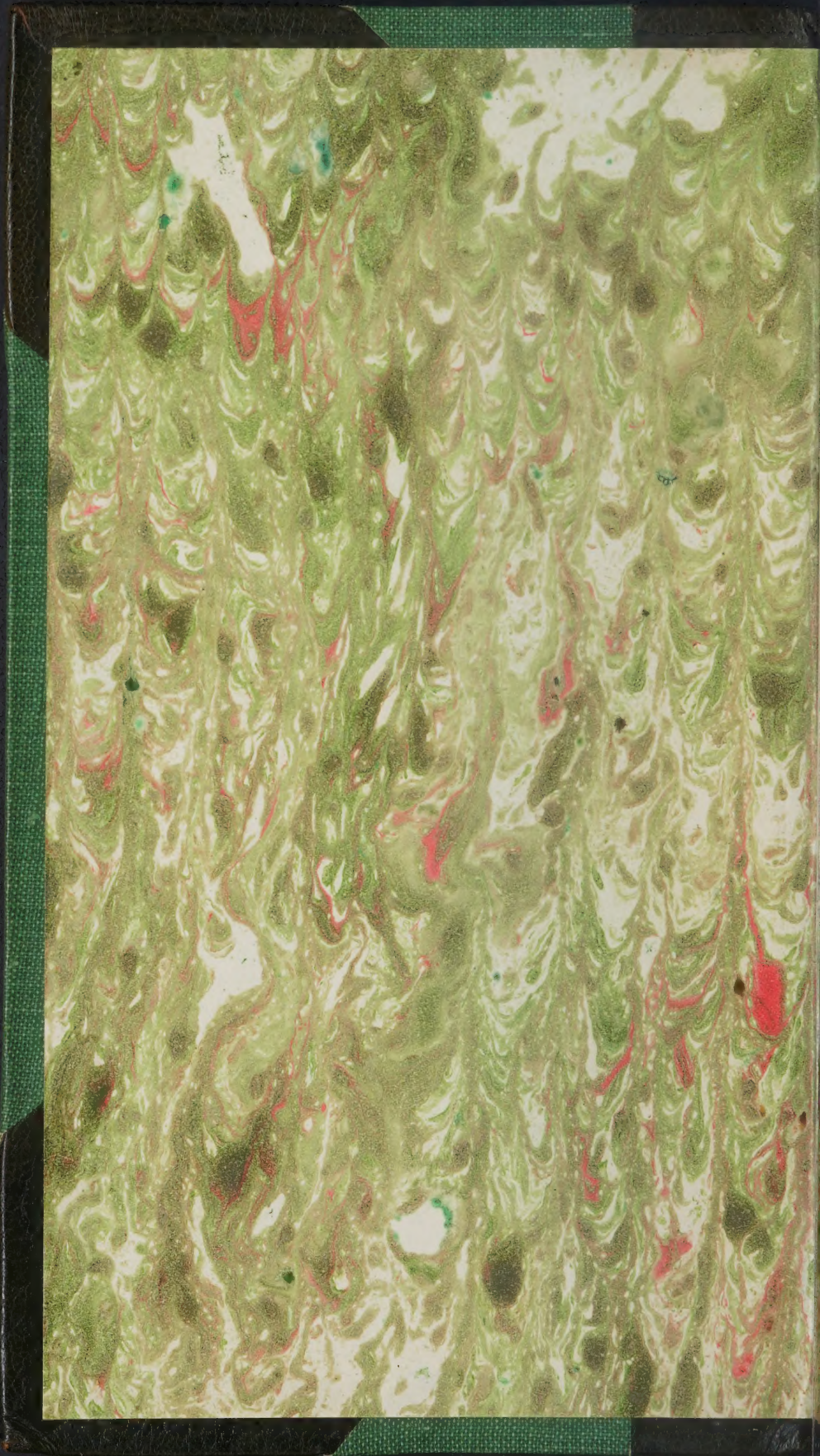
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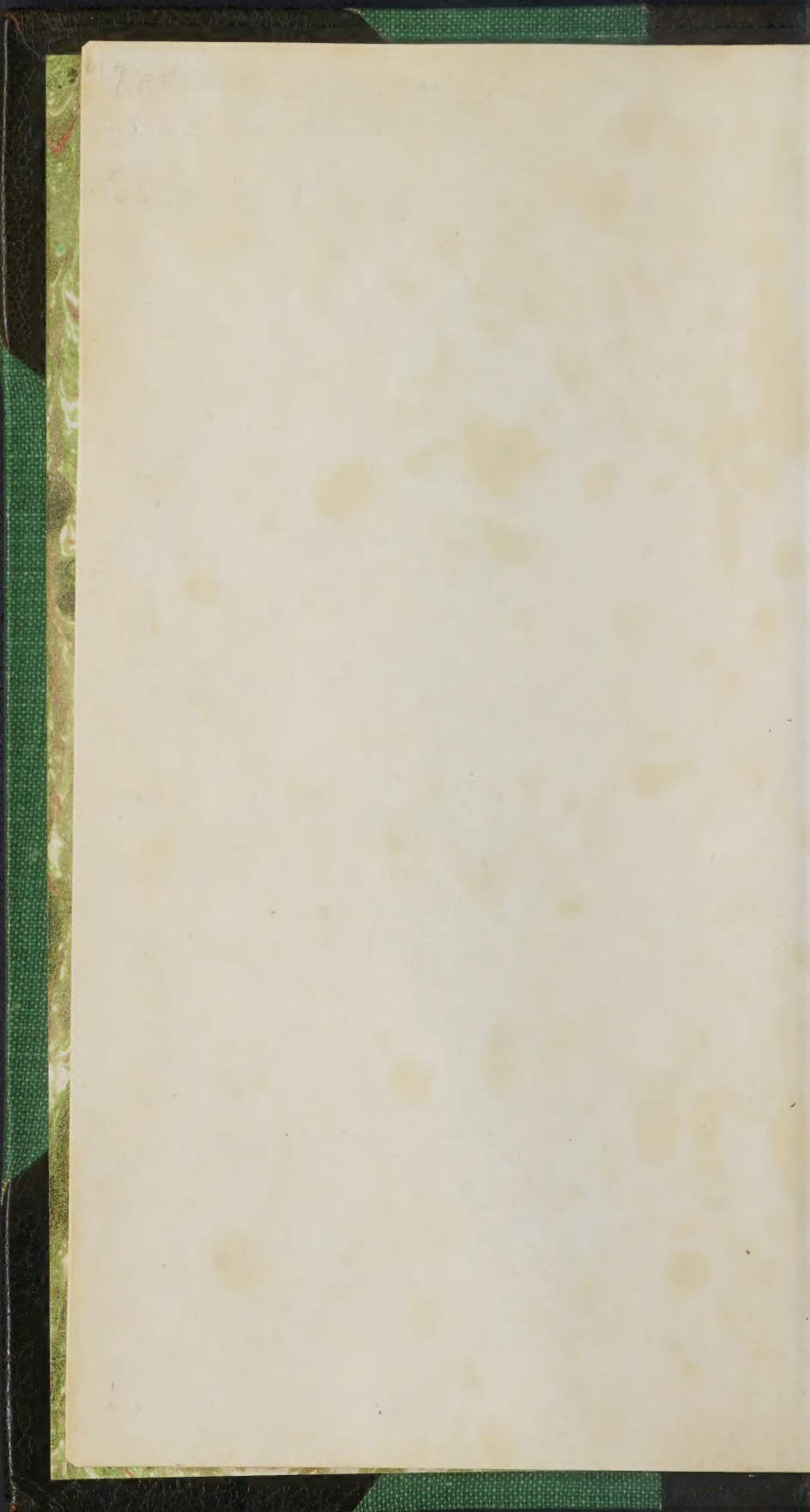


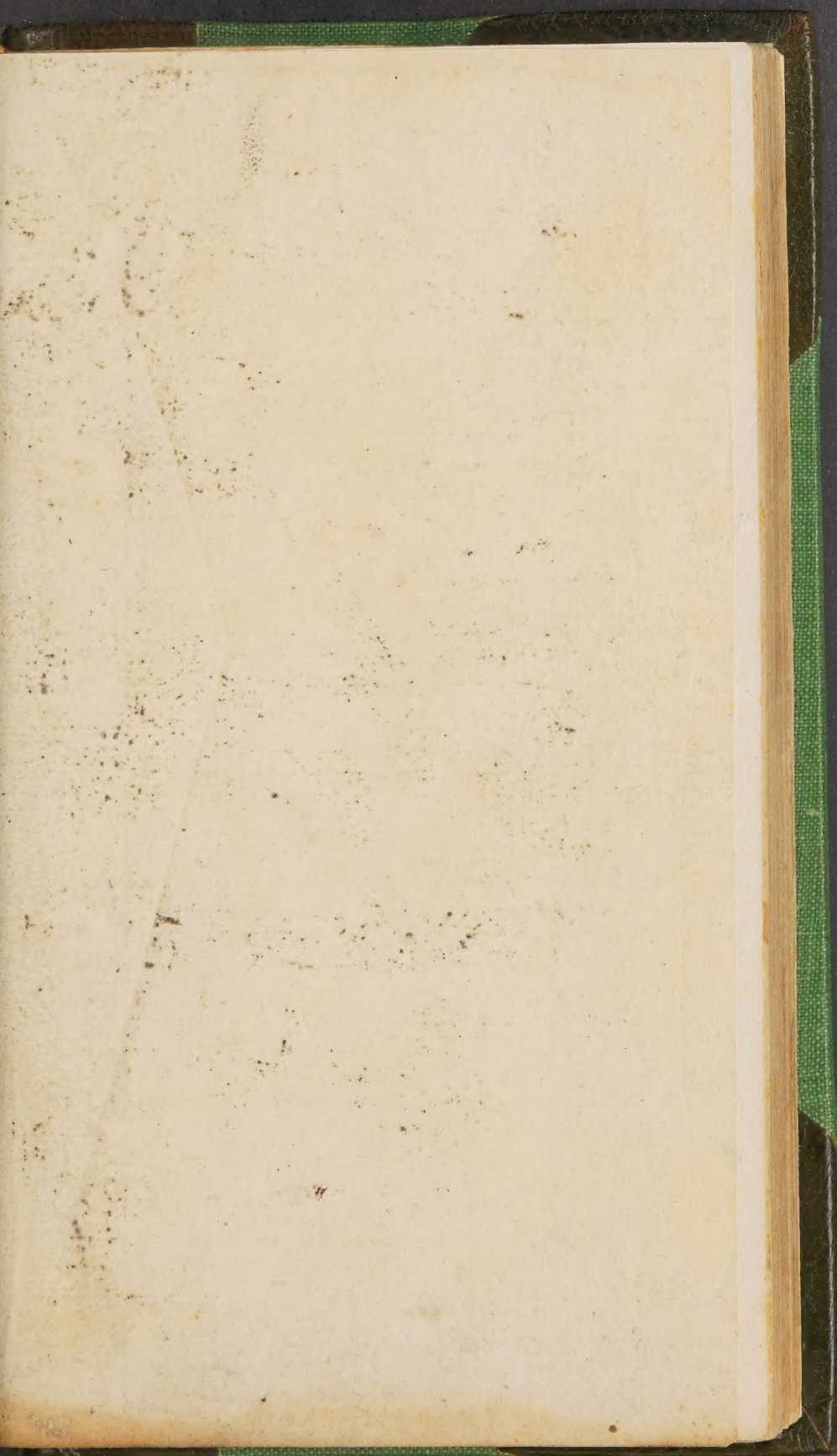






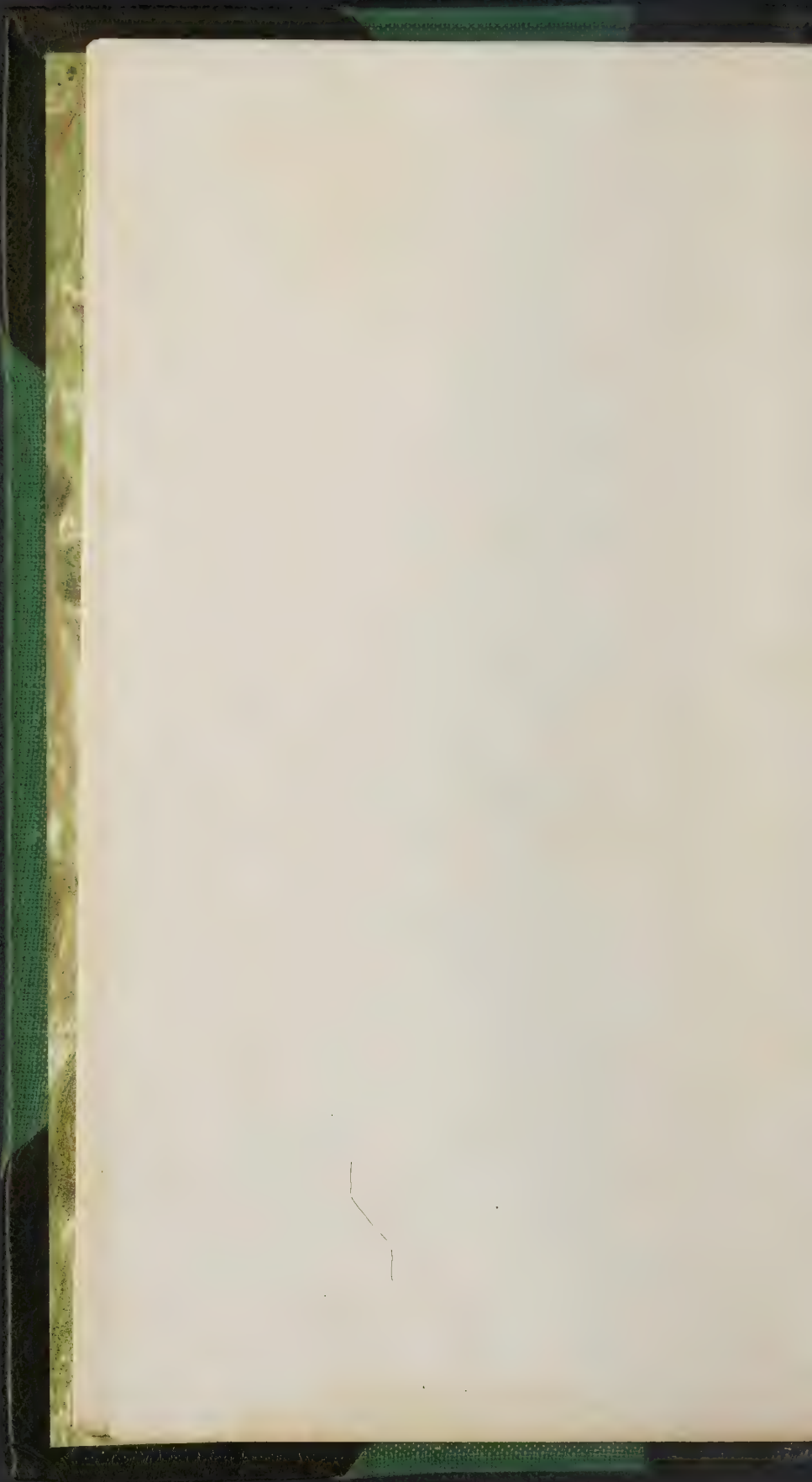




















A GENERAL
HISTORY
OF THE
STAGE;

(More Particularly the

IRISH THEATRE)

From its Origin in GREECE down
to the present TIME.

WITH THE

MEMOIRS of most of the principal
PERFORMERS, that have appeared on
the DUBLIN STAGE, for the last
FIFTY YEARS.

WITH

Notes, Antient, Modern, Foreign, Domestic, Serious,
Comic, Moral, Merry, Historical, and Geographical,
containing many Theatrical Anecdotes; also several
Pieces of Poetry, never before published.

Collected and Digested by W. R. CHETWOOD,

Twenty Years Prompter to his Majesty's Company of
Comedians of the Theatre Royal in *Drury-lane, London.*

*All the World's a Stage, and ev'ry Man, and
Woman, merely Actors.* SHAKESPEAR.

DUBLIN:

Printed by E. RIDER in *George's-lane*, for the AU-
THOR, and sold by Messieurs *Ewing, Wilson, Ef-
dall*, and *James*, Booksellers in *Dublin*, and Mr. *Sul-
livan* in *Cork*. M DCC XLIX.



T O
DAVID GARRICK,
J. LACEY,
JOHN RICH, and
THOMAS SHERIDAN, } Esquires,

PATENTEES and MANAGERS

OF THE

THEATRES ROYAL

I N

DRURY-LANE, COVENT-GAR-
DEN, and SMOCK-ALLEY.

GENTLEMEN,

TO your Censures I commit the
following Piece, since you are all
the proper Judges of my Tryal.
If I am Condemn'd I shall receive my
Sentence without Murmuring, and if
Acquitted, with sincere Thanks: But as
every Offender would find some Pretence
to mitigate his Crime, I will only put
you in Mind that I have march'd under
all your Banners in many Winter Colds

DEDICATION.

and Summer Heats, and given Proofs of my *Conduct*, if not of my Courage, and have disciplin'd some of your Troops. *Tho' my Enemies have beat me to the Pit* (as *Brutus* said) yet thank Heaven! some few Friends have interpos'd, and prevented my falling in: there is a Consolation in Innocence, that is our best Shield.

I am bad at Compliments, but I wish you all the Success your Merits deserve; Copy the *Roman Roscius* (tho' a Heathen) while you Live, and when you Die, it may be said of you as the Noble *Cicero* (a) said of that celebrated Actor.

(a) Every Person may not know that *Marcus Tullius Cicero*, and *Roscius*, lived in the same Century, and were Cotemporaries, tho' the *Orator* was much the younger, and was taught all that Energy in his Orations he was so much famed for by *Roscius*. *Tully* survived him many Years. He derived his Line from *Tullius Appius* King of the *Volcii*, and took his Name from *Cicer*, a *Chik Pea* (or as we call them in *England*, *Vech*) by having a Wart on his Forehead which resembled that Pulse. These great Men (*Cicero* and *Roscius*) flourished about the Year of the World 3880, 60 Years before the Birth of Christ.

you

DEDICATION.

Quis nostrum tam animo agresti ac duro fuit, ut ROSCII morte nuper non commoveretur? qui, cum esset senex mortuus, tamen propter excellentem artem, ac venustatem, videbatur omnino mori non debuisse.

“ Which of us all would be so unpolished, and obdurate, as not to be sensibly moved with the Death of ROSCIUS? Who, tho’ dying in Old Age, yet his excellent Art, and sweet Manner of Deportment, influenced every one to wish him Immortal.

With this I End, and take Leave to subscribe myself,

Your most Obedient

Humble and

Respectful Servant,

W. R. CHETWOOD.

T H E
P R E F A C E.

A P R E F A C E is Part of the Habit to a Book, and no Author can appear full dress'd without it: 'tis a Cockarde to an Officer, a Nofegay to a Lawyer, a Patch or Fan to a fine Lady, or, a Ribbond to her Lap-Dog.

If I should tell my Readers I am prevailed upon with great Intreaties from my Friends, to Publish this Piece, I should embark with a Falshood (for it is my own Free-will, Act and Deed) and I would willingly have my Readers believe I publish nought but Truth. My Cargo is Genuine, and I have taken up but little on Credit.

If the good Reader should find better Scraps of Rhyme than my own (which I presume will not be over difficult) I have given them distinguishing Marks, that there may be no Doubts on that Account.

The numerous Notes I have squeezed in, are meant to divert; if I lose my Aim, I shall content myself with considering, I may be but one among ten Thousand, that have been mistaken.

I have unnumbered Thanks to many in this Kingdom, in particular, one a young Gentleman whose good Nature has been indefatigable in my Interest, The other a Gentleman Eminent in the Law,

THE PREFACE.

Law, who has made my Cause his own. It gives me great Concern I am not permitted publicly to own their unbounded Goodness and Generosity, since such Sterling Friends are but seldom met with by Wretches in Misfortune.

I am Unfortunate I own, but (as Oroonoko says) not ashamed of being so. I bear all with Patience, and Cheerfulness; which I find has occasion'd the following Flight of Poetry from a Friend. I know Authors often write to themselves, yet I'll assure you, on my Veracity it is not the Case here; tho' I must allow a little Vanity in my Composition makes me willing to insert it.

Integer vitæ Scelerisque Purus. Hor. Ode XXII.

SAY Fair Content, lov'd Goddess say,
How shall I find thy soft Retreat,
Where shall I seek thy Halcion Seat,
Or trace thy sacred Way?

Love pointed out a pleasing Scene,
Where nought but Beauty could be found
With Roses, and with Myrtles crown'd,
And nam'd thee for its Queen.

Delusion all! a specious Cheat!
At my Approach, the Roses fade
I found each Fragrance quite decay'd,
And curs'd the fond Deceit!

The P R E F A C E.

At Courts I've sought, where Splendor shone,
Where Pomp and gilded Cares reside,
Midst endless Hurry, endless Pride,
But there, thou wast unknown.

Yet in the Captive's dreary Cell,
Lodg'd with a long experienced Sage,
(With thee, thou CHIRON of the Stage)
The Goddess deigns to dwell.

Integrity, and Truth serene,
Have eas'd the Labours of thy Breast,
And lull'd thy peaceful Heart to rest,
Midst Perfidy and Pain.

A Soul like thine disrob'd of Guile,
In native Innocence elate,
Above the keenest Rage of Fate,
Can greet IT with a Smile.

I would wish with Horace,
---- *Nec turpem senectam*
Degere.
To pass declining Years without Reproach.

*But that I find impossible; Falshood and Fraud,
are the Products of the World, and grow spon-
taneous. But no more, than this, I forgive my
Enemies, and shall ever cherish the Memory of
my Friends. I must ask Pardon for naming
Mr. Barrington in this Theatre, and Miss Bel-
lamy in Covent-Garden, the Goodness of them
both have often eas'd an aching Heart.*

Sub-

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A

General HISTORY

OF THE

STAGE.

ALTHO' in the Title, I have call'd this little History the *Irish Theatre*, I shall endeavour to trace the STAGE from its original Source. The Fountain Head of most navigable Rivers, are so small, they may be waded through, tho' their Depth and Breadth, by a gradational Course, bear Ships of the greatest Burthen.

The STAGE is almost as old, as the sacred Inspiration of the Muse. Admir'd, when at *Nurse*, and even in its infant Prattle, Pleasing. Born in *Greece*, and nourish'd at *Athens*. A merry Author says in a Prologue,

*Thespis, the first Professor of our Art,
At Country Wakes sung Ballads in a Cart.*

And tho' *Bacchus* is allowed to be the Father, yet all Nations, *antient* and *modern*, esteem'd it to be a *sober* and *instructive* Entertainment.

A

The

The early Stages, were indeed, no more than native Turf, or Sod, and what was first exhibited, of a Piece, simple Pastoral Songs, sometimes mix'd with Scandal, or Abuse, and may be, home Truths, like the *Terræ Filius* at Oxford, or the blazoning Peccadillos of two opponent Members setting up for the same Burrough. Yet from these Seeds of Satire, we owe a *Juvenal*, *Perseus*, *Horace* and *Petronius*, and, indeed the whole Race of *Heroic*, *Epic*, *Dramatic* and *Pastoral* Poets and Poetry, your *Spondees* and *Dactyls*, the *Buskin* and *Stock*, the *Laurel* and *Bayes*.

From these Turf Stages, the Players, such as they were, mounted a Cart, or some such Vehicle, and began to travel Bag and Baggage, perhaps like the Picture of the Itinerants in *Scarron's Comical Romance*. Hear what *Horace* says in *Latin*:

*Ignotum Tragicæ genus invenisse Camæna
Dicitur, & plaustris vexisse Poemata Thespis :
Quæ canerent agerensque peruncti facibus ora.
Post hunc personæ pallaque repertor honestæ
Æchylus, & modicis implevit pulpita tignis ;
Et docuit magnumque loqui, nitique Cothurno.*

But for fear some People may understand as little *Latin* as myself, take the Sense in the following *English*.

(a) *Thespis, the first, that did surprise the Age
With Tragedy, ne'er trod a decent Stage :*

(a) *Thespis, an early Poet and Player, born at Athens.*
But

But in a Waggon drove his Plays about,
And show'd mean antick Tricks to please the Rout :
His Songs, uneven, rude, in ev'ry Part ;
His Actors smutt'd, and the Stage, a Cart.
Next (b) *Æschylus*, did greater Art express,
He built a Stage, and taught them how to dress ;
In decent motion, he his Parts convey'd,
And made them look as great, as those they play'd.

CREECH.

The first Theatre in *Athens* was built by the Directions of *Æschylus*, at the Public Charge. It was a wooden Pile, yet very spacious. But at the Representation of one of the Tragedies compos'd by *Æschylus*, according to *Suidas*, the Building gave way by the monstrous Weight of 20,000 Spectators, and many were kill'd and maim'd. To prevent such fatal Accidents for the future, the City order'd one more magnificent to be erected, entirely built with Stone, capable of holding half the Inhabitants without the former Danger ; some Authors say of Marble, surpassing in Elegance the Temples of their Gods. It consisted of two Parts, the *Scena* and *Cavea* : The *Scena*, that Part which form'd the Stage, and other Conveniences be-

(b) *Æschylus*, a celebrated Greek Poet, an *Athenian*. There are several Greek Tragedies of his handed down to us, and as *Casaubon* imagins, many more lost. By some Authors, he is suppos'd to have been one of the Performers in his own Dramatic Pieces. The learned *Thomas Stanley*, Esq ; of *Hertfordshire*, has publish'd this antient Author in *Latin*, with the original *Greek* on one Side, illustrated with elaborate Notes, in Folio,

A General HISTORY

longing to it. The upper Part for their *Scenes* and *Machinery*, which were generally flat Curtains, with all the Variety of Painting, let occasionally down to vary the Prospect, and manage the Machinery, as *Lee* intimates in the Tragedy of *Oedipus*,

*O ! that as oft I have at Athens seen,
The Stage arise, and the big Clouds descend.*

The *Cavea*, was the Place where the Spectators were seated: The under Part of the Stage was form'd for raising any thing particular for the different Performances, where were also placed the brazen Tubes for Thunder, and Utensils for Lightning, and many other Conveniences, according to *Grævius* :

*With brazen Thunder, forked Lightning hurl'd
That blazing stream'd to fright the mimic World.*

They had also different Thunder for good or bad Omens, according to *Athenæus* :

*Auspicious Omen rends the Womb of Night,
And forked Lightning flashes from the Right.*

And again,

*Ill Omen Lightning has the Welkin cleft,
And roning Thunder bellows from the left.*

It may well be ask'd by Numbers, if these Theatres were so large and spacious, what sort of Theatrical Performers must those distant Ages

Ages produce, they must either have *Stentrophon* Voices, or their Auditors most delicate auricular Faculties. No; in my Opinion, the Senses of Hearing and Seeing were much the same, as now; but as to the Voice, that indeed, doubtless, wanted Assistance, which to help, they had Coverings to the whole Head and Face, and over the Face, a *Mask*, with a Mouth only, to strengthen the Sound of the Voice; in my poor Opinion, wretched Assistance! Where were the *Eyes* and Muscles of the Countenance to command, implore, exult, upbraid, consent, refuse, and all those different Passions that agitate the Mind, wherein the *Eyes* are the *Index*? These *Masks* were made to cover the Head, as was said before, adorn'd with Hair proper to the Character the Actor was to represent upon the Stage. *Madam Dacier* has given an engrav'd Specimen of several *Masks* us'd on the *Roman Theatre*, in her Translation of *Terence*, which she procur'd in an ancient Manuscript of that Author's Works. The *Romans* follow'd the *Greeks* in their *Drama*, so we may be assured these Helps came from *Athens* to *Rome*. But as the Voice was to be modell'd so was the Person, therefore the *Cothurnus*, or *Buskin* was invented, not like our modern *Greek* or *Roman* *Buskin*, but an Elevation of Person, half a Yard or so, to emulate the Size of Immortals, or earthly Giants, and Heroes, like our waggish Boys, appearing upon Stilts. But the *Cothurnus* was only made use of in Tragedy to step stately, for

if they had hurry'd they might have been in some danger of kissing the Ground, neither could they, I suppose, pay Homage to their Monarch, or their Mistress, tho' perhaps in those Days, kneeling was neither a Mark of Submission, or Adoration, at least among the *Greeks*. But thus are their Actors pictur'd out by many Authors. *Cornelius Nepos* tells us, most of the Performers on the *Grecian* Theatres, were chief of the Nobility, Persons of great Learning and Dignity, *Poets, Orators, and Historians*, even *Kings* did not disdain to appear on the *Athenian* Stage. But what is most surprizing, these monstrous Piles of Buildings were so contriv'd, that two of these large Theatres could turn, joyn, and form an *Amphitheatre* for the hunting wild Beasts, &c.

Casaubon in his Description of the Splendor of *Rome* says, that *Curio*, a *Roman* Knight, to entertain the People, built two spacious Theatres in such a Manner, Back to Back, (if it may be so term'd) first for the *Histriones* (c), or Actors, to perform in the Morning: In the Afternoon, they were mov'd to meet each other, and form one spacious *Amphitheatre*, where the Combats of Gladiators and wild Beasts were perform'd. But when we consider the *Greek* and *Roman* Engines of war, the *Turres* (d) and a whole Catalogue of others, the Wonder will cease. The

(c) *Histriones*, or Actors, took their Name from *Hister*, in the *Tuscan* Language, a Player.

(d) *Turres Mobiles*, or moving Towers of the *Greeks* are

The *Athenian* Theatre, was beyond all doubt the primal and eldest Child of the *Drama*, and consequently, must have the earliest of the Dramatic Poets, and most in Number. We have not many more of the *Roman* Dramatic Bards after naming *Seneca* (e) for Tragedy, and *Plautus* (f), with *Terence* (g) for Comedy, and this last

are the same of those of the *Romans* which they copied from them. They are used in besieging the Walls of a City, generally 150 Foot high, and 30 Foot square, containing many Rooms in length, and height, capable of holding a large Body of Soldiers with Arms and other Engines, Ladders, Bridges to throw over the City Wall for the Soldiers to enter the Town; and all this mighty Bulk put together in three Hours, as *Gronovius* tells us, with Wheels that could move it forward or back by Men to shove or draw, to press on or retreat; some of the Stories fill'd with Archers and Slingers, another with Fire balls, the rest with Spears and Darts, &c.

(e) The learned *Seneca* was born at *Cordova* in *Spain*. This is not the Stoic Philosopher, who by his Moral Writings, *Hierome* ranks among the List of sacred Authors, tho' both these great Men were born in *Cordova*.

(f) *Plautus* was born in *Umbria*, in the Kingdom of *Naples*. Notwithstanding his Reputation as a Comic Poet, thro' his Extravagant way of Living, was, at last, reduced to get his Subsistence by turning a Baker's Hand mill. A *Memento* for Poets, as well as Players.

(g) *Terence* was born at *Carthage*, the Capital of *Africa*, that so long contended with the *Roman* Republic. He serv'd *Terentius* *Lucanus*, a Roman Knight, who recommended him to *Scipio*, and *Laelius*. There are Six of his Comedies left us, but most taken from the *Greek* of *Menander*: which makes the learned World regret the loss of that excellent Author. *Terence*, after his great Success in *Rome*, embark'd to visit *Athens*, but was

last borrowed from the *Greek* of *Menander*. While among the *Grecians*, we have this *Menander* (h), *Æschylus*, *Sophocles* (i), *Euripides* (k) and *Aristophanes* (l), the first and last for Comedy, the other for Tragedy, not forgetting *Lycophron* (m). Therefore we may thank *Athens* (n) for her Schools of Science and Arts,

was suppos'd to perish at Sea, for he was never after heard of.

(h) *Menander*, a celebrated *Greek* Comic Poet. *Suidas* informs us, that he squinted, and was an inordinate Lover of the Fair-Sex. *Plautus* and *Terence* borrow'd as much from this Author, as our modern Play-Wrights from *Corneille*, *Racine*, *Molliere*, *Renard*, and many of the *French* Tribe of *Parnassus*. But who has our Immortal *Shakespear* pilfer'd from? Why, not having the Fear of Heaven before his Eyes, has Sacralegiously stolen from that sacred Goddess, Nature in all her Works.

(i) *Sophocles* was a celebrated Tragic Poet of *Athens*. He flourished in the Year of the World 3520, before the Birth of Christ 428.

(k) *Euripides* wrote 75 Dramatic Pieces. Altho' he was twice married, he was accounted a Woman hater. Various are the Accounts of his Death: some say he was torn to Pieces by Women, others by the King of *Macedon*'s Dogs. He was Cotemporary with *Sophocles*.

(l) *Aristophanes* was born at *Lyndum* in the Island of *Rhodes*. He wrote 14 Comedies. He was Cotemporary with *Socrates*, and in one of his Plays ridicules that great Philosopher. He flourished in the Year of the World 3527.

(m) *Lycophron*, an eminent Tragic Poet, born at *Chalcedon*, a City of *Bithynia* in *Asia Minor*, and now call'd *Chiutale* by the *Turks*, in whose Government it now remains.

(n) *Athens* was built by *Cecrops* (as *Helvicus* informs us)

Arts, whose flourishing Branches by degrees, spread over the now Learned World, as *Horace* writes in his Epistle to *Augustus Cæsar*:

*Græcia capta ferum victorem cepit & Artes
Intulit agrestî Latio.*

Greece conquer'd, did her Conquerors orecome,
Polish'd the Rude, and sent her Arts to Rome.

The

a King of *Egypt*, in the Year of the World 2390, 64 Years before the *Israelites* went out of *Egypt*. It was obey'd by Kings, till 2812 of the World, when the Line of Monarchs ended with *Codrus*. *Archons* then were constituted in the Place of Regal Power, after the Reign of 31 Kings. The Hero *Theseus* being the 11th of that Number, who nam'd the City *Athens*. These *Archons*, or joint Rulers, were nine in Number, and were generally Hereditary. *Solon* the Wise Law-giver, was an *Athenian*, and form'd those wholesome Statutes from which they deriv'd their excellent Government. See the *English* of the *Greek* of what he said of himself.

*What Power was fit, I did on all bestow,
Nor rais'd the Poor too high, nor press'd too low:
The Rich, that rul'd, and ev'ry Office bore,
Confin'd by Laws, they could not press the Poor.
Both Parties I secur'd from lawless Might,
So, none prevail'd upon another's Right.*

Have we better Laws now? These *Archons* for Life continued Governorstill 3190. They were then changed for ten Years Rule only, till 3268, then it formed a d rect Republick, and as *Alcibiades* says in the Play of *Timon of Athens*,

One Tyrant, is better than four Hundred!

Their

16 *A General HISTORY*

The *Socci*, is no more than we say in *English*, (*Sock*) and us'd in Comedy, only; For Tragedy, with the *Chorus*, and Comedy were

Their home-bred Jars made them a Prey to the *Macedonians*, and afterwards to the *Romans*. And tho' famous for War, and Arms, yet Learning and Art, even in their Troubles, rais'd them to be the first in Esteem, tho' they wore the Chains of *Rome*, which shall introduce the Words of the Oracle to the great *Theseus* :

Hear, *Theseus*, *Pitheus* Daughter's Son,
Hear what *Jove* for thee has done,
In this great City thou hast made,
He has, as in a Store-House laid,
The settled Periods and fixed Fates
Of many Cities, mighty States.
But know thou, neither Fear, nor Pain,
Solicit not thy self in vain,
For like a Bladder that does bide
The Fury of the angry Tide,
Thou from high Waves unhurt shall bound,
Always toss'd, but never drown'd.

DUKE.

Athens is now call'd *Atheni* by the *Turks*. There are computed 7000 *Christians*, and 2000 *Turks*, who command the Town. The *Aga* resides in the *Acropolis*, or Castle, built upon a Rock, a Mile in Circumference; within it is a *Mosque* that when *Athens* flourish'd was the Temple of *Minerva*, built of white Marble, 217 Foot in Length and 100 in Breadth, and (as *Wheeler* says) was one of the finest Structures in the World. Near it are some of the remains of the Theatre of *Bacchus*. The *Area*, and the *Stage*, are almost fill'd with the ruinous Marble Seats. But it is plain to be discover'd, that this Theatre is much larger than the Temple of *Minerva*, and built with white Marble. The Temple of the eight Winds, some remains of the *Oæcum*, or Music Theatre, &c. may be still distinguish'd.

a long time the *Greek* and *Roman* Entertainments. The Chorus, might, indeed, be term'd *Interludes*, tho' their Substance were mostly relative to the Story, as Thoughts of the foregoing Subject of the Scene, by Standers by, or Over-hearers. Yet these, by degrees, melted away, and *Mimes*, or *Pantomimes* instituted in their room. Some of our *English* Authors have their Chorus after the antient Manner, viz. *Shakespear* in his *Henry V*, and *Winter's Tale*; *Milton* in his *Sampson Agonistes*; *Sandys* in his *Christs Passion*; and the late Duke of *Buckingham* in his two Tragedies from the *Julius Cæsar* of our *Shakespear*, and others. The *Mimes* and *Pantomimes* crept in and shew'd out these antient Chorus's; some were loose, and warron *Mimics*, that the *Roman* Luxury too well lik'd, others were more decent, who by Action and Gesture, could describe a Story without speaking, in all its Variety of Passions. One of these was so excellent, that when a foreign Prince came to *Rome* in the Time of *Nero* the Tyrant, at his Departure, ask'd no other Favour of the Emperor, but that *Mime*, whom he had seen perform, for this reason; that as he had many barbarous Nations bordering round him, of different Speech, this Man by his Action, could be an excellent Interpreter, whose Meaning was so well understood without the Use of Speech. *Mimes* and *Pantomimes* are generally the same thing, but to translate them Buffoons (as *Cooper* in his Dictionary) is something too mean a Meaning.

Meaning. I shall leave the Antients to rest quietly in their Graves.

The *Drama* in *England*, and all over *Europe*, began as meanly as its first Original in *Greece* or *Rome*, and our Poetry as crude. The first Play, at least that has appeared in Print, was with this Title, *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, a Comedy, acted at *Christ's-College, Cambridge*. Writ by Mr. S. Master of Arts. And an artful Piece it is. *Gammer Gurton* has lost her Needle, and truly great hunt is made about it; her Boy is sent to blow the Embers in order to light a Candle to help the Search. The damn'd Witch of a Cat, is got in the Chimney, with her two fiery Eyes. The Boy cries, *it is the Devil of a Fire*; for when he puffs it out, and when he does not, its in. *Stir it!* cries *Gammer Gurton*. The Boy does as he's bid. The Fire, or rather the Cat, flies among a Pile of Wood, the Boy cries, *the House will be burnt!* All Hands to work. The Cat is discover'd by a Priest, (having a little more Cunning than the rest). This is the *Episode*. The main Plot and *Catastrophe* are full as good. *Gammer Gurton* it seems, had the Day before been mending her Man *Hodge's* Breeches. Now *Hodge* in some Game of Merriment, was to be punish'd by three Slaps on the *Bum*, by the brawny open Hand of one of his Fellow Bumpkins. His Head is laid down in *Gammer Gurton's* Lap; the first Slap is given--- *Hodge*, with great Exclamation, bellows out, *oh!* He declares his Grief! and searching for
the

the Cause of his Pain---O, happy! the Needle was found bury'd up to the Eye in the Posterior of poor *Hodge*! It was pull'd out with great Rejoycing by all but the Delinquent, who express'd some Pain; and so ends this excellent *Comedy*.

But Time has polish'd this Rudeness, and true *English Tragedy* and *Comedy* is allow'd to stand in the utmost Perfection. Yet Bunglers will still be dabbling. Every polite Nation delights in the *Drama*. The heavy *Dutch* have Plays in their own Language, but they are generally plan'd from the Old Testament. I had a Description of one given me, from an *English Spectator*. It was the Story of *Abraham* sacrificing his Son *Isaac*. But *Abraham* was arm'd with a *Gun* instead of a sacrificing *Knife*. The Angel, to prevent the Gun from firing, sprinkled some warm Water, a Distillation of its own making. The *Ram* in the Brake (which was represented by Boughs of Laurel) was a plump fat *Dutchman* (marry'd I suppose) with fair brow-spread Antlers on his Head, fix'd very artificially; and all the Decorations were of a Piece. But they have a handsome regular *Theatre* at the *Hague*, occupy'd by a *French Troop* of *Comedians*. Even the distant *Chinese*, have very fine *Theatres*. I saw, in my Youth, a *Chinese* Performance at *Canton*, where the *Scenes*, *Machines*, and *Habits*, were surprising and magnificent, but not understanding the Language, the *Glare* growing familiar, as *Addison* says by Beauty,

Faded on the Eye, and pall'd upon the Sense.

Du Halde in his *History of China*, has translated into *French* several of the *Chinese* Dramatic Authors; but they seem plan'd mostly alike---A Prince secreted in his Youth by an evil Minister, and counterplotted by a good one: the Child at last brought from its Obscurity, marry'd to a great Princess, and begins his happy Reign. But these illustrious Ladies have but little to say for themselves, no more than the lost Daughters in the *Comedies* of *Terrence*, found again by the Parents, and marry'd to the Son of a Friend. *Tavernier* in his *Travels to the East Indies* informs us, that *Theatres* have been many Ages the Diversion of the *Chinese*, and more magnificent than those of *Europe*. He relates a long Description of them; and the more to illustrate that Account, gives you the *Plan* and *Picture* of one engrav'd, with the *Scenes* and *Machines*. The People of *America* had their Theatre, according to *Acosta*(o). But what need we travel so far from

(o) *Acosta*, the *Spaniard* that wrote the *History* of the *West-Indies* before *Cortez* had conquer'd it; says, the *Amantas*, or *Indian* Philosophers, were also Poets, and invented *Comedies* and *Tragedies*, which were acted on their Festivals before the King, the Royal Family, and the Court; the Actors being the Noblemen and great Officers of the Army. The Subject of their *Tragedies* were the Victories and great Actions of their Ancestors, which seem'd to be the best Means they had of preserving the Memory of what was past. In their *Comedies*,
their

from home. 'Tis time to come back to our own Country, with this Observation, that polite Nations allow the *Theatre*, a wise, and instructive Amusement. Even the Apostles did not disapprove of Plays, and no doubt read them, for St. Paul in his First Epistle to the *Corinthians*, quotes *Menander* the Greek Comic Poet, and sets down his own Phrase in his own Words, xvth Chapter, 33d Verse, *Be not deceiv'd---Evil Communication corrupts good Manners*. Arts, Sciences, and even Trade, generally flourish with the Theatre, and, I think, *Religion* and Politeness, and why may not the *Drama* be a great Mark of a civiliz'd Nation. The *Greeks* and *Romans* were in their highest Glory when the *Stage* flourish'd. I need not say, that the *Theatre* in *England*, came in with the Reformation, and the long-reign'd *Queen Elizabeth*, whose great Learning not only made

their Husbandry, their Household Affairs and Commerce were represented, and the most remarkable Follies in Life expos'd. The Poets taught them what they had to say, not by Writing but by Memory, for Orthography was not known among the *Indians* till after the Conquest.

According to *Lopez de Vega*, the Christian Religion was propagated among the *Americans* by the Theatre. Read in his own Words what he writes upon the Subject: " Every Part of Gospel History, is thrown in-
" to a Play, and the *Indians* are the Actors (instructed
" by the *Jesuits*) one Acts our Saviour, another St. Pe-
" ter, a third *Pontius Pilate*, a fourth *Judas*, and so on.
" This they look upon as the readiest Way of Instruct-
" ing the Vulgar *Indians* in the Christian Religion, and
" to fix the Sacred History of it in their Memories.

her give it Encouragement, but Sir *Roger Naunton* tells us, that great Queen translated one of the Tragedies of *Euripides*, from the original *Greek*, for her own Amusement. Our immortal *Shakespear* met Reward from that illustrious Princess, and her Influence brought forth his inimitable Genius to that high Lustre, where it will shine unrival'd to after Ages, never once clouded but in the Time of Fanaticism, and drear Darkness of *Canting* and *Hypocrisie*. *France* was poring in the thick Mist, till *Hardy* their first Poet showed Dramatic Light; then all Branches of Learning began to shine, and spread their Lustre, improv'd their Arts and Arms, and warm'd their wide spreading Nation to Glory when Conquest waited on their Monarch, and Victory cover'd him with Laurels, till check'd by the *British* Lion. Ambition in great Minds stands rank'd in the Line of Virtue, but I think to bound it is more truly a Virtue, as sweet-tongued *Waller* writes:

*If the successful Troublers of Mankind,
With laurel crown'd, so great Applause do find;
Shall the vex'd World, less Honour yield to those
That stop their Progress, and their Rage oppose?
Next to that Pow'r which does the Ocean awe,
Is to set Bounds, and give Ambition Law.*

But let me set Bounds to myself.

As the *Stage* flourish'd in the Reign of Queen *Elizabeth* and King *James* the First, with such excellent

excellent Dramatic Poets, viz. *Shakespear*, *Ben Johnson*, *Massenger*, and many others, we may be well assur'd the *Actors* did not fall much short of the *Writers*. Nature is the same in every Age. *Taylor*, *Burbidge*, *Lowen*, *Hemmings*, *Condel*, *Allen*, *Mason*, *Field*, *Tarlton*, and others that performed in the Plays of *Shakespear*, *Johnson*, &c. have their public Praises in severai cotemporary Authors. Mr. *Marlow*, in his Preface to the *Jew of Malta* (a Play acted before King *Charles* the First and his Queen, at *Whitehall*, in the Year 1633) writes, "that Mr. *Mason* and Mr. *Taylor* perform'd their Parts with that Excellence, that it was beyond conceiving." Sir *Richard Baker* in his *Chronicles of England*, at the latter End of Queen *Elizabeth*, after giving an Account of the eminent Persons in that Reign, writes thus of three Actors: "Excellency in the meanest Things deserves Remembrance. *Richard Burbidge* and *Edward Allen*, two such Actors, as no Age must ever look to see the like: And to make their Comedies compleat, *Richard Tarlton* for the *Clowns* Part, never had his Match, nor never will have". What this Writer calls the *Clowns* Part, were such as *Launcelot* in the *Merchant of Venice*, *Touchstone* in *As you like it*, the Fool in *King Lear*, and Parts of the Kind, which required Persons of infinite Humour.

Mr. *Thomas Heywood* was not only an excellent Actor, but a very great Author, and Dramatic Poet. I have read all his Works that

are extant, and in my poor Judgment he may be accounted the first of the second rank'd Poets in the Reigns of Queen *Elizabeth* and King *James* the First. I do not think it will displease the Reader, to give him a Catalogue of his great Labours.

1. *Robert, Earl of Huntingdon's Downfall*, 1601.

2. *Robert, Earl of Huntingdon's Death*, 1601. These two Pieces are the History of *Robin Hood*.

3. *The Golden Age*, 1611.

4. *The Silver Age*, 1613.

5. *The Brazen Age*, 1613.

6. *A Woman kill'd with Kindness*, 1617.

7. *If you know not me, you know no Body*. This is the History of Queen *Elizabeth*, with a Print of that great Queen in the Front, and the *Spanish Armada* destroyed by her Majesty's Fleet. 1623.

8. *The Royal King, and Loyal Subject*, 1627.

9. *The fair Maid of the West, or, a Girl worth Gold*. First Part. 1631.

10. *The fair Maid*. Second Part. 1631.

11. *The Dutchess of Suffolk*.

11. *The Iron Age*. First Part. 1632.

12. *The Iron Age*. Second Part. 1632.

13. *The English Traveller*, 1633.

14. *A Maidenhead well lost*, 1634.

15. *The four London 'Prentices, with the Conquest of Jerusalem*, 1635.

16. *A Challenge for Beauty*, 1636.

17. *Fair Maid of the Exchange*, 1637.

18. *The*

18. *The wise Woman of Hogsdon*, 1638.
19. *The Rape of Lucretia*, 1638.
21. *Love's Mistress*, 1640.
22. *Fortune by Land and Sea*, 1655.
23. *Lancashire Witches*. The Date of this Play was wanting.
24. *Edward the Fourth*. In Two Parts. The late Mr. *Bowman* inform'd me, he was very well assur'd (by Mr. *Cleveland*, a Poet of the last Age) this double Play was perform'd on two succeeding Nights, and had a very great run (a Theatrical Term).

Several modern Authors have borrow'd from Mr. *Haywood*. I shall only mention two; *Shadwell* in his *Lancashire Witches*, and *Fielding* in his *Intriguing Chamber-Maid* from the *English Traveller*, or rather *Renarde the Frenchman* translated it into *French* from the *English*, and our *English Privateer* retook it back again. Tho' it is very possible, all three might have an Eye upon the *Mostellaria* of *Plautus*. But this is sailing a little out of my Latitude. Yet we may be very well assured this Poet must be in great Reputation, by the Number and Success of his Dramatic Works when *Shakespear* and *Fletcher*, were the reigning Monarchs of the Stage, not forgetting *Ben Jonson* and *Messenger*. And I repeat it here again, the Stage Performers must certainly be great in those Times, since few of our Poets have out-shone, those that went before them, more especially *Shakespear* and *Jonson*. This last, had no other

ther *Epitaph*, than O RARE BEN JOHNSON ! and *Burbidge*, the Tragedian, by Way of Estimation, *Exit BURBIDGE*. Mr. *Richard Allen* (p), another great Actor, founded and endowed

(p) This College was first design'd for the Relief and Support of six Men, six Women, with six Children, Persons thro' Indigence, Misfortunes, or old Age, belonging to the Theatres of *London*. But when the Building was going forward, Mr. *Allen* having left off Acting he recommended a Door-keeper to his quondam Brother Actors, they absolutely refus'd him that small Favour, which so enraged him, that he turn'd his Bounty another Way. Both Parties perhaps to blame, but I believe few censur'd him out of the Theatres at that Time. He afterwards increased the Number of Children to twelve, from the Age of five Years to be taught, and maintain'd till 14 or 15. We may imagine the Founder no very great Friend to Matrimony, since he left Directions that the Governor should continue a Batchelor, and one of his own Name, and to give place to another *Allen*, should he once change his Condition. The College is a noble Building, with a very handsome Chapel, the Alter-piece elegantly painted, with a well ton'd Organ, and it is the Duty of the Organist to teach the Children to Sing the proper Services of the Church. The decent Decorum is admir'd by all. There is also an elegant Pleasure-Garden, with a useful Orchard and Kitchen-Garden, all well stock'd with the best Fruits, &c. Fish-Ponds that yield large Quantities of *Carp*, *Tench*, *Pearch*, and *Eels*. And much to the Credit of the Managers of this Charity, the original Estate left by the Founder, is more than trebled in Value, and they have Money in their Treasury, ready for another Purchase. I shall end this Account with what Sir *Richard Baker* writes in his *Chronicle of England*, where he closes the Reign of King *James* the first : " About this Time (1624) *Edward Allen* of *Dulwich* in *Surry* founded

dowed a College at *Dulwich* in *Surry*, at his own private Expence.

We have had great Generals, knowing Admirals, worthy Discoverers of New Worlds, as well as illustrious Poets in the two last Ages; and why may not their cotemporary Theatrical Performers, be as great in their Way? An Author who wrote about forty Years past, speaks thus of Mr. *Betterton*: " In the Tragedy of *Hamlet* Prince of *Denmark*, Mr. *Betterton* performed the Part of young *Hamlet*. " Sir *William Davenant* (q) having seen Mr.

" *Taylor*

" founded a fair Hospital at *Dulwich*, for six poor Men, six poor Women, and twelve poor Children from the Age of four to six Years, to be there maintain'd and taught till the Age of Fourteen, or Sixteen, and to have a School-Master, with Diet, and a convenient Stipend. This Man may be an Example, who having gotten his Wealth by Stage-Playing, converted it to this pious Use, not without a kind of Reputation to the Society of Stage-Players.

(q) Sir *William Davenant*, was by many, suppos'd the natural Son of *Shakespear*. He succeeded *Ben. Jonson* as Poet Laureat in 1637, and obtain'd a Patent for a Company of Comedians from King *Charles*, and was knighted by that Monarch. He was accounted a great Poet, in several Branches of that Science: His Poem of *Gondibert* is esteem'd a noble Poem, which he wrote in *France* during his Exile with King *Charles* the second. His Works are printed in Folio 1673, which contains 17 Dramatic Pieces besides his Poems, with his Head crown'd with Laurel. The Features seem to resemble the open Countenance of *Shakespear*, but the want of a Nose, gives an odd Cast to the Face. I shall not enquire how he came Noseless, yet give you a stale Jest upon the Occasion, Sir *William* walking by *Temple Bar*,

“ *Taylor*, of the *Black-Fryars* Play-house, act
 “ this Part (who was instructed by the Author
 “ *Shakespeare*) remembred him so well, that he
 “ taught Mr. *Betterton*, in every Article, which
 “ by his exact Performance gain’d the Actor
 “ Esteem and Reputation, superlative to all
 “ the other Players.” This Account makes
 it plain, *Taylor* must be very great in the Part,

Bar, a Fish-monger’s Boy in watering his Fish upon the Stall, besprinkl’d the *Laureat*: who snuffing loudly complained of the Abuse. The Master begged the Knight’s Pardon, and was for Chastising his Servant with some Expostulations, as well as a Cudgel. *Zounds*, Sir, cry’d the Boy, *it’s very hard I must be corrected for my Cleanliness, the Gentleman blew his Nose upon my Fish, and I was washing it off, that’s all.* The Jest pleas’d Sir *William* so well, that he gave him a Piece of Money, and went a way highly delighted. Since I have given you one old Jest upon the Nose of Sir *William*, I’ll venture to throw in another. As he was walking along the *Mews*, an importunate Beggar-woman teiz’d him for Charity, with often repeating, *Heaven bless your Eye-sight! God preserve your Worship’s Eye sight—Why, what’s the Matter with my Eye sight, Woman?* reply’d Sir *William*, *I find no defect there.* Ah! good Sir! *I wish you never may*, return’d the Beggar, *for should your Sight ever fail you, you must borrow a Nose of your Neighbour to hang your Spectacles on.* His Play of the *Law against Lovers*, is *Shakespeare’s Measure for Measure* with a very little Alteration, and as little for the better. Sir *William* was the Contriver of painted Scenes in our *English* Theatres, as well as one of the first Introducers of Singing Operas. There is a Work of this kind, whose Title runs thus, “ The Cruelty of the *Spaniards* in
 “ *Peru*, exprels’d by Instrumental and Vocal Music,
 “ and by Art of Perspective in Scenes, at the *Cock-Pit*
 “ in *Drury Lane* at three in the Afternoon, 1658.

since

since *Betterton* his Imitator perform'd it so well. And *Betterton* in the Memory of many, was esteem'd the greatest Actor of his Time. Read what the great *Addison* writes of him, who may be allowed a Judge of the Drama, as well as the Performers.

“ Such an Actor as Mr. *Betterton*, ought to
 “ be recorded, with the same Respect, as *Ros-*
 “ *cius*, among the *Romans*. The greatest O-
 “ rator (*Tully*) has thought fit to quote his
 “ Judgment, and celebrate his Life. *Roscius*,
 “ was the Example to all that would form
 “ themselves into proper and winning Beha-
 “ viour: His Action was so well adapted to
 “ the Sentiments he expressed, that the Youth
 “ of *Rome*, thought they wanted only to be
 “ virtuous to be as graceful in their Appearance
 “ as *Roscius*. The Imagination took a lovely
 “ Impression of what was great and good; and
 “ they who never thought of setting up for the
 “ Art of Imitation, became themselves inimi-
 “ table Characters. There is no human In-
 “ vention so aptly calculated for the forming
 “ a free-born People, as that of a *Theatre*.
 “ *Tully* reports, that the celebrated *Roscius*
 “ used frequently to say, the Perfection of an
 “ Actor is only to become, what he is doing.
 “ I have hardly a Notion that any Performer
 “ of Antiquity could surpass the Action of
 “ Mr *Betterton*, in any of the Occasions in
 “ which he has appear'd on our Stage. The
 “ wonderful Agony which he appear'd in,
 “ when he examin'd the Circumstance of the
 “ Hand

“ Handkerchief in the Part of *Othello*; the
 “ Mixture of Love that intrudes upon his
 “ Mind upon the innocent Answers *Desdemona*
 “ makes, betrayed in his Gesture such a Va-
 “ riety, and Vicissitude of Passion, as would
 “ admonish a Man to be afraid of his own
 “ Heart, and perfect'y convince him, it is to
 “ stab it, to admit that worst of Daggers, *Jeal-*
 “ *ousy*. Who ever reads in his Closet, this
 “ admirable Scene, will find that he cannot
 “ (except he has as warm an Imagination as
 “ *Shakespear* himself) find any but dry, inco-
 “ herent, and broken Sentences. But a Rea-
 “ der, that has seen *Betterton* act it, observes
 “ there could not be a Word added; that
 “ longer Speeches had been unnatural, nay,
 “ impossible, in *Othello's* Circumstances. Mr.
 “ *Rymer*, the greatest Critic of the Age he
 “ liv'd in, in his Dissertation on Tragedy,
 “ speaks thus on Mr. *Hart*.

“ The Eyes of the Audience, are prepos-
 “ sessed, and charm'd by his Action, before
 “ ought of the Poet can approach their Ears,
 “ and to the most wretched of Characters,
 “ *Hart* gives a Lustre which dazzles the Sight,
 “ that the Deformities of the Poet can not be
 “ perceived.”

Now, after the Opinions of two such emi-
 nent Judges, why may we not suppose there
 were as great Stage Performers in Times past,
 as the present, without lessening the Merit of
 those that survive? If, in my simple Judg-
 ment, I allow the present equal to the past, I
 cannot

cannot allow that they exceed them, no more, perhaps, than the next Race of *Theatrical* Performers will excell many that now grace the Stage. Excellency in this Science does not always run in the Blood, or like Estates follow Hereditary. They must be born *Actors*, as well as *Poets*, and *Painters*: yet there are many Dabblers in all three, but alas! how few come to Perfection? We very rarely see Brothers or Sisters, Sons or Daughters, or any of the relative Line (tho' they sometimes take up the Calling, because one of the Race flourishes in the Theatrical Field) succeed in their Attempts. A Monarch may give Ribbons, Titles of Honour, or add to his Peers, but no Power but that immortal Goddess *Nature* can form a perfect Actor. Yet some even of these forget their Instructress, and Faults invade them to sully their Perfections: Every Performer on the Stage, ought to take Virtue for his Guide. Precepts from the Pulpit, will not have all their Efficacy from a *Monitor* without *Morals*. A Discourse on Sobriety on a *Sunday* would lose something of its Intention from an Orator known to baste the Bottle about all the past *Saturday* Evening till the *Noon of Night*, as *Shakespeare* says. The Blind may hear, the Dumb and Deaf see, but every Sense must be perfect to instruct, and be instructed. Performers of both Sexes, ought to imitate those virtuous Characters they represent upon the Stage; the Dignity of the Theatre, then might emulate that of *Athens*.

'Tis not the Business brings Scandal to the Performers, if they will take Care to avoid drawing it upon themselves. I have known the Managers of *Drury-Lane*, and many of the rest of the Fraternity, meet Regard, and even Respect from Persons of the first Rank from their proper Behaviour; and I am convinced every one with the like Conduct, would meet with the like Treatment from People of Sense and good Breeding; but the two-legg'd Brutes of the Creation will be ever incorrigible: A decent Dress will become their Station, but Pride ought to be as far distant from them as the licenced Instructors of Divine Institution; for if Theatrical Performers are Servants to the Public (as an eminent Actor publickly declar'd) they should never attempt to out-dress their Masters. *Veluti in Speculum*, (*behold as in a Glass*) the Motto over the Front of *Drury-Lane* Theatre, will serve both Auditors and Actors, and I think carries a more instructive Meaning than the other of *Vivitur Ingenio*, (*we live by Wit*) which only relates to the Stage. A bad Painter is seldom copy'd, and Excellence is only worth Imitation; Dress beyond Station is Pride, and Pride very often bring Self-punishment. I have known Fiddlers and Dancing-Masters wear lac'd Cloaths, but they seldom improv'd any thing but the Taylor's Bill, and as much laugh'd at as the Baboon I have often seen in a laced Coat and Bag-Wig in the Parade at *Bartholomew-Fair*---Yet I have seen Gold Fringe, on silk Vests, with white silk Stockings

Stockings wore by the Dancers on the Ropes at *Sadlers-Wells*, that have bow'd and scrap'd in that rich Dress, picking up Half-pence thrown down by *Coblers* and *Link-Boys*. Such Sights put me in mind of the painted Eggs (r) of *Muscovy*, they don't relish the better for their Colouring, and gaudy Out-sides. Even *Roscius* among the *Romans* (tho' the *Actors* did not keep up their Reputations equal to those of *Athens*) was mark'd out as a Pattern for the Youth of *Rome* to follow in Decency of Dress, and Morals. *Tully* says, *Cum artifex ejusmodi sit, ut solus dignus videatur esse, qui in Scena Spectetur: tum vir ejusmodi est, ut solus dignus videatur qui eo non accedat,*

“ So excellent an Artift, that he seem'd the
“ only Person to adorn the Stage, and yet, in
“ all other Respects, so compleat in every
“ Grace and Virtue, that he seem'd the only

(r) It is the Custom of the *Moscovites* at *Christmas*, *Easter*, and many other stated Festivals, to send as a Friendly Present to their Acquaintance and Relations, painted Eggs, generally embellish'd with Flowers curiously drawn, Fruits &c. that are very often so expensive, that the Money laid out for the painting of one would purchase a hundred, as simple Nature produc'd them, and are of no farther Use than to be look'd upon. This Custom is kept up chiefly in the Holy-days of *Christmas*, in Commemoration of the *Eastern Wise-Men*, led by the Star to visit our *Redeemer* in the Manger at *Bethlehem*, where they made their Presents to the Divine Infant. These Eggs are sometimes eaten in those Days ordain'd, where Flesh is forbidden, but not till the Sun is set, or if no Sun appears, not till Candle-Light.

“ Person that should not take up with such a Profession.”

Moral Virtue, and a decent Behaviour, will gain Esteem from People of every Rank, will add Weight to the Characters they represent, and even may atone for want of Excellency.

Lessons from the Stage, may be convey'd in one respect, stronger than from the Pulpit, if the Audience were attentive as they should be at Church; for a Play well wrote, and well perform'd, where Virtue suffers, or meets its just Reward, must have strong Force upon the Mind, where the Eye is suppos'd to view the very Persons in the real Circumstances of History. What then will add to this Imagination? Why, the Performers to be as Blameless as human Nature will allow. I remember a virtuous Actress, or one reputed so, repeating two Lines in *King Lear*, at her Exit in the third Act,

*Arm'd in my Virgin Innocence I'll fly,
My Royal Father to relieve, or die,*

Receive a Plaudit from the Audience, more as a Reward for her reputable Character, than, perhaps, her acting claim'd; when a different Actress in the same Part, more fam'd for her Stage Performance than the other, at the Words *Virgin Innocence*, has created a Horse-laugh (no Reflection on the Audience, since a Theatrical Term) and the Scene of generous Pity and Compassion at the Close, turn'd to Ridicule. Here the Audience are disconcerted,
and

and the Reality of the Subject before them, loses much of its Force, with the Imagination debilitated, if not turn'd another Way. On the other Hand, indeed, if a Person who acts *Jago*, suspected to wear a Heart that way inclin'd, he appears stronger in *that* Character, and meets with an Applause that condemns him. We may find by these Examples, Virtue is of some use upon the Stage, and would be more so, if more practic'd. To give Instructions to an Actor, is a very difficult Task; for if much is wanting, it is not worth while to give any. A rough Diamond may be polish'd, but few Pebbles are worth cutting. After many Requisites for the Stage, bad Action will even cause a good Figure to appear awkward, and tho' there may be Rules for Action, yet Nature is the best Teacher; and if an Actor of good Understanding is truly possess'd with his Character, the true Action will involuntarily occur. I remember Mrs. *Porter*, whom Nature had been niggard in Voice, and Face, so great in many Parts, as *Lady Macbeth*, *Alicia* in *Jane Shore*, *Hermione* in the *Distrest Mother*, and many Parts of the Kind, that her just Action, Eloquence of Look and Gesture, mov'd Astonishment! and yet I have heard her declare she left the Action to the Possession of the Sentiments in the Part she perform'd. I have known some tolerable Actors, as to Countenance and Elocution, that have mortify'd both, by the badness of Action, more especially the proper Use of their Hands,

had they worn each in a Scarf, they had been much more tolerable, as it is the most expressive Part in the Action of the Body, so as *Shakespeare* says, *like an ill-sheath'd Knife, it will most hurt its Master.* I think *Quintilian* says, all the Parts of the Body assist the Speaker, but the Hands speak without a Tongue, supplicate, threaten, call, dismiss, provoke, shew every Passion of the Soul. The Hands are the general Language of Mankind, and we need no Grammar but Nature to understand it. So by their aukward Use upon the Stage, we may turn the Serious into Ridicule. *Mr. Booth* would often regret the want of Opportunity for an Actor to continue in a graceful Attitude, which *Nicolini* the *Italian* Singer was so masterly familiar with, between the *Retornels* of a Song, and other Occasions : yet when *Mr. Booth* had the least Opportunity, he shew'd he only wanted it. I remember in the 5th Act of *Othello*, while he is listening to *Emilia's* speaking to *Desdemona* after she is suppos'd to be strangled ; He suited his Attitude and Countenance to the Circumstances of the Scene, that I have not Art to describe, but the treble repeated Applauses of the Audience, while he was silent, spoke such high Approbation, that *Miss Santlow* (afterwards *Mrs. Booth*) us'd to say, *she thought the Audience were pleas'd poor Desdemona was strangled out of the way.*

Of all the various Passions of Grief, a manly Sorrow is the most difficult to express. And of all the Actors I have ever yet seen, I must be
pardon'd

pardon'd if I give the Preference to Mr. *Wilks*.
No Heart, that was capable of being touch'd,
but must have sympathis'd at his Manner of
speaking one Line in the *Orphan* to *Monimia*
in the Fifth Act.

My fatal Love, alas ! has ruin'd thee !

And yet I have heard it spoke when it has gi-
ven me no more concern, than if a Voice had
pierced my Ear with

Kettles or Pots to mend ! Old Brasses to mend !

If moving the Passions is a great Art in Acting,
I think Mr. *Wilks* was Master of that Art.
There was no avoiding feeling *his* Distress in
another Line, when he perform'd the Part of
the *Royal Merchant* in the *Beggars Bush*, a Co-
medy of *Fletcher's*. The Character is noted
for beneficent Charity ; and when his flinty-
hearted Creditors had just press'd him for Pay-
ment, *Clause* his old Beadsman (tho' his Father
in Disguise) comes as if to beg his usual Chari-
ty, when the Merchant replies with such a
Tone that sinks into the Soul.

*Clause, I pray thee leave me, for by my Troth, I
have nothing now to give thee.*

Comparison is the true Touchstone of Excel-
lence, and brighten'd Brass by a false Light,
might be taken for Gold, if not try'd,

In

In the 4th Act of *Macbeth*, when he is told by *Lenox* of the Loss of his Wife and Children, his Mixture of Sorrow and manly Grief at---

*He has no Children! Butcher if he had,
The thought of them would sure have stir'd Re-
morse!*

drew Tears from almost every Eye, when if he had blubber'd like a School boy whipt, the touching Scene would have rais'd Laughter, in the Place of Grief. And yet some particular People will not allow Mr. *Wilks's* Excellence to stand in Tragedy. If indeed he had attempted the Parts of *Cato*, *Lear*, *Macbeth*, *Henry the VIIIth*, *Melantius*, and a countless Catalogue of others in the same Class, I might have join'd in their Opinion; but while there is a *Fuba*, an *Edgar*, *Macduff*, *Buckingham* and *Amintor*, in the same Plays, I don't desire to see a better Performer in that cast of Playing than Mr. *Wilks*; in *Hamlet* he pleas'd all the Audience, and if the best Judges laugh'd at his Parts in Comedy, I can't conceive they have shed more Tears since his much lamented Death, at any of the above-mentioned Plays. I remember a few Years ago a Dispute arose between two Theatrical Gentlemen upon *this* Stage, concerning the Propriety of a particular Speech; the one to enforce his Argument told the other, he never heard it spoke otherwise on the *English* Stage. *Pho*, reply'd the other Disputant, *that was the old way of Acting!*

Acting! A truly great Actor that stood by, reply'd; *Learn the old way first, and when you are perfect, then begin a new one if you can find it out: Art may invent Fashions in our Dress, but Nature is the same as the Habits of the Turks, which they have never yet alter'd.* The Cloaths of the first Ottoman Prince is the Model of the Emperor that now reigns, and as the divine Pope paints the unalterable Goddess,

*Unerring Nature, still divinely Bright,
One clear, unchang'd, and universal Light;
Life, Force, and Beauty, must to all impart,
At once, the Source, and End, and Test of Art.*

I have known many Actors, with excellent Voices, so I have often known common Ballad Singers in the Streets, with strong Lungs and Voices, but for want of a Manner with Judgment, murder an excellent Song, and yet extort Praise from their Auditors. A Sow-gelder's Horn will pierce the Ear, and alarm all the Dogs in the Parish; but I believe most People would rather hear a Trumpet. The Voice like an Instrument of Music, must be put in Tune, and if managed by a skilful Actor, whose Mind feels the Passions, will send out the proper Tone, when a Bungler in Music does but harshly grate upon the Ear. But who is ignorant of this? If this is the Disease of the Stage, where is the Remedy? It must certainly be in the Hands of the Manager, tho' no very easy Task. The Circumstances of a Theatre

Theatre very often oblige the Directors, to thrust Persons in Characters too weak to support the Weight of them. Vanity is blended in most human Compositions, and the Stage is seldom free from it ; therefore when an Actor is once in Possession of a Part (Male or Female) they think it a very great Hardship to give it up to a better Performer. There are a much larger Number of common Soldiers in an Army than commanding Officers, and we have some few Instances of a Soldier rising to Preferment by Merit, whilst others grow grey with a Musket upon their Shoulders, and yet at some time or other, a Soldier may do the Duty of a Corporal, if he is indisposed, or out of the way, but that Exigence does not give him a Title to the Post. I remember an Actor was taken into the Theatre in *Drury-Lane*, for playing the Part of *Cæsar Borgia* in a private Play ; and when *Mr. Booth* was studying the Part, he thought it the greatest Oppression (as he call'd it) that could be thrown upon him. Nay, after *Mr. Booth* had perform'd the Part with universal Applause several successive Nights, this Person said, nay bound it with an Oath, that *Booth did not know how to speak a single Line*. Yet this Person was a Man of Sense and Learning ; but there are more Requisites to make a finish'd Actor ; therefore as they do not always judge candidly for themselves, it is requisite they should have one of unbiass'd and superior Knowledge to judge for them. When such Actors abovementioned take Parts, as they thrust

thrust themselves in for their Benefits, as is too often the Case (and I think ought not to be allow'd) proves as *Shakespeare* says,

—————*Like a Player,*
Bellowing his Passion, till he break the Spring,
And his rack'd Voice, jar to the Audience.

There are too many Performers of both Sexes, that are fond of chusing Capital Parts for their Benefits, that sit upon them

Like a Giant's Robe upon a dwarfish Thief.

And at the same time, excuse themselves from Rehearsals (that should prepare them to act with some Decency at least) to cultivate their Interest, and when they come to perform at Night, only take Shame to themselves, tho' they oft disconcert others, and may truly say

Like a dull Actor, now I have forgot
My Part, and stop ev'n to a full Disgrace.
That's villianous, and shews a most pitiful Ambition in the Fool that uses it. SHAK.

The noble Gift of Playing well, is not given to all that Play; yet as in building of Houses, there must be provided many Hands, even to the carrying the Mortar, a *Mortar-carrier* must be had as well as the rest of the Hands in the Work, all are not equal to every Part in the Building, no more than every Actor is fit for every

every Part. If they attempt to wade out of their Depths, they are in great danger of drowning, and as our Immortal Poet writes,

*As in a Theatre the Eyes of Men
After a well-grac'd Actor leaves the Stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Will think his Prattle to be tedious.*

Yet I have known many Persons belonging to a Theatre, not eminent in any superior Part, never offend, through their private Characters in Life. A modest Behaviour is commendable in every Station, but much more observed in Persons of a public Profession, where the Eyes of Thousands are upon them. Confidence, Pride and Vanity, will draw down Contempt and Ridicule from Superiors, with disregard from all.

*Of all the Causes which conspire to blind
Man's erring Judgment, and misguide the Mind;
What the weak Heart, with strongest Biass rules,
Is Pride, the never-failing Vice of Fools.* POPE.

Humility, Affability, and good Nature, will claim Regard from all Ranks; and if any Stains are thrown upon the Profession, such Qualifications will wipe them off. Yet I think there are no Spots but what they themselves throw upon it. We are apt even in strange Company to out with some Theatrical Quotation, that seldom fails of declaring what Business we follow. What need a Taylor talk of his Yard
and

and *Sheers*, a *Smith* of his *Forge*, or a *Brewer* of his *Grains*? Let the *Buskin* and *Sock* be left in the Theatre. I know an eminent Actor invited to *Dine* in a mixt Company of both Sexes of Condition; when the *Dinner* seem'd a little tedious before it made its *Entrance*, a Gentleman, one of the invited, starts up, and cry'd, *Zounds*, Mr. ----, *give us the Ghost in Hamlet by way of Grace!* The Master of the House reply'd, there was no Meat he could give him was worth one Speech, besides *he did not invite Mr. ---- to pay for his Dinner that way. It was only in Retaliation for the Supper he gave him the Night before on the Stage, which no Cook but himself could dress such a Dish of black Broth* (meaning *Othello*). So by your Rule of *Courtesie*, if I had invited *Fausan*, I should have desired him to *Dance the Buffoon before Dinner*. This was the heighth of *Civility* to one, and a sufficient *Rebuke* to the other. The *Fop*, for he was no less, to plead his *Excuse* told the Company, he had been many times with several Actors, who took as much Pleasure to speak Speeches as he was to hear them, and he did not doubt but they were People of great Judgment; for they generally own'd other Performers did not act so well as themselves. Yes, reply'd the Master of the House, *Self-praise is always to be believed, yet I have known a Sign-Painter, criticize upon Raphael*. Wit will be often entertaining, but a small Portion of one's own, (if we had it) is better than a Cart-load of other Peoples; yet

D

Quota-

Quotations from the *Drama*, may shew some Judgment, when properly apply'd, and not too often. The Author of a Comedy call'd, *The Play's the Plot*, shews the Strolling Players not improperly by their Style.

It is something surprising to me, that where Vice in every Shape, with Folly expos'd daily to their View, that Performers on the Stage should have any Faults, or at least Art enough to disguise them so well, that few should find them out. To hide the Passions Nature has sown in the Seeds of the Human Race will prevent their Growth, and in time destroy them. May we not learn Virtue and avoid Vice, by the instructive Lessons of the Drama; What premeditated Murderer would not feel Compunction, or perhaps Repentance at the Speech of *Torrismond* to the Queen in the *Spanish Fryar*, when she has given Commission to the Murder of the good King *Sancho*.

*Think, timely think, on the last dreadful Day!
How will you tremble there to stand expos'd
And foremost in the Rank of guilty Ghosts
That must be doom'd for Murder! think on Murder!
That Troop is plac'd apart from common Crimes,
The damn'd themselves start wide, and shun that
Band
As far more black, and more forlorn than they.*

The Queen's Answer.

*'Tis terrible! it shakes! it staggers me!
I knew this Truth, but I repell'd the Thought.*
Sure

*Sure there is none but fears a future State,
And when the most obdurate swear they do not,
Their trembling Hearts belye their boasting Tongue.*

We may find by this last Speech, the former had its desired Effect, since the Queen repented her impious Intentions.

In *Rule a Wife*, we have another, upon the crying Sin of *Adultery*, which I shall set down as another *Memento*.

The Duke of *Modena* tries all his Arts to debauch *Margarita* the Wife of *Leon*, a Woman of a vicious Inclination, and consented to marry *Leon* merely as a Tool, that she might indulge her Passions, but by the Spirit and Conduct of her Husband was reclaim'd. When the Duke by the Appointment of the worthy *Leon*, permits their meeting, after a ridiculous Fright from a Drunkard in the Cellar, which the Duke takes for a Spirit, he cries,

O ! I am most miserable !

Margarita the Wife answers,

You are indeed !

*And like a foolish Thing, have made yourself so.
Could not your own Discretion tell ye Sir,
When I was marry'd I was none of yours ?
Your Eyes were then commanded to look off me,
And I now stand in a Circle and secure.
Mark me but this, and then, Sir, be most miserable,
'Tis Sacrilege to violate a Wedlock,
You rob two Temples, make yourself twice guilty,
You ruin her's, and spot her noble Husband's.*

We might go through the sacred *Decalogue*, with the Assistance of those Flowers in the spacious Fields of Poetry.

“ The Stage, (says the *Female Spectator*) by
“ its Institution, is the School of Virtue, and
“ the Scourge of Vice, and when either of these
“ noble Purposes is defeated, it is no wonder
“ that Persons of true Sense and Honour chuse
“ to absent themselves, and oblige their Families
“ lies to do so too.” So reasonable an Entertainment as the Drama in its Purity, must be in some sort a promoter to Virtue, therefore every Manager of a Theatre should make it his Study to exhibit no other Pieces but what aim to that End, and by degrees throw off the looser Drama, and constitute in its Place those that the wisest and most virtuous, need not be ashamed to partake of the innocent Amusement. I do not pretend to set up for a Monitor, but every Stage Performer would find his Account in reforming the Stage, as well as themselves. I do not mean this Admonition to any particular Theatre, but all in general, at Home and Abroad, for our Plantations in *America* have been voluntarily visited by some Itinerants, *Jamaica* in particular. I had an Account from a Gentleman who was possess’d of a large Estate in the Island, that a Company in the Year 1733, came there, and clear’d a large sum of Money, where they might have made moderate Fortunes, if they had not been too busy with the Growth of the Country. They receiv’d 370 Pistoles the first Night to the *Beggars*

gars Opera, but within the Space of two Months they bury'd their 3d *Polly*, and two of their Men. The Gentlemen of the Island for some time took their Turns upon the Stage to keep up the Diversion ; but this did not hold long, for in two Months more, there were but one old Man, a Boy, and a Woman of the Company left, the rest died either with the Country Distemper (f), or the common Beverage of the Place, the noble Spirit of Rum-Punch, which is generally fatal to new Comers. The shatter'd Remains, with upwards of 2000 Pistoles in Bank, embark'd for *Carolina* to join another Company at *Charles-Town*, but were cast away in the Voyage. Had the Company been more blest with the Virtue of Sobriety, &c. they might perhaps have liv'd to carry

(f) The Country Distempers are the Dry Gripes and *Tenesmus*, which generally ends in a Sanguinary Flux, most new Comers for want of a proper Regimen fall into it. The dry Gripes brings a final Dissolution in two Days, if no Remedy keeps him back. The other Distemper indeed is slower in its Execution, and Cure. Sir *Hans. Sloane* tells us, the Badness of the Water contributed to all these Distempers, which is brackish near the Sea Coasts. But swallowing large Draughts of Rum-Punch, with the fatal Dew that falls in the Night, when the Body is carelessly exposed, heated with Drinking, is the chief Cause. Place any Woolen Garment expos'd to the noxious Vapours of the Night, and it will imbibe double its Weight of Dew before Sun rise. Those that escape the Seasoning as they term it, seldom feel the fatal Effects of it afterwards. This is more dangerous on the Sea-Coasts of the Island, the mid Parts are much more Salubrious both as to Air and Water.

home the **Liberality** of those generous Islanders.

Even the **Wicked** have some regard to **Virtue**, are often aw'd by Persons that are reputed to wear that amiable Character. Persons on the Stage, which is too liable to Insults, escape them there, unless, as in a Croud of Quarrellers, where a Looker-on, may meet with an accidental Stroke. But these Theatrical Squabbles are too often ungenerous from the Audience, or I should say from a small Part of the Audience; for a Dozen when they are pleas'd to take it into their Heads, shall disturb the whole, and disconcert the best Actors in the World. Is not this a gross Affront upon the rest? What right have I to rob my Neighbour of his Money and Satisfaction? He pays the Price to be entertain'd for two or three Hours, and perhaps would be as well contented with a well acted Play, as a Dinner. Now, if I should come to you, Sir, be you who you will, while you are sat down to your Meal at a Tavern, turn the Drawers down Stairs, throw your Provision about, prevent your eating your Dinner with any Satisfaction, I should think you a very good natur'd Gentleman, if you only thrust me out of your Room, because I should imagine, I deserv'd worse Treatment.

I remember, above twenty Years past, I was one of the Audience, at a new Play; before me sat a Sea-Officer, with whom I had some Acquaintance; on each Hand of him, a Couple of Sparks both prepar'd with their offensive Instruments, vulgarly term'd *Cat-calls*, which they were

were often tuning before the Play began. The Officer did not take any notice of them, till the Curtain drew up. But when they continued their Sow-gelders Music (as he unpolitely call'd it) he beg'd they would not prevent his hearing the Actors, tho' they might not care whether they heard or no; but they took little notice of his civil Request, which he repeated again and again, to no purpose. But at last one of them condescended to tell him, *if he did not like it, he might let it alone.* Why really, reply'd the Sailor, *I do not like it, and would have you let your Noise alone; I have paid my Money to see and hear the Play, and your ridiculous Noise not only hinders me, but a great many other People that are here, I believe with the same Design; now if you prevent us, you rob us of our Money, and our Time, therefore I intreat you, as you look like Gentlemen, to behave as such.* One of them seem'd mollified, and put his Whistle in his Pocket, but the other was incorrigible. The blunt Tar made him one Speech more. Sir, said he, *I advise you once more to follow the Example of this Gentleman, and put up your Pipe.* But the Piper sneer'd in his Face, and clap'd his troublesome Instrument to his Mouth, with Cheeks swell'd out like a Trumpeter, to give it a redoubled, and louder Noise, but like the broken Crow of a Cock in a Fright, the Squeak was stopt in the Middle by a Blow from the Officer, which he gave him with so strong a Will, that his Child's Trumpet was struck through his Cheek, and

and his Companion led him out to a Surgeon, so that we had more Room, and less Noise; and not one that saw or heard the Affair, but what were well pleas'd with his Treatment, and notwithstanding his great Blustering, he never thought it worth his while to call upon the Officer, tho' he knew where to find him. It is certainly a Mark of Cowardice to insult in public Company, or strike a Man who has his Hands bound, and yet I have known a poor Actor, pelted by Puppies, that would run away at the Sight of a Stage Foil, that has neither Edge or Point.

*As Cheats, to play with those still aim
That do not understand the Game,
So Cowards never use their Might,¹
But against those that must not fight. Hud.*

Actors in France meet with Respect (I mean if they will endeavour to deserve it, which in my Opinion they may easily do) and are acceptable in the Company of Rank and Figure in that polite Nation, and tho' the Clergy scrupled to give *Moliere* (t) the Rites of the Church at his Death, yet *Lewis the XIVth* often convers'd with him in his Closet, as well as in Public.

I

(t) *Moliere*, the great Comic Poet of France, was esteem'd an excellent Actor. He died in performing the Part of the *Hypochondriac* in a Comedy of his own Writing, call'd *Le Malade Imaginaire* (which is Part of a Comedy

I shall not say much more on this Subject, and it may be I have said too much already. For I am convinced, *Nil sub sole novum*, no not even in Fashions, for what we receive for new, are only the old ones taking their Course over again. The Stage is the Epitome of the great World, as *Bolieau* has said long ago.

La monde a mon avis est comme une Grand Theatre, &c.

Comedy in *English* call'd the *Mother-in Law* ;) On the 17th of *February* 1679, in his grand *Climacterick*. The Archbishop of *Paris* would not allow his Body to be inhum'd in consecrated Ground, which the King being informed of, sent for the Archbishop, and expostulated with him, but he was an obstinate Churchman, and would not willingly condescend to his Majesty's Persuasions. The King finding him unwilling to comply, desired to know how many Feet deep the Holy Ground reach'd ? The Bishop reply'd, *about eight*. Well, reply'd the King, *I find there is no getting the better of your Scruples, therefore let his Grave be dug twelve Feet, that's four below your consecrated Ground, and let them bury him there*. The Archbishop was obliged to comply, for *Lewis the XIVth* would be obey'd. *Moliere* left behind him Thirty-two Dramatic Pieces, which are held by the *French* in the highest Esteem. A *French* Gentleman in giving me his Opinion of this excellent Author, told me *Moliere* compos'd 37 Pieces for the Stage, and tho' he had left the World twice that Number of Years, all the Dramatic Writers of the *French* Nation had not produced twice as many Comedies equal to his. Most of his Comedies have given a Foundation to our *English* Dramatic Writers, but none have met with more Success than the *Miser*, and the *Mock-Doctor*, by Mr. *Fielding*.

The

*The World, in my Opinion, is a Stage,
Where in deceiving others, all engage :
Hence the discerning Eye can often scan,
The Player widely diff'ring from the Man :
The Blockhead prating from another's Book ;
The Scholar apes, with supercilious Look ;
And the sly Knave, by putting Virtue on
Deceives the Virtuous till they are undone.*

'Tis very possible *Bolieau* might have *Shake-
spear* in view, in these Lines from that of *An-
tonio's* Speech in the first Act of the *Merchant
of Venice* ;

*I hold this World but as a World Gratiano,
A Stage, where every Man must play his Part, &c.*

The *French* have borrowed from us, as well as we have from them. *Le Comte de Essex*, is not only plann'd upon *Banks's* Earl of *Essex*, but has many Speeches for several Pages together translated. The best modern Tragic Poet *France* has produced since *Corneille*, and *Racine*, (*Monsieur* (u) *Voltaire*) has in *Oedipus* follow'd
our

(u) This noted Author about twenty Years past, re-
sided in *London*. His Acquaintance with the *Laureat*
brought him frequently to the Theatre, where (he con-
fess'd) he improved in the *English* Orthography more in
a Week than he should otherwise have done by labour'd
Study in a Month. I furnish'd him every Evening with
the Play of the Night, which he took with him into the
Orchestra (his accustomed Seat) in four or five Months,
he not only convers'd in *Elegant English*, but wrote it
with

our *English* Play of that Name, and ends his third Act with a verbal Translation from *Nat Lee*.

*To you just Gods I make my last Appeal,
Or clear my Virtues, or my Crimes reveal, &c.*

His *Zaire* looks after *Othello* in its Jealousy, and all the rest of his Plays seem to be of *English* Extraction.

Now let us leave *Greece, Rome, France, Britain*, and the rest of the World, and retire to this Kingdom where no Snake in the Grass will rise to bite the unwary Traveller, no Blind-worm or

with exact Propriety. In time, he wore off the Prejudice he first conceiv'd at the Catastrophe of our *English* Tragedy, the Custom of killing upon the Stage never having been introduc'd on the *French* Theater, till the *Zara* of this Author, which he plann'd from *Shakespeare's* *Othello*. The last Speech of *Osmin* the Emperor (after he has stab'd *Zara*) which he ends by killing himself, is to the same purpose with *Othello's*, and the same Sentiments. His Attempt answer'd his wish, for *Zaire* in *Paris* had above fifty successive crowded Audiences. The *French* open'd their Senses to the true Fire of our *English* Drama, where they discover'd the Spirit of Liberty, and for the first time, shew'd that Monarchs had no Right from Heaven to enslave their Subjects, and that God-like Liberty was a Gift from Power Almighty. The Freedom of his Pen gave Disgust, to People in Power, and their Resentment occasion'd his Banishment from *Paris*. Shortly after he made himself a voluntary Exile, where his Wit gains him many Admirers, and his good Sense and Wisdom links them in the Bands of Friendship.

Adder

Adder to hiss us into Fears, Viper, or Toad to molest our Eyes, or noisome Spider to spread her Venom, which, according to some of the antient *Irish* Bards, were banish'd the Island many Ages before St. *Patrick* (w).

This

(w) The *Irish* History informs us, that Prince *Gadelas* (I think of the *Milesian* Race) in his Travels, visited *Pharoah*, King of *Egypt*, fell in Love with *Scota* the King's Daughter, and marry'd her. This *Gadelas*, or *Gadel* (for the Royal Records of *Tarah* call him by both Names as I am informed) in *Egypt* was Stung by a *Serpent* as he lay a sleep, and was heal'd by the Prophet *Moses*. The *Irish* is thus elegantly translated by a native Bard.

*The hissing Serpent, eager for his Proy,
Ascends the Couch, where sleeping Gadel lay:
In winding Mazes there himself he roll'd
And leap'd upon him with a dreadful Fold,
And shook his forked Tongue, and then around
His Neck he twists, and gave a deadly Wound.
The subtle Poison, spreads thro' every Vein;
No Art, no Juice of Herbs can ease the Pain!
Till Moses, with his never-failing Wand
Touch'd the raw Wound, which heal'd at his Command.*

When *Gadelus*, with his Wife *Scota* (from this Princess *Ireland* was first call'd *Scota*) and his Followers, were leaving *Egypt* to settle some new Collony, the following Prophecy was declared by *Moses*, translated by the same elegant Hand.

*The Holy Prophet was inspir'd, to see
Into Events of dark Futurity.
And said, for thee young Prince has Heaven in store,
Blessings, that Mortals ne'er enjoy'd before:
For wheresoe'er the Royal Line shall come,
Fruitful shall be their Land, and safe their Home,*

This Kingdom of *Ireland*, is one of the last in *Europe* where establish'd *Theatres* were erected; yet I am assur'd one of the first, whose Bards, or Poets have celebrated in Verse, the illustrious Actions of their Monarchs, nor any Nation in the World, where Poetry, and Poets were in such high Esteem. Every antient and noble Family had one in their Household, and their Kings their *Poet Laureats*, as we have in *England*, but long, long before the *English* invaded *Ireland*. The Poets had their Seats in their great assembled Triennial Councils, which you may find by the following Lines translated from the original *Irish* by the same Hand.

*Once in three Years, the great Convention sat,
And for the public Happiness debate.*

*No poisonous Snake, or Serpent shall deface
The Beauty of thy Fields, or taint thy Grass.
No noisome Reptile, with invenom'd Teeth,
Shall ever swell that Land, or be the Cause of Death.
But Innocence and Arts shall flourish there
And Learning in its lovely Shapes appear;
The Poets there shall in their Songs proclaim
Thy glorious Acts, and never-dying Name.*

Our *English* Historians mention the Bards of Antient *Britain*, but we cannot find any of their Productions extant; when we are assur'd there are many *Irish* Historians and Poets still to be found in *Ireland*, as well as *England* (more especially in the Library of the Duke of Chandos) preserved even from the Depredations of the *Danes*, Destroyers that were utter Enemies to Science and Learning.

E

The

*The King was seated on a Royal Throne,
 And on his Face, majestic Greatness shone.
 A Monarch for heroic Deeds design'd,
 (For noble Acts, become a noble Mind :)
 Around him, summon'd by his strict Command,
 The Peers, the Priests, and Commons of the Land,
 The Bards, or POETS, are indulg'd a Place,
 And Men of Learning the Assembly grace,
 Here Love, and Union ev'ry Look confess'd,
 And Joy and Friendship beat in ev'ry breast.
 Justice, by nothing bias'd, or inclin'd,
 Is deaf to Pity, to Temptation blind;
 For here, with stern, and steady Rule she sways,
 And flagrant Crimes, with certain Vengeance pays;
 Tho' just, yet so indulgently severe,
 Like Heav'n, she pities those she cannot spare.*

A few Lines more of the same Author, and
 same Translator, will tell you the *Poet Lau-*
reat's Business at Court, for he was one of the
 ten Officers that attended the Kings of *Ireland*.

*A Poet to applaud, or boldly blame,
 And justly to give Infamy or Fame:
 For without him the freshest Laurels fade,
 And Vice, to dark Oblivion is betray'd.*

By these Lines we may gather that their Poets
 were their *Historians*, and it may be suppos'd
 if they had thought of the Drama, we might
 have had some elegant Tragedies handed down
 to us. But to proceed.

Mr. *Ogilby* the Master of the Revels in this
 Kign-

Kingdom (who had it from proper Authority) inform'd Mr. *Ashbury*, that Plays had been often acted in the Castle of *Dublin* when *Blount*, Lord *Mountjoy*, was Lord Lieutenant here in the latter End of the Reign of Queen *Elizabeth*. And Mr. *Ashbury* saw a Bill for *Wax Tapers*, dated the 7th Day of September 1601 (Queen *Elizabeth*'s Birth-Day) for the Play of (y) *Gorboduc* done at the Castle, one and twenty Shillings and two Groats. But it is to be supposed they were Gentlemen of the Court that were the Actors on this Occasion.

I cannot find any establish'd Theatre in *Dublin* till the Year 1635, when the Earl of *Stratford* was Lord Lieutenant of this Kingdom, in the tenth Year of the Reign of King *Charles* the First, *John Ogilby*, Esq, then Master of the Revels, under the Title of Historiographer to his Majesty, and Master of the Revels in the

(y) The Play of *Gorboduc* was written by the Right Honourable *Thomas Sackville*, Lord *Buckhurst*, afterwards created Earl of *Dorset* in the first Year of King *James* the First's Reign. This Dramatic Piece was accounted the best of its Kind at the time it was wrote; it was first publish'd under the Title of *Ferrex* and *Porrex* in 1582, and 1590 reprinted under the Title of *Gorboduc*. This was a favourite Play of Queen *Elizabeth*'s, as may be suppos'd by her seeing it twice acted; First, by the Gentlemen of the *Inner-Temple*, and afterwards by the Children of her Majesty's Revels. Mr. *Spence*, Professor of Poetry in the University of *Oxford*, has reprinted this Play about nine Years ago, and dedicated to the Earl of *Middlesex*, Son to his Grace the Duke of *Dorset*, descended from this Author.

Kingdom of *Ireland*, and I believe the first that wore the last Title. This Theatre, was built by his Directions in *Warberg-street*, where the Company continued to act, till the unhappy Rebellion broke out in the Year 1641. The Theatre was then shut up, by Order of the Lords Justices, sign'd *William Parsons*, and *John Borlace*. We do not find any mention of a Theatre in *Dublin*, till the Year after the Restoration 1661, which was built on the Spot where the Theatre now stands in *Orange-street*, commonly call'd *Smock-Alley*; how it came by the last Name, may be easily guess'd.

We find in the Year 1662, *Pompey*, a Tragedy acted at the Theatre in *Dublin*, translated from the *French* of *Corneille*, it is wrote in Verse by Mrs. *Catharine Phillips* (the fam'd *Orinda*) term'd by her Cotemporary Poets the *English Sappho*. This Lady wrote another Play call'd *Ihorace*, taken from the same *French* Author,

(a) *Henry Burnel*, Esq; a Gentleman of *Ireland*, wrote a Play call'd *Landgartha*, a Tragi-Comedy, acted at the New Theatre in *Dublin* 1641, with very great Applause (so says the Title, but there are no Actors Names printed in the *Drama*. The Prologue was spoke by an *Ama-zon* arm'd with a Battle-Ax to bespeak the Favour of the Audience. The Plot is taken from the *Danish* History of *Saxo Gramaticus*. This Play was the last that was perform'd on the Theatre in *Warberg-street* before the Rebellion broke out, which was discover'd by Mr. *Owen O Connolly* but the Night before the Execution, which prevented the City of *Dublin* being seiz'd on the 22d of *October* 1641, as intended, but it was too late to give Notice to the rest of the Kingdom, which felt the fatal Effect of the Rebellion.

but

but neither of them play'd in *England*, till after her Death, which fell out in the Year 1664, in the 31st Year of her Age, of the Small-Pox. From this we may gather that she resided in *Ireland*, since both her Plays were acted in this Kingdom some Years before they were perform'd in *England*.

The Theatre in *Smock-Alley* was so badly built, that in the Year 1671, some Part of it fell down, when two were kill'd and several sorely maim'd. We can give little Account of the Theatre here from this Time till after the *Revolution*; all that can be given will be noted in the Life of *Joseph Ashbury*, Esq; Playing was discontinued during the Troubles between King *William* and *James the Second*, but when quiet Peace was restor'd, the Theatre open'd again with *Othello*, Moor of *Venice*. The Part of *Othello*, by Mr. *Wilks* (see more of this in the Memoirs of that excellent Player). This Play was acted by Officers mostly about the Castle, Mr. *Ashbury* *Jago* only, for the Company was not form'd till three Months after, when they began again with *Othello*, which was on *March 23, 1691-2* the Day of proclaiming the End of the *Irish War*. The Company play'd on with Success many Years, and I find by the Cast of Sir *George Ethieridge's* three Comedies, there has not been a better in all its Branches since, which I shall set down in proper Order that the Reader may judge for himself. The Cast of these three Plays I had

from the late well receiv'd Comedian, *Thomas Griffith, Esq;*

The Comical Revenge ; or, Love in a Tub.

Lord Bevil	by	Mr Schooling
Lord Beaufort		Mr Buckley
Colonel Bruce		Mr Booth
Louis		Mr Keen
Sir Frederick Frolick		Mr Wilks
Dufoy		Mr Bowen
Sir Nicholas Cully		Mr Norris
Wheedle		Mr Estcourt
Palmer		Mr Trefusis

Graciana	by	Mrs Knightly
Aurelia		Mrs Ashbury
Mrs Rich		Mrs Hook
Lætitia		Mrs Harrison
Mrs Grace		Mrs Martin
Jenny		Mrs Schooling

She Wou'd if she Cou'd.

Sir Oliver Cockwood	by	Mr Norris
Sir Jossin Jolly		Mr Estcourt
Mr Courtal		Mr Wilks
Mr Freeman		Mr Booth
Mr Rakehell		Mr Griffith
Thomas		Mr Trefusis

Lady

Lady Cockwood	by	Mrs Smith
Ariana		Mrs Schoolding
Gatty		Mrs Hook
Mrs Sentry		Mrs Ashbury
Mrs Gazet		Mrs Harrison
Mrs Trinket		Mrs Martin

The Man of Mode; Or, Sir Fopling Flutter.

Dorimant	by	Mr Wilks
Medley		Mr Booth
Old Bellair		Mr Estcourt
Young Bellair		Mr Elliot
Sir Fopling Flutter		Mr Griffith
Shoemaker		Mr Bowen
Handy		Mr Norris
Parson		Mr Trefusis

Lady Townley	by	Mrs Smith
Loveit		Mrs Knightly
Belinda		Mrs Schoolding
Emilia		Mrs Elliot
Lady Woodvil		Mrs Martin
Harriet		Mrs Ashbury
Pert		Mrs Hook
Busy		Mrs Harrison
Orange-Woman		Mr Cross

Here we may see Messieurs *Ashbury, Wilks, Booth, Keen, Estcourt, Norris, Griffith, Bowen, Cross,* and *Trefusis* on one Stage at the same Time

Time in *Dublin*, most of them eminently great in their different Way of Acting. For the Women, I know little of any but Mrs. *Ashbury*; yet I have been inform'd by Mr. *Wilks*, that Mrs. *Knightly*, Mrs. *Hook*, and Mrs. *Smith* were very good Actresses in their different Parts. Mrs. *Ashbury* is taken notice of in the Memoirs of her Husband. I will put down the Cast of three Plays more in the Year 1715, when I was first in this Kingdom, and shall begin with

Timon of Athens; or, the Man-Hater.

Timon	by	Mr Tho Elrington
Alcibiades		Mr Evans
Apemantus		Mr Ashbury †
Nicias		Mr Fr. Elrington
Phæax		Mr Thurmond
Ælius		Mr Trefusis †
Cleon		Mr Quin
Isidore		Mr Hall
Thrafillus		Mr Daugharty (a)
Demetrius		Mr Leigh
Poet		Mr Griffith
Painter		Mr Oates
Jeweller		Mr Bowman
Musician		Mr Hallam

Those with this Mark † were of the former Company.

Evandra

(a) Mr Daugharty was found dead, suppos'd by some by a Fall down the Stairs of a Cellar; while others imagine

of the STAGE. 57

Evandra		Mrs Thurmond
Malissa		Mrs Wilkins
Chloe	by	Mrs Haywood (b)
Thais		Miss Wilfon
Phrinia		Miss Schoolding (c)

T A M E R L A N E.

Tamerlane		Mr Ashbury
Bajazet	by	Mr Tho. Elrington
Axalla		Mr Leigh

gine he was murder'd by a Watchman with his Watch-Bill, by a Cut in his Skull, but the Murderer was never found out.

(b) Mrs. *Haywood* has made herself Eminent to the polite World by her Writings; she is still alive. Her numerous Novels, will be ever esteem'd by Lovers of that Sort of Amusement. She is likewise Authoress of three Dramatic Pieces. 1st, *The Fair Captive*, a Tragedy. 2d, *A Wife to be Let*, a Comedy. Mrs. *Haywood* perform'd the Capital Part in this Play. 3d, *Frederick Duke of Brunswick*, a Tragedy. She also joyn'd with Mr. *Hatchet*, in making Songs to Mr. *Fielding's Tom Thumb* which were compos'd by the ingenious Mr. *Frederick Lampe*, and perform'd often with the Title of the *Opera of Operas*. As the Pen is her chief Means of Subsistence, the World may find many Books of her Writing, tho' none have met with more Success than her Novels more particularly her *Love in Excess*, &c Her Dramatic Works have all died in their first visiting the World, being exhibited in very sickly Seasons for Poetry. Mr. *Pope* has taken her for his Goddess of *Dulness* in his *Dunciad*, but she need not blush in such good Company.

(c) Miss *Schoolding*. was marry'd to Monsieur *Moreau* a celebrated Stage Dancer in this Kingdom.

Monefes

58 *A General HISTORY*

Monefes		Mr Evans
Prince of Tanais		Mr Quin (e)
Omar		Mr Hall
Haly	by	Mrs Fitzgerald (f)
Stratocles		Mr Oates
Dervise		Mr F. Elrington
Mirvan		Mr Minns
Zama		Mr Boman
Arpafia	by	Mrs Thurmond
Selima		Miss Wilson

The Committee; or, the Faithful *Irishman*.

Colonel Careless		Mr Ashbury
Colonel Blunt		Mr Tho. Elrington
Lieutenant Story		Mr Evans
Mr Day		Mr F. Elrington
Abel		Mr Quin
Obadiah	by	Mr Trefusis
Teague		Mr Griffith
1st Committee-man		Mr Hall
2d Committee-man		Mr Minns
3d Committee-man		Mr Bowman
Bookseller		Mr Hallam
Bailiff		Mr Kendall
Mrs Day	by	Mrs Martin (g)
Arabella		Mrs Ashbury
Ruth		Mrs Thurmond
Mrs Chat		Miss Schooling

(e) Mr. *Quin* was then a Youth.

(f) Mrs. *Fitzgerald*, whose Ma den Name was *Swan*, generally play'd the Part of a young man.

(g) Mrs. *Martin* was the Original Mrs. *Peachum* and *Diana Trapes* in the *Beggars Opera*.

Dis-

Distinguished Characters in Bills, were not in Fashion, at the Time these Plays were perform'd; they were printed in Order according to the Drama as they stood, not regarding the Merit of the Actor. As for Example in *Macbeth*, *Duncan* King of *Scotland* appear'd first in the Bill, tho' acted by an insignificant Person, and so every other Actor appear'd according to his Dramatic Dignity, all of the same siz'd Letter. But latterly, I can assure my Readers, I have found it a difficult Task to please some *Ladies* as well as *Gentlemen*, because I could not find Letters large enough to please them; and some were so very fond of Elbow-room, that they would have shoved every Body out but themselves, as if one Person was to do all, and have the Merit of all, like Generals of an Army; such a Victory was gained by such a King, and such a Prince, while the other Officers and Soldiers are forgot. But as *Trim* tells us in the *Funeral*; or, *Grief A-la-mode*, 50,000 of such *Rascals* as these will make an *Alexander*. I shall leave this last Quarter of a Hundred of Years to the Memory of others, that I may the sooner come to the Conclusion of my little *History*, and fall upon the *Memoirs*. I have told you the first Theatre was built in 1635, and the old *Smock-Alley House* in 1661, and now I shall proceed to the rest, as they stand at present.

In the Year 1732, a Theatrical Booth was erected by Mrs. *Violante* an *Italian* Lady, celebrated, for Strength and Agility, a Qualification

tion that does not render the Fair-Sex the least more amiable; the Strength of the Limbs, which these Sort of Undertakers expose, in my Opinion, is shockingly indecent, but hers were masculinely indelicate, and were of a Piece with the Features of her Face. I am informed the shewing her Limbs did not meet with the Success in this Kingdom, as she had found in her elder Sister, *England*; that Lady's Children delight in such Entertainments: Bull-baiting, Boxing, Bear-Garden and Prize-fighting will draw to them all Ranks of People, from the Peer to the Pedlar: Our late *English* Gladiator Mr. *Figg* of Cutting-flashing Memory, made much private Emolument, by his public Valour, more especially in Linnen (h).

But

(h) Mr. *Figg* informed me once, that he had not bought a Shirt for more than twenty Years, but had sold some Dozens. It was his Method, when he fought in his Amphitheatre (his Stage bearing that superbe Title) he sent round to a select Number of his Scholars to borrow a Shirt for the ensuing Combat, and seldom fail'd of half a Dozen of superfine Holland, from his prime Pupils (most of the young Nobility and Gentry made it Part of their Education to march under his warlike Banner.) This Champion was generally Conqueror, tho' his Shirt seldom fail'd of gaining a Cut from his Enemy, and sometimes his Flesh, tho' I think he never receiv'd any dangerous Wound. Most of his Schollars, were at every Battle, and were sure to exult at their great Master's Victories, every Person supposing he saw the Wounds their Shirt received. Mr. *Figg* took his Opportunity to inform his Lenders of Linnen, of the Chasms their Shirt received, with a Promise to send them

But to *Mademoiselle Violante*. She finding her Tumbling tiresome, fell into Playing, and *Pantomime* (another Disgrace to the Drama) Mr. *Barrington*, Mr. *John Morris*, and I think Mr. *Beamsly*, Miss *Woffington*, Miss *Mackay* (now Mrs. *Mitchel*) and many others came under her Directions, and play'd several Dramatic Pieces with Grotesque Entertainments, till stop'd by the Lord Mayor of the City of *Dublin*, Mrs. *Violante*, having no Sanction, or proper Authority to exhibit such Entertainments. The (h) Place is put to another Use.

F

I

them home. But said the ingenious, courageous *Figg*, *I seldom received any other Answer, than Damn you, keep it.* I shall not enter into the Merits of this Method in procuring Linnen, but if it was a Fraud, (as he told me) he was never found Guilty, for as *Hudibras* says,

*For those that meddle with his Tools,
Will cut their Fingers, if they're Fools.*

(h) It is now an Hospital for indigent *Lying in-Women*, which is a generous, virtuous, and humane Charity, worthy the Imitation of every civilized Nation. The Director, and Inventor of this useful Institution, ought to be mentioned with great Respect. How many Subjects have been lost for want of such a noble Charity? The Hospital was opened in *March 1745*, and by the First of *November 1747*, there were 514 Poor Women safely delivered of 281 Boys, and 241 Girls, 13 Women bearing Twins. The eminent Dr. *Mosse* (the first Promoter of this Charitable Work, giving Attendance without Fee or Reward.) I wish *Iberia's* Elder Sister would follow the Example. 'Tis true there are such in *China*, but not under such Regulation; the Women there, are not

reciv'd

I shall take Leave of *Violante*, and her Postures, and give it as my own Opinion, that I think such Diversions are below the Dignity of the Stage, or Humanity. Where can be the Satisfaction when Death and Danger attends it. I have the Fate of Lady *Isabella* (i) ever present to my Memory at the mentioning of such dangerous Entertainments. I should have told my Reader, that Mrs. *Violante* had let her

Booth

receiv'd, till the Pangs of Child-Birth attack them, according to *Mendez Pinto*, and several Mothers with their Infants perish before they can be conveyed to the Hospital. In *Paris* there is one of this Kind, but the Women after the Month, if able, are obliged to attend those that lye-In, and cannot be free of the Place till their Turn comes on, which must be one Month at least, for as I am informed they are Nurses to each other. *Rome* that has Hospitals almost without Number, has none such, tho' they have one for repenting Courtezans. Altho' the Hospitals in *Amsterdam* maintain 20,000 Souls of both Sexes, yet I cannot find one that is appropriated to this Use.

(i) The Lady *Isabella*, was born in *Italy*, sprung from a noble Family in the City of *Florence*. She was put into a Nunnery at twelve Years of Age in order to take the Veil: but a Posture-master unluckily came to that City, gained her Affections and found Means to carry her off, and marry'd her, instructed her in his unseemly dangerous Employment, (if we may call it so) and brought her to *England*, where Lady *Isabella* was greatly admired for her Postures, and Feats of Activity. The last, and fatal Time of her Performance, she was eight Months gone with Child, but the covetous Husband loved Money so well (as it is reported) that he would not allow her the necessary Repose required in her Condition, so that in one of her Dances on a slack Rope,

the

Booth to Mr. Luke Sparks, Mr. John Barrington, Miss Mackay (now Mrs. Mitchel) for three Pounds per Week: The three mentioned Persons being all very young, fell desperately in Love with the *Dramatic Poets*, and were resolved to marry them, with their Poetical Fortune, that is, without a Rag to cover their Nakedness, or rather nothing but Rags, for their Scenes had shewed their best Days. However Cloaths were borrowed, some from Friends, and some to be paid for, and they began with a Comedy of *Farquhar's*, call'd the *Inconstant*, or the *Way to Win him*; the three chief Parts being performed by the three adventrous Undertakers, viz.

Young Mirabel		Mr Sparks
Duretete	by	Mr Barrington
Bizarre		Miss Mackay

Mr. Sparks (as having played before, in a Country Company) was the *Manager*. The Play was performed much better than was expected, and their Company soon became more numerous, being join'd by others that look'd more to *Profit*, than *Pleasure*; for these three

she fell, on the Stage, where the Mother and Infant newly born with the Force of the Fall, expired in a Moment, fatal Catastrophe! in the twenty-first Year of her Age. This was the running Account of the poor Lady *Isabella*, after her Death, whose End was much lamented, for notwithstanding her disreputable Employment, she was esteemed as a Woman of strict Virtue.

Lovers of the Drama could play Heroes and Heroines without eating. Love for the Sublime was enough for them. However, other People did not relish this Camelion Diet, and hunger'd after something more substantial, therefore resolv'd upon Benefits, and gave the first to Miss Mackay, in order to break the Ice. The *Fop's Fortune* was the Play, and she then being a young promising Actress, several Ladies of the first Rank, espous'd her Cause and brought upwards of forty Pounds to her Benefit. They might well say with the Herald in the *Rehearsal*,

They had not seen so much the Lord knows when.

The Success of this Benefit, alarmed the *Old Smock-Alley House*, who applying to the Lord Mayor, he sent Orders to forbid their Acting, and it was with much Difficulty they had leave to play one more, which was *Woman's a Riddle* to a good House,

And that the last.

This was the Spring from whence *Ransford-street* arose out of the Power of the Lord Mayor of Dublin.

Ransford-street Theatre was built, and opened for the first Time, under a Licence granted by the Right Honourable the Earl of *Meath* (k),
being

(k) I saw a Licence granted by that worthy Nobleman

of the STAGE. 65

being Part of his Liberties. The first Play that was performed there, was a Comedy call'd

LOVE for LOVE.

(The Company being under the Directions of Mr. Husband.)

Sir Sampson		Mr Moore (l)
Valentine		Mr Husband
Tattle		Mr Ravenscroft (m)
Forefight	by	Mr Bourne (n)
Ben		Mr Sparks
Trapland		Mr Daniel
Jeremy		Mr Roch

Angelica		Mrs Ravenscroft (o)
Mrs Forefight		Mrs Smith (p)
Mrs Frail	by	Miss Mackay (q)
Miss Prue		Miss Barnes (r)
Nurse		Mrs Talent (f)

man to the late Mr. *Thomas Walker*, Comedian, for forty Pounds per Annum, which Sum was meant to be given to the Poor in the *Earl of Meath's Liberty*: A Pious Example!

(l) Since dead.

(m) Since dead.

(n) Now in *England*.

(o) Dead.

(p) Dead.

(q) Now Mrs *Mitchel*.

(r) Now Mrs. *Martin*.

(f) Lives at *Cork*.

I never saw this *Theatre*, but have been inform'd it was a very neat compact Building, capable of containing a hundred Pounds at common Prices, which they never raised, but at Benefits.

The Company performed here above a Year with tolerable Success, sometimes Neip and sometime Spring Tides. But when *Henry the Eighth* with the pompous Coronation was exhibited at the Theatre in *Aungier-street*, they were almost forsaken, good Sense with Show, for once prevailed, which is not always the Case.

As Poverty is the Mother of Invention, all the Wit of the Company went to work, and at last produced a *Mock Coronation*, with less Expence than a Lady's Tail at *Aungier-street Theatre*. It was called the *Beggars Coronation* (and not unworthy that Title) in the Play of the *Royal Merchant*; or, the *Beggars Bush*, with the following *Prologue* on the solemn Occasion, ushered in by this Preamble in Print:

A PROLOGUE *spoke at Ransford-street Play-House, on the Revival of the Royal Merchant; or, the Beggars Bush, which was acted with the Mock Coronation, on the Playing King Henry the VIIIth and Coronation in Aungier-street Play-House.*

WELL! *by this Time, your Eyes have ach'd with gazing*
On Coronations, Masks and Sights, no less amazing!
Here,

Here, then you come, unwilling to be pleas'd
 Longer than just your dazzled Sight is eas'd:
 The Sun, 'tis true, will dim the strongest Eye,
 And Darknes only can new Force supply—
 Yet you must own, that had no Show been there,
 You'd been content to kill an Evening here.
 The Coronation made so great a Noise,
 Had there been none, Harry had miss'd your Voice,
 Buffoon—Jack pudding—Jobson—Hob con-
 spir'd

In vain, to make the Burlesque King admir'd;
 He Play'd it, tho', some say, with wondrous Art!
 His Belly—shook, and—that was all the Part.

Yet, Faith, 'tis odd—But we surprize you more
 Than Harry's Hob! or Wolfey's envy'd Store.

Here honest Clause, shall gain a Beggar's
 Crown,

Tho' Tyrants threaten, and proud Churchmen
 frown!

Each willing Subject his small Tribute brings,
 Abhorring Slavery, yet adoring Kings:

Clause! tho' a Beggar, 'midst his Rags, is Free,
 Henry's a Slave, to Tyrants great as he:

How does their Splendor, mock their wretched Fate?

They mourn in Pomp, and starve in pageant State!

Like petty Kings, who Rome's Subjection own,

To feed its Pride, they hunger on a Throne.

If any here with indigested Rage

Will speak malignly of our sporting Stage,

As if in Ridicule of Rites so known

Sacred to Britain's Fame, and GEORGE's Crown,

We thus our Mock'ry of State pursue,

Let others our Design with Candour view,

And

*And own, if any Disrespect appears,
'Tis them we mock, be then the Censure theirs.*

As the World is fond of Novelty (and this Mock Coronation appearing new, the Stream of Success flowed upon them with a rapid Torrent, swelled their Pockets till they overflowed their Banks, and watered the Fields of many a Publican! Debts were cleared, and every single Person might Fearless look at the Dial on the *Tholsel*.

Their Success went even beyond their Hopes, and *Aungier-street* suffered short Allowance (as they say at Sea) because the Current was turn'd another Way. Yet I find by this Success all do not think alike.

King Henry the Eighth with the Coronation in the utmost Magnificence, was performed in the Year of his present Majesty's Accession to the Throne, at the Theatre Royal in *Drury-Lane, London*. The Success there was beyond the Bounds of Expectation. It was even added to every Play, as a *Pantomime*, &c. and exhibited that one Season 75 Times.

The Theatre in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*, got up a *Mock Coronation* as a Burlesque upon that in *Drury-Lane*; but the Audience took a different Turn to that in *Ransford-street*; for the poor mock Peers and Magistrates were pelted off the Stage, in the utmost Contempt, and all their Study and Labour came to nothing.

However, this *Mock Coronation* filled *Ransford-street* Theatre, seventeen succeeding Nights.
But.

But as Mountain Rivers soon overflow, they as soon sink, and rest in their natural Bed again; *Ransford street* was too far out of the way, therefore the Company after three Years Occupation, forsook it. However I shall subjoyn a Couple of Poetical Pieces of Poetry occasioned by the above *Prologue*. Wits are a Tribe like *Jews*, and one Production begets another. As every Line of Battle Ship has its own *Chaplain*, so every Theatre have their own *Poets*, and sometimes like *Ragotin* in *Scarron* may be found in itinerant Troops. The opponent Theatre produced one spoke by Mrs. *Bellamy* in *Boy's Cloaths*, at a Time when an Epidemic Cold had reigned greatly in Town.

*Dear Ladies! may I perish, but I am proud
To find you all recover'd, and so loud
Not one sore Throat amongst you, now remains
Of that vile Cold of which the Town complains;
And Faith! you'll answer for me I'm sincere,
When I profess I'm glad to see you here!*

*I found a Female Habit would not do
And therefore try'd a Pair of Breeches too:
A spruce young Blade, well made with such Address
Among you Belles, may speak with some Success—
And I, who am a Woman—to my Cost,
Know by myself, what please the Ladies most—
In vain we strive our Merit here to show
For ev'ry Night, to Ransford-street you go
Where painted Scenes and tinsill'd taudry Dress
Are only splendid Signs of Emptiness.*

But

*But this is Scandal, for all Dublin knows
That Play-house deals, not over much in Cloaths.*

Two Venders of the same Commodity, will be a little too apt to depreciate each others Goods, therefore the Poet drew his Pen in their Defence, and furnished forth the following *Prologue* spoke by Miss Mackay in the Character of *Lady Townly*, in the *Provok'd Husband*.

*As some poor 'Squire to Country Quarters sent,
His Credit gone, and all his Money spent ;
A Swarm of Duns, each Morn attend his Door,
Crying out Money ! Faith we're very poor.
Why ay ! the 'Squire replies, but pray have
Patience,
Six Months Arrears comes with my next Ac-
quittance.*

*Just so I've told my Duns this many a Day,
They'd all have Money when I got my Play. (t)
The other House, we thank their honest Care,
Have to their Cost, engag'd the good Lord
Mayor
To send us, as they thought—the Lord knows
where !
Yet we'll forgive them, if they keep their Word,
But that is more than they can yet afford,
'Tis true. alas ! we're scant in Cloaths, while they
Abound in more—than they can ever pay—*

(t) This Play was for Miss Mackay's Benefit.

Our

Our House is new—thanks to our Benefactors(u)
 Nor do we envy those enslav'd Detractors
 They may get one, but Lord knows where get }
 Actors (w).

We may see this last Bard did not take the least Advantage of his Antagonist, their Lines were exactly even, and eighteen Thrusts given on each Side, and therefore neither could claim the Conquest, tho' like Battles in *Flanders* each Side claim'd the Victory, and each General put on the Wreath of Conqueror.

The Theatre in *Aungier-street*, was built by the voluntary Subscription of many of the Illustrious Nobility and Gentry of the Kingdom. The first Stone was laid by the Duke of *Dorset*, then Lord Lieutenant, but I think the Architect had more View to the Magnificent, than Theatrical: The Audience Part is ornamented with rich Embellishment, that gives it a superbe Countenance, but no Disparagement to the Architect in other Buildings, this might have been more convenient with less Cost. But I believe the Contriver had an Eye more to *Ridottos*, than the *Drama*, if so, indeed his Intentions were answered, for in that Shape it may vie with that in the *Hoy-market* in *London*. Thrusting my own Opinion in this Manner, might have the Air of Presumption, if my Employment and Observation had not

(u) Old *Smock-Alley*, was then in a ruinous Condition.

(w) *Aungier street* was after built for the Company in *Smock-Alley*.

72 *A General HISTORY*

taken up full thirty Years of my Time: In other Buildings, I would not pretend to give my Judgment on a Pidgeon-House, or a Centry Box, or give Directions in erecting a thatched Cabin, or a Turnpike

Aungier-street Theatre opened *March* the 9th, 1733-4, with the Comedy of the *Recruiting Officer*, the Parts acted as follows.

Captain Plume	by	Mr J. Elrington
Justice Ballance		Mr Layfield
Captain Brazen		Mr R. Elrington
Worthy		Mr Watson
Kite		Mr Vanderbank
Bullock		Mr F. Elrington (x)
1st Recruit		Mr Reed (y)
2d Recruit		Mr Butler (z)

Silvia	by	Mrs Bellamy
Melinda		Mrs Wrightson
Lucy		Mrs Reynolds
Rose		Mrs Moreau

These were the main Body of the Theatrical Army in its first March, tho' several Auxillaries joyn'd them afterwards.

The Theatre in *Smock-Alley*(a) was built by a voluntary Subscription. The Architect has considered

(x) Since dead.

(y) Now in his Majesty's Navy.

(z) Died in *England*.

(a) The proper Name is *Orange-street*, but it took the Appellation of *Smock-Alley* from Mother *Bungy* of infamous

considered the Building more for the real Intention of the Proprietors, I mean for Profit: The *Cavea*, or that Part where the Audience sit, is much more convenient, than that of *Aungier-street*, and will contain a Fifth Part more in Number than the latter, altho' it does not appear so to the Eye. On the Contrary, the Stage is more cramp'd for want of Room, which might have been otherwise at the first building.

When I came first from *England*, in the Year 1741, I brought over an experienc'd *Machinest*, who alter'd the Stage, after the Manner of the Theatres in *France* and *England*, and formed a Machine to move the Scenes regularly all together; but it is since laid aside, as well as the Flies above, which were made as convenient as the Theatre would admit. However the present Manager has form'd it as Regular and Convenient as the Spot would allow of; decorated it with all the Elegance of the *Theatres* abroad, with proper Scenery and Habits, that her elder Sisters in *England* need not blush at the Figure she makes.

mous Memory, and was in her Days, a Sink of Sin; but a Man being found murder'd in these Bottomless Pits of Wickedness, the Sheds were pulled down by the Populace, the unclean Vermin were banish'd, the Place purged of its Infamy, handsome Dwellings now show their Faces in a modest Garb, and entertain modest, and reputable Inhabitants, and therefore I think ought to lose its old stained Name. But if *Tyburn* were removed the Spot would be call'd *Tyburn* still.

G

This

74 *A General* HISTORY

This new Theatre opened with a Comedy called *Love makes a Man ; or, the Fop's Fortune.*

The Parts played as follows.

Don Antonio	by	Mr Dash
Don Charino		Mr Bourne
Carlos		Mr Ward
Don Lewis		Mr Wetherilt
Don Duart		Mr Cashel
Clody		Mr Sparks
Governor		Mr Redman
Sancho		Mr Barrington
Elvira	by	Miss Boucher
Lovisa		Mrs Ward
Angelina		Miss Barnes (b)

But so eager were they to open (or to get Money) that they began to play, before the back Part of the House was tyl'd in, which the Town knowing, they had not half an Audience the first Night ; but mended leisurely by Degrees, where we shall leave them on the mending Hand, and walk to

C A P E L - S T R E E T .

This Theatre was built, like an aggrieved People in the State of Rebellion ; their Forces raised in a Hurry, neither well cloathed, armed, or paid, their Fortifications so slightly thrown up,

(b) Now *Martin*.

that did not promise a long Defence, tho' they had a Veteran at their Head, that might have taught them Discipline, had he taken proper Pains with his raw Soldiers, or rather indeed, had they been more capable of being taught, but this hasty Building was erected in the great Cause of Liberty!

*The Love of Liberty with Life is given,
And Life itself's th' inferior Gift of Heaven.*

This Company open'd under the Sanction of the Lord Mayor of *Dublin*, and called themselves the *City Company of Comedians*. Their first Play was *Shakespear's Merchant of Venice*.

Duke		Mr Rivers
Morochius		Mr Brouden
Antonio		Mr Townsend
Bassanio		Mr Marshal
Gratiano	by	Mr Hall
Lorenzo		Mr Corry
Shylock		Mr Wright
Tubal		Mr Bourne
Launcelot		Mr Morgan

Portia		Mrs Brouden
Nerissa	by	Mrs Phillips
Jessica		Miss Lewis

I shall leave the further Mention of this Theatre to the Memoirs of the worthy Projector of it,
G 2

it, *Harlequin Phillips*, and end with its Neighbour,

PUNCHE'S THEATRE.

O! Happy Manager! whose Servants never Disoblige, or Contradict his Will! no clamouring for Parts, or Pay! no Envy reigns among them! no Sycophants to corrupt his Ears with Falshoods, or cringing Flatterers to tickle his Vices, or swell his Pride and Vanity. But all obey him without Self-Interest, or ever trouble themselves whether they are naked or cloath'd; or ever repine at the Success of each others Performance, or like the *Spaniards* (c)

lay

(c) A *Spanish* Bishop writes thus of the Conquest of *America*. "The first Conquerors of this large new World gave out, that there were mighty Giants and warlike *Amazons*, all of them a Race of Cannibals that fed upon human Flesh, making War on each other for that Purpose. But these Reports were spread to cover the Inhumanity of the *Spaniards*, who put to Death with extream Tortures above Six Millions of innocent, naked, harmless *Indians*. Pretending it was in the Service of Heaven to rob, starve, and murder the Image of their Creator, when it has been proved their own Avarice was the Motive, when Millions were put to Death a thousand Ways, because they could not, or would not discover their hidden Wealth.

Thus it too often falls out among ourselves, when a poor Wretch is half laden with Injuries, they make up the

the

lay Faults on the *Indians* to cover their own Cruelty. Mr. *Punche's* Theatre has been built and occupy'd by these decent, and well behaved Performers several Years. It goes by the Name of the first Founder, *STRETCH*, as the Coffee-Houses in *London* still go by the Names of *Toms*, *Whites*, and *Wills*, tho' the Names of their present Masters, may be *Jack*, *Sam*, or *Ned*. However it intimates the first, were Eminent in their Stations, and it expresses Modesty in the Survivors, in owning it, by continuing *their* Names, rather than their own.

Thus has this opulent City of *Dublin* every Innocent Diversion, that may unbend the Mind, equal to any City of *Europe*, leaving the *Italian* Opera out, which can neither produce Mirth, or Sorrow, Pity or Compassion. Yet here is Music in Perfection, converted to a better Use than in *Britain*, which produce a double Pleasure---the Charms of *Harmony* and the Means to relieve the *Poor*.

I have been in most Parts of the World in my Youth, and in every Place of Note I have touch'd at (as the Sailors term it) have found the Natives of this Kingdom in Places of Trust and Power, venerated, and esteemed by all. I

the other half Burden with Falshoods, and very humanly throw on a Weight that intirely sinks him.

shall therefore conclude with two Lines of that celebrated *French Author* *Monf. Voltaire* (d).

*Peuple malheureux doux genereux, et vaillant,
En tous lieux Exiles, mais par tout Triumphant.*

“ Ill-fated Race! brave! generous, and true,
“ Tho’ Exiles in each Clime, through all subdue.

(d) I have mentioned this Author in another Part of the Work, as an *Exile*, but have learn’d since, that his Banishment is repealed, and he is made *Historiographer* to the *French King*.

MEMOIRS of the Principal Performers on the STAGE.

JOSEPH ASHBURY, Esq;

THIS worthy Gentleman was born in *London*, the Year 1638, of an antient Family. His Father marry'd a near Relation of that great *Scholar* and *Soldier*, Sir *Walter Raleigh*, who was first Gentleman to that Duke of *Buckingham*, that was kill'd by Lieutenant *Felton* in the Reign of King *Charles* the First. The Gentleman I am about to give an Account of, was sent very young to (e) *Eaton-School*, near *Windsor*, where he received a genteel Education, being very well instructed in *Classical Learning*. After the Death of his Father, his Friends procur'd him a Pair of Co-

(e) The School of *Eaton* was Founded by that unfortunate King *Henry* the Sixth, Eminent to a Degree for producing Men of great Learning. 'Tis seated on the delightful River of *Thames* in *Buckinghamshire*, over-against *Windsor* in *Berkshire*; it is call'd *Eaton-College*. The Chapel is a handsome *Gothic Pile*, with an Organ and Quire. This Place is ranked as the first Free-School in the King's Dominions. It seems by *Art* and *Nature* form'd for Study, its shady Walks, Public or Private, large Gardens, Orchards, Groves, and the limpid River are natural Calls for Learning.

lours

lours in the Army under the Duke of *Ormond*, which was the first Time of his coming into this Kingdom, in the last Year of *Oliver Cromwel's* Administration.

Mr. *Ashbury* was one of the Number of Officers that seiz'd the Castle of *Dublin*, when Governor *Jones* was made Prisoner, and secur'd in Behalf of King *Charles II.* He was made Lieutenant of Foot of a Company granted by that Monarch to the City of *Dublin*, in the Year 1660, and 1662, the Duke of *Ormond*, the then Lord Lieurenant, made him one of the Gentlemen of his Retinue, and Deputy-Master of the *Revels* under *John Ogilby*, Esq; some time after.

In the Year 1682, at the Death of the Master of the *Revels*, through Mr. *Ashbury's* Interest with the Duke of *Ormond*, he was made Patentee, and Master of the *Revels* in this Kingdom. His first Wife was Sister to an eminent Actor of that Time (Mr. *Richards*) by whom he had two Children, who died in their Infancy, and the Mother of them being a very infirm Woman, was not long after the Death of her second Child before she left the World.

Mr. *Ashbury* continued a Widower many Years, till fixing his Eyes upon Miss *Darling*, a blooming young Gentlewoman, Daughter to the Reverend Mr. *Darling*, Dean of *Emly*. By this Lady he had two Sons, the eldest Mr. *Boyle Ashbury*, Lieutenant in Brigadier *Bor's* Regiment, and unfortunately kill'd in a Duel at *Sligoe* (where he was then on Duty) June the 9th, 1725. The last of the Male Race

Race (Mr. *Richard Ashbury*) is Deputy *Athlone* Pursivant, and an eminent Undertaker in *Capel-street* (f). His only Daughter was marry'd to Mr. *Thomas Elrington*.

Mr. *Ashbury* was not only the principal Actor in his Time, but the best Teacher of the Rudiments of that Science in the three Kingdoms. I speak not from my own Judgment, but that of many others, as Mr. *Wilks*, Mr. *Booth*, Mr. *Keene*, &c. To prove this, give me leave to insert a Letter from Mr. *Wilks* to Mr. *Ashbury* concerning Mr. *William Wilks* his Nephew(g).

To Joseph Ashbury, Esq; Master of the Revels,
Dublin.

‘ I Have no Pretence to ask a Favour of Mr.
‘ *Ashbury*, but that he has a thousand Times
‘ oblig’d me. I take the Liberty, therefore,
‘ to recommend the Bearer, my Nephew (h),
‘ to

(f) The first Part of this Account, I gather’d from Mr. *Joseph Ashbury*’s own Mouth, when I was a young Man under his Directions in this Kingdom, about four Years before his Death, when he liv’d at the *Bowling-Green-House*, *Oxmantown*, since built upon; then, I believe the finest Spot of its Kind in the whole Universe.

(g) I was favour’d with this Letter by Mr. *Richard Ashbury* the Son.

(h) Mr. *William Wilks*, the Nephew mention’d in this Letter, came over here and play’d several Parts in the Old *Smock-Alley* Theatre; and tho’ young and genteel, he was only the Shadow of his Uncle, and his Name befriended him more than his Abilities. He return’d to *England*, after a Year’s Probation here, and
was

' to you, for your Countenance, and Favour :
 ' He was bred an Attorney, but is unhappily
 ' fallen in Love with that fickle Mistress the
 ' Stage, and no Arguments can dissuade him
 ' from it. I have refus'd to give him any Coun-
 ' tenance, in hopes, that Time and Experience
 ' might cure him : But since I find him de-
 ' termin'd to make an Attempt, some-where,
 ' no one, I am sure, is able to give him so just
 ' a Notion of the Business as Mr. *Ashbury* ;
 ' and, indeed, I am proud to own, that all the
 ' Success I have met with both with *you*, and
 ' in *England*, on the Stage, has been intirely
 ' owing to the early Impressions I received from
 ' *You*.

' If you find that my Nephew wants either
 ' Genius, or any other necessary Qualification,
 ' I beg, dear Sir, that you will freely tell him
 ' his Disabilities, and then it is possible, he
 ' may more easily be persuaded to return to his
 ' Friends, and Business, which I am inform'd
 ' he understands perfectly well.

' Before I had the Favour of yours, honest
 ' *Jo Trefusis* (i) I believe, was near his Jour-
 ' ney's

was enter'd one of the Company in *Drury-lane*, at thirty
 Shillings a Week, and died before he had reach'd his
 Thirtieth Year, or a higher Sallary. He was a good
 Scholar, and had a tolerable Knack of *Rhyming to his*
Phillis.

(i) Mr *Joseph Trefusis* was the original *Trapland* in
Love for Love, and a well esteem'd low Comedian (a
 Theatrical Term to distinguish that Branch from the
 Genteel) and was famous for Dancing an aukward Coun-
 try

ney's End, and I had taken care to furnish him with what was necessary, for which I neither expect, or desire any Return, 'tis sufficient, that you esteem it a Kindness, and I wish it were in my Power to lay a more lasting Obligation upon Mr. *Ashbury*, or any of his Family. My most humble Service to the dearest Part of you---In plain Terms--your Wife--to Mr. *Elrington* and his *Fanny*--and pray believe, that I shall be ready on all Occasions, to show how much I am, dear Sir, your oblig'd and faithful humble Servant,

London, Dec.

6, 1714.

ROBERT WILKS.

try Clown. He was an experienced Angler. As he was Fishing by the *Liffy* Side, some Friends of his were going in a Boat in order to embark for *England*. *Jo* seeing them, call'd to them to take him in that he might see them safe on Board. He gave his Fishing Rod to a Friend on Shore to take care of till his Return. But *Jo* it seems was prevail'd upon by his Companions to make the Journey to *London* with them, with his Fishing Cloaths upon his Back, not a second Shirt, and but seven Shillings in his Pocket. His Companions left him at *London*, and Mr. *Wilks* found him gazing at the Dial in the Square of *Covent Garden*. He hardly knew him at first (as Mr *Wilks* told me) but by his particular Gait, which was beyond Imitation. When he ask'd him how he came there, and in that Pickle; *Hum! hu! why faith Bobby*, reply'd *Jo*, *I only came from Dublin to see what it was a Clock at Covent-Garden*. However Mr. *Wilks* new cloath'd him, supply'd him with Money, and sent back, as mention'd in the above Letter, before he receiv'd Mr. *Ashbury*'s Letter to supply him.

When

When the Earl of *Wharton* was Lord Lieutenant, some needy Courtier try'd all his Interest to be made Master of the Revels; in so much that Mr. *Asbury* was greatly alarm'd at it, which was said to proceed from a Report of his Death. Therefore in the 74th Year of his Age, he embark'd for *England* to solicit the *Queen*.

He arriv'd at *Chester*, from whence he sent the following Letter to his Wife concerning the *Affair*.

(k) *Chester, October 13, 1713.*

My Dear,

THIS is only to let you know, that I am safely arrived at *Chester*, where I had the good Fortune to meet with Sir *John Stanley*, who was well pleas'd to see me. After I had told him the Cause of my Journey, relating to my Patent, he bid me be assured, he would render me all the good Offices in his Power, and was of the Opinion, it lay in the Will of the Duke of *Shrewsbury* our good Lord Lieutenant, without giving our gracious Queen the least Troub'e concerning it. This Morning I had the Honour of a Visit from Mr. *Rightly*, and Sir *Richard Levinze*, who are of the same Opinion with Sir *John*, and have both promised me their utmost Assistance.

(k) I received this from the same Hand with the other,

Good

Good Mr. *Kightly* tells me, he will put her Majesty in mind of her old Master (k), as he was pleas'd to call me. I am so well satisfy'd in the Affair, that I would return to thee on the first Opportunity, if I had not resolved to see my Sister, and my Son *Tom Elrington's* Father and Mother. Thou knowest it is troublesome to me to write, but to satisfy thee in thy longing Desire to hear from me, I take the Trouble with Pleasure. I remain thine for ever,

JOSEPH ASHBURY.

My Blessing to all my dear Children.

Mr. *Ashbury* succeeded Mr. *Darling* as Steward of the *King's-Inns*, a Post of good Profit. I had not the Pleasure of knowing this great Man but till the latter Part of his Life; yet notwithstanding his great Age, I have seen him perform several Parts with the utmost Satisfaction; and tho' at his Years it could not be expected the Fire of Youth and Vigour should blaze out, yet Truth and Nature might be seen in a just Light. His Person was of an advantageous Height, well proportion'd and manly, and notwithstanding his great Age, erect, a Countenance that demanded a reverential Awe, a full, and meaning Eye, pier-

(k) Mr. *Ashbury* taught the *Queen*, when she was Princess *Anne*, the Part of *Semandra* in *Mithridates King of Pontus*, which was acted at Court by Persons of the first Rank, in the Banqueting-House, *Whitehall*, where Mr. *Ashbury* was *Prompter*, and conducted the Whole.

cing, tho' not in its full Lustre, and yet I have seen him read Letters, and printed Books, without any Assistance from Art; a sweet sounding manly Voice, without any Symptoms of his Age in his Speech. I have seen him acquit himself in the Part of *Careless* in the *Committee* so well, that his Years never struck upon Remembrance. And his Person, Figure and Manner in *Don Quixote* were inimitable. The Use of a short Cloak in former Fashions on the Stage, seem'd habitual to him, and in Comedy he seem'd to wear it in Imagination, which often produced Action tho' not ungraceful, particular and odd to many of the Audience, yet in Tragedy, those Actions were left off, and every Motion, manly, great and proper.

Mrs. *Alsbury* even in her noon-tide Sun, had an amiable Person, a sweet, innocent, modest, winning Countenance, and having so great a Master in the Art, was ever just in Speech and Action, without climbing to the Summit of Perfection; yet I have seen her perform one Part, that seem'd a finish'd Original, where all since have appear'd to me but excellent Copies (if I may use the Term) that is, Mrs. *Pinchwife* in *Wycherly's* Comedy of the *Country Wife*.

Joseph Alsbury, Esq; died July 24, 1720, in the 82d Year of his Age, retaining his Judgment to the last Moment of his Life. Mrs. *Alsbury* surviv'd him a few Years, bewailing his Loss till she follow'd him to the Grave. This great Man was Master of the Revels to Five Monarchs

Monarchs of England, viz. K. Charles II, K. James II, K. William, Q. Anne, and K. George the First. I shall lead him to his Grave, with the following Poem on his lamented Death.

*As distant Thunder in a rouling Cloud
First murmurs inwardly, then roars aloud ;
Till the dread Clap frights ev'ry mortal Ear,
And strikes them with a just, and pannic Fear :
Such was the sad distracted News which bore
The Tydings to us--- Ashbury's no more !
The Muses Speechless to his Shrine repair,
Even Art, and Wit, stand silent Mourners there:
Yet bolder Zeal will Bands of Duty break,
And Gratitude has liberty to speak :*

*True Passion too, can Inspiration bring !
'Twas Grief first taught the Nightingale to sing--
From his, as from some Herc's awful Tomb,
Even my dead Muse shall vital Warmth resume.*

*When first in Learning's Orb his Lustre blaz'd,
The World look'd up, transported and amaz'd !
His Words, as if inspir'd, Impression made,
Ulysses' Skill without his Craft display'd :
His Counsels ne'er were varnish'd o'er with Art,
With Policy, he still did Truth impart
Spoke Oracles, but always spoke his Heart. }
By Judgment's Compass, ev'ry Course he steer'd,
And watch'd the Signals e'er the Storm appear'd.
His Prudence o'er the Surges did prevail,
With Ballast still proportion'd to his Sail---
Precipitately ne'er assum'd a Trust,
To promise, slow, but in Performance just !*

H 2

By

*By Grace instructed, and by Nature mild,
Nor relish'd Life, but when he reconcil'd.
His Life, and Aspect did just Patterns give,
What Figures we should make, and how to Live.*

Mr. ANTHONY ASTON, commonly call'd TONY.

THIS Person was bred an *Attorney* in *England*, but having a Smattering of Wit and Humour, he left the Study of the *Law*, for Parts on the Stage. He strain'd forth a Comedy which was acted on the Theatre in *Smock-Alley*, call'd *Love in a Hurry*, but with no Success. He play'd in all the Theatres in *London*, but never continued long in any; his Way of Living was peculiar to himself and Family, resorting to the principal Cities and Towns in *England* with his *Medley* as he call'd it, which consisted of some Capital Scenes of Humour out of the most celebrated Plays. His Company were generally compos'd of his own Family, himself, his Wife and Son, between every Scene, a Song or Dialogue of his own Composition, fill'd up the Chinks of the slender Meal. He pretended a Right to every Town he enter'd; and if a Company came to any Place where he exhibited his Compositions, he would use all his Art to evacuate the Place of these Interlopers as he called them. He was never out of his

his Way; for if he met with a fightly House when he was Itinerant, he would soon find the Name, Title, and Circumstances of the Family, curry them over with his humorous Verse, and by that Means get something to bear his Charges to his next Station. His *Finances*, like those of Kingdoms, were sometimes at the Tide of *Flood*, and as often at low *Ebb*. In one, where his Stream had left the Channel dry, yet ready to launch out on a trading Voyage without a Cargo, or Provisions, he call'd up his *Landlord*, to whom there was something due, told him of his Losses in his present Voyage, and being sent for to another Place, desir'd he would lend him a small Sum upon his *Wardrobe* (which he shew'd him in a large Box) ten times the Value of the Debt owing, or the Sum borrow'd. The honest *Landlord* seeing a proper Security easily comply'd, gave him the Sum demanded, lock'd up the Trunk, put the Key in his Pocket, and retir'd. But as no Vessel can make a Voyage without Sails and other proper Materials, he had contriv'd a false Bottom to this great Box, took out the Stuffing, and by Degrees, sent off his Wardrobe by his *Emissaries*, unperceiv'd. And that the Weight should not detect him, he fill'd up the Void with Cabbage-stalks, Bricks and Stones cloath'd in Rags to prevent moving, when the Vehicle was to be taken the next Morning into the *Landlord's* Custody. Every thing succeeded to his Wish, and away went *Tony*, but far wide of the Place he mentioned to mine Host. A

Week was the stated Time of Redemption, which the Landlord saw elapse with infinite Satisfaction (for he had a Bill of Sale of the Contents in the Trunk) he open'd it with great Pleasure; but when he saw the fine Lining! he was Motionless like a Statue carv'd by a bungling Hand. He had Recourse to Revenge. A Bailiff with proper Directions was sent to the Place mention'd, but if he had discover'd the least Wit in his Anger, he might have thought *Tony* knew better than to tell him Truth. I only mention this little Story, to let the Reader know the Shifts the *Itinerant* Gentry are sometimes put to. For *Tony* when his *Finances* were in Order, and cur'd of the Consumption, honestly paid him. I have had this Tale both from *Tony* and the Landlord, who then kept the Black-Boy Inn at *Chelmsford* in *Essex*.

If *Tony* by Chance ever came to a Town where a Company of *Show-men* (as People oft call them) had got in before him, he presently declar'd War with them, and his general Conditions of Peace were, that they should act a *Play* for his *Benefit*, that he might leave the Siege, and march with his small Troop to some other Place. And as he was a Person of Humour, and a proper Assurance, he generally, like a Cat, skim'd off the fat Cream, and left the lean Milk to those that stay'd behind. I believe he is Travelling still; and is as well known in every Town as the Post-Horse that carries the Mail. He shall make his *Exit* with the two following Lines.

If

*If various Dealers the same Goods exhibit,
They wish each other dangling on a Gibbet.*

BARTON BOOTH, Esq;

THIS excellent Tragedian was Son to *John Booth, Esq;* of the County Palatine of *Lancaster*, a Branch of the *Warrington* Family. He was born in the Year 1681, in that County, but soon after his Birth his Father and Family removed to *Westminster*, and at that celebrated School the Son received his Education under the Correction (as he call'd it) of the great *Dr. Busby*, and *Dr. Kuipe*. He inform'd me, the first Look he cast towards the Theatre, was from the Applause he received in performing in the *Andria* of *Terence* in *Latin* at *Westminster-School*, which perverted his Thoughts from the Pulpit, for which his Father intended him. At Seventeen he was chose out for the University, and had Orders to prepare for his Journey, but his Inclinations prevented the Designs of his Friends

He first apply'd to *Mr. Betterton*, then to *Mr. Smith*, two celebrated Actors, but they decently refus'd him for fear of the Resentment of his Family; but this did not prevent his pursuing the Point in view, therefore he resolv'd for *Ireland*, and safely arriv'd in *June* 1698. His first Rudiments *Mr. Ashbury* taught him, and his first Appearance

ance was in the Part of *Oroonoko*, where he acquitted himself so well to a crowded Audience, that Mr. *Ashbury* rewarded him with a Present of Five Guineas, which was the more acceptable as his last Shilling was reduced to Brass (as he inform'd me.) But an odd Accident fell out upon this Occasion. It being very warm Weather, in his last Scene of the Play, as he waited to go on, he inadvertantly wiped his Face, that when he enter'd he had the Appearance of a Chimney-Sweeper (his own Words). At his Entrance, he was surpriz'd at the Variety of Noises he heard in the Audience (for he knew not what he had done) that a little confounded him, till he received an extraordinary Clap of Applause, which settled his Mind. The Play was desir'd for the next Night of Acting, when an Actress fitted a Crape to his Face with an Opening proper for the Mouth, and shap'd in form for the Nose; but in the first Scene, one Part of the Crape slip'd off, *And Zounds!* said he, (he was a little apt to swear) *I look'd like a Magpie! When I came off they Lamblack'd me for the rest of the Night* (1), *that I was flead before it could be got off again.*

He remain'd here near two Years, and in that time by Letters reconcil'd himself to his Friends in *England*, and return'd with great Theatrical Improvement, where he gradually stept to Perfection.

(1) The Composition for blackning the Face, are Ivory Black and Pomatum, which is with some Pains clean'd with fresh Butter.

on. In 1704, he marry'd the Daughter of Sir *Wm. Barkham*, Bart. an antient Family in the County of *Norfolk*, who died without Issue in the Year 1711. *Pyrrhus* in the *Distrest Mother* plac'd him in the Seat of *Tragedy*, and *Cato* fix'd him there, and to reward his Merit, he was join'd in the Patent, tho' great Interest was made against him by the other *Patentees*; and to prevent his soliciting his Patrons at Court, then at *Windsor*, gave out Plays every Night, where Mr. *Booth* had a principal Part. Notwithstanding this Step, he had a Chariot and Six of a Nobleman's waiting for him at the End of every Play, that whipt him the twenty Miles in three Hours, and brought him back to the Business of the Theatre the next Night. He told me not one Nobleman in the Kingdom had so many Sets of Horses at Command as he had at that Time, having no less than eight. The first Set carrying him to *Hounslow* from *London* ten Miles, and the next Set ready waiting with another Chariot to carry him to *Windsor*.

He had a vast Fund of Understanding as well as good Nature, and a persuasive Elocution even in common Discourse, that would even compel you to believe him against your Judgment of Things. Notwithstanding his Exuberance of Fancy, he was untainted in his Morals. In his younger Years he admir'd none of the Heathen Deities so much as *Jolly Bacchus*, to him he was very devout, yet if he drank ever so deep it never marr'd his Study, or his Stomach. But immediately after his
Mar-

Marriage with Miss *Santlow*, whose wife Conduct, Beauty and winning Behaviour, so wrought upon him, that Home, and her Company were his chief Happiness. He intirely contemn'd the Folly of Drinking out of Season, and from one Extream fell, I think, into the other too suddenly, for his Appetite for Food had no Abatement. I have often known Mrs. *Booth* out of extream Tenderness to him, order the Table to be remov'd, for fear of overcharging his Stomach.

His profound Learning was extraordinary, since he left School at Seventeen, took to the Stage at Eighteen, and by his own Confession that the Business of the Stage joyn'd with his Devotion to *Bacchus* had taken up most of his Time since, yet I have seen him take a Classic, and render it in such elegant *English*, that no Translator would hardly excel. I will set down his Character from a Paper call'd the *Prompter*, by *Aaron Hill*, Esq; whose Writings will be a living Monument of his own Merit.

“ Mr. *Booth* was a Man of a strong, clear,
 “ and lively Imagination. His Conversation
 “ was lively and instructive: He had the Ad-
 “ vantage of a finish'd Education to improve
 “ and illustrate the bountiful Gifts of Nature:
 “ Two Advantages distinguish'd him in the
 “ strongest Light, from the rest of the Frater-
 “ nity. He had Learning to understand per-
 “ fectly what ever it was his Part to speak,
 “ and Judgment to know how far it agreed, or
 “ disagreed with his Character. Hence arose
 “ a

“ a peculiar Grace, which was visible to every
“ Spectator, tho’ few were at the Pains of ex-
“ amining into the Cause of their Pleasure. He
“ could soften, or slide over, with a kind of
“ elegant Negligence, the Improproprieties in
“ a Part he acted, while on the Contrary, he
“ would dwell with Energy upon the Beauties,
“ as it he exerted a latent Spirit, which had
“ been kept back for such an Occasion, that
“ he might alarm, waken, and transport in
“ those Places only, where the Dignity of his
“ own good Sense could be supported with
“ that of his Author. A little Reflection up-
“ on this remarkable Quality, will teach us to
“ account for that manifest Langour which has
“ sometimes been observed in his Action, and
“ which was generally, tho’ I think falsely,
“ imputed to the Indolence of his Temper.
“ For the same Reason, tho’ in the customary
“ Round of his Business, he would condescend
“ to some Parts in Comedy, he seldom ap-
“ pear’d in any of them with much Advantage
“ to his Character. The Passions which he
“ found in Comedy, were not strong enough
“ to excite his Fire ; and what seem’d Want
“ of Qualification, was only Absence of Im-
“ pression. He had a Talent of discovering
“ the Passions where they lay hid in some ce-
“ lebrated Parts by the injudicious Practice of
“ other Actors ; when he had discover’d, he
“ soon grew able to express them : And his
“ Secret for attaining this great Lesson of the
“ Theatre, was an Adaption of his Looks to
“ his

" his Voice, by which artful Imitation of Na-
 " ture, the Variations in the Sound of his
 " Words, gave Propriety to every Change in
 " his Countenance: So that it was *Booth's*
 " Excellence to be heard and seen the same,
 " whether as the pleas'd, the griev'd, the pi-
 " tying, the reproachtul, or the angry. His
 " Gesture, or, as it is commonly call'd his
 " Action, was but the result and necessary
 " Consequence of his Dominion over his Voice
 " and Countenance; for having by a Concur-
 " rence of two such Causes, impressed his Ima-
 " gination with such a Stamp and Spirit of
 " Passion, his Nerves obey'd the Impulse by
 " a kind of natural Dependency, or relaxed
 " or braced successively into all that fine Ex-
 " pressiveness with which he painted what he
 " spoke, without Restraint, or Affectation.

As a Proof of *Mr. Booth's* Learning, I am
 desir'd to insert the *Latin* Inscription wrote by
 him on the Death of *Mr. Smith* (m) the *Actor*,
 with

(m) This Gentleman, *Mr. Smith*, was zealously at-
 tach'd to the Interest of King *James* the Second, and
 served in his Army as a Volunteer with two Servants.
 After the Abdication, *Mr. Smith* returned to the Thea-
 tre, by the Persuasion of many Friends, and the Desire
 of the Town, who admired his Performance. The first
 Character he chose to appear in, was that of *Wilmore* in
 the *Rover*, his original Part in that Comedy; but being
 informed that he should be maltreated on account of his
 Principles, he gave Orders for the Curtain to drop, if
 any Disturbance should come from the Audience. Ac-
 cordingly, the Play began in the utmost Tranquility,
 but

with a short Account of him, as I receiv'd it from Mr. Benjamin Husband.

Scenicus eximius,

Regnante Carolo Secundo:

Betterton Coætaneus & Amicus,

Nec non propemodum Æqualis:

Haud ignobile stirpe oriundus,

Nec Literarum rudis Humaniorum,

Rem Scenicam.

Per multos Feliciter annos Administravit,

but when Mr. *Smith* entered in the First A&, the Storm began with the usual Noise upon such Occasions (an Uproar not unknown to all Frequenters of Theatres, and by Time mightily improved by a particular Set that delight in that agreeable Harmony, as pleasing to the Ear, as a Sow-gelder's Horn. that sets all the Village Curs to imitate the Sound) Mr. *Smith* gave the Signal, the Curtain drop'd, and the Audience dismiss'd. No Persuasions could prevail upon him to appear on the Stage again, till that great Poet Mr. *Congreve* had wrote his Comedy of *Love for Love*, which was in the Year 1695, more than three Years void from the above Accident. This celebrated Author prevailed upon several Persons of the First Rank to move Mr. *Smith* to appear in the Character of *Scandal* in that excellent Comedy; but he yielded more to the Persuasions of his sincere Friends, Mr. *Betterton* and Mrs. *Barry*, and accepted the Part, and his inimitable Performance added one Grace to the Play. He took his Station in many Plays afterwards, for I think three Years. He died of a Cold occasion'd by a violent Fit of the Cramp; for when he was first seized, he threw himself out of Bed, and remain'd so long before the Cramp left him (in that naked Condition) that a Cold fell upon his Lungs, a Fever ensued, and Death releas'd him in three Days after.

*Iustoque moderamine & morum suavitate,
Omniam intra Theatrum.*

*Observantiam extra Theatrum laudem,
Ubique benevolentiam & amorem, sibi conciliavit.*

In English,

An excellent Actor
 Flourished in the Reign of *Charles the Second*,
Betterton's Cotemporary and Friend,
 And very near him in Merit :
 Sprung from a genteel Family,
 And no Stranger to Literature.
 In the Management of the Theatre,
 He acquitted himself many Years with deserved
 Success,
 And by a just Deportment, and Sweetness of
 Temper
 Gained the Respect of all within the Theatre,
 The Applause of those without,
 And every where claimed the Friendship
 And Affection of Mankind.

I shall give a Couple of Songs as a Specimen of his Taste in *English* Poetry, among many that do not occur to my Memory. The Source of them both sprung from his growing Passion for the amiable Miss *Santlow*, before their Marriage.

The First S O N G.

CAN then a Look create a Thought
 Which Time can ne'er remove?

Yes,

Yes, foolish Heart, again thou'rt caught,
Again thou bleed'st for Love.

She sees the Conquests of her Eyes,
Nor heals the Wounds she gave,
She smiles when e'er my Blushes rise,
And sighing shuns her Slave.

Then Swain, be bold! and still adore her,
Still the flying Fair pursue.
Love, and Friendship still implore her,
Pleading Night and Day for you.

The Second S O N G.

I.

SWEET are the Charms of her I love,
More fragrant than the Damask Rose;
Soft as the Down of Turtle Dove,
Gentle as Winds when Zephyr blows,
Refreshing as descending Rains,
On Sun-burnt Climes, and thirsty Plains.

II.

True, as the Needle to the Pole,
Or as the Dial to the Sun,
Constant, as gliding Waters roll
Whose swelling Tides obey the Moon;
From ev'ry other Charmer free
My Life, and Love, shall follow thee.

III.

*The Lamb the flow'ry Thyme devours,
 The Dam, the tender Kid pursues ;
 Sweet Philomel, in shady Bowers,
 With verdant Spring, her Notes renews :
 All follow what they most admire,
 As I pursue my Soul's Desire.*

IV.

*Nature must change her beauteous Face,
 And vary as the Seasons rise,
 As Winter to the Spring gives Place,
 Summer th' Approach of Autumn flies ;
 No Change on Love the Seasons bring,
 Love only knows perpetual Spring.*

V.

*Devouring Time, with stealing Pace
 Makes lofty Oaks, and Cedars bow ;
 And Marble Towers, and Gates of Brass
 In his rude March he levels low :
 But Time, destroying far and wide,
 Love from the Soul can ne'er divide.*

VI.

*Death, only, with his cruel Dart
 The gentle godhead can remove ;
 And drive him from the bleeding Heart :
 To mingle with the Blest above ;
 Where known to all his Kindred Train,
 He finds a lasting rest from Pain.*

VII. Love,

VII.

*Love, and his Sister fair, the Soul
Twin-born from Heav'n together came;
Love, will the Universe controul
When dying Seasons lose their Name:
Divine Abodes shall own his Power,
When Time, and Death, shall be no more.*

Mr. W. BOWEN.

HE was born in this Kingdom in the Year 1666, and play'd on the *Irish Theatre* several Years. He had a loud strong Voice, which gave him the Title of an Actor of Spirit: Through the Interest of the late Duke of Ormond, he got into the Revenue in London. He was Fiery to a Fault, and Passionate to his Prejudice, which drew on his own Death, by the unwilling Hands of Mr. Quin. Mr. Bowen was too Tenacious, and could not brook being told that the late Ben Johnson excell'd in the Part of Jacamo in the *Libertine*. Tho' it was given against him by the whole Company. He immediately parted, sent to Mr. Quin (in the Name of a Gentleman) to a neighbouring Tavern; when he enter'd, Bowen shut the Door, clapt his Back against it, and drew his Sword. Mr. Quin, mildly expostulated with him, but all to no Purpose. He threaten'd to pin him to

the Wainſcot if he did not draw that Moment; which he did to defend his own Life, with an Intention to diſarm him; but *Bowen* preſt ſo furiously upon him, that he receiv'd the Wound which occaſion'd his Death three Days after. However, when the Loſs of Blood had weakened his Rage, he confeſs'd his own Folly and Madneſs had juſtly drawn on his own Miſfortune, and at the Trial Mr. *Quin* was honourably acquitted. Mr. *Bowen* had ſeveral Children by his Wife, and a Boy illegitimate, who tho' he bore his Name, had none of his Care, and therefore liv'd a diſſolute Life, without the leaſt Improvement from Education, and juſtly gain'd the Nick-name of *Rugged and Tough*. One Day a Clergyman in *St. Clement-Danes* (a Church in the *Strand*) was Catechiſing the Children of the *Parish*, where *Rugged and Tough* thruſt among the reſt. *Rugged's* Dreſs was none of the cleaneſt, which the good Parſon obſerving, call'd him the firſt to be examin'd. I ſhall put the ſhort Dialogue down juſt as I had it from an Ear Witneſs; ſince the Queſtions are ſhort, as well with the Answers, they will not appear very tedious

Parſon. What's your Name?

Rug. *Rugged and Tough!*

Parſon. Who gave you that Name?

Rug. The Boys of our Alley, L---d d---m 'em for't.

The good Parſon was a little ſurpriz'd, no doubt, and order'd him to wait till the reſt of the Children were examin'd, intending to poliſh
 Maſter

Master *Rugged and Tough*, but *Tough* not liking to wait so long, stole off unperceiv'd. All could learn of Mr. *Rugged and Tough* afterwards, that having a great Inclination to Travel, he contriv'd Means to do it, at the Charge of the Government.

*Thus bad Beginning, to bad Ending tends,
And Vice in Nature, Nature seldom mends.*

Mr. JOHN BARRINGTON.

THIS Gentleman was born of a good Family in the County of *Corke*. He was bred to the Law, but his stronger Genius, led him to the Drama, where he has proved himself one of its favourite Children. I think his first Commencement in the *Drama*, was in *Violante's* Booth (as it was then call'd) in *George's-lane*. He may be well esteem'd an excellent Comic Actor of infinite Humour, a much desir'd pleasing Companion (and what is not always to be met with) a Person of Sincerity. There is a very antient Family of the *Barringtons* in the County of *Essex* in *England*, where they shew a Record, that their Ancestor was instructed in the Christian Faith by the Preaching of St. *Augustine* the Monk, afterwards Bishop of *Canterbury*, and receiv'd Baptism in the River of *Thames* by that Saint, in the Year of
Re-

Redemption 597. This Account may probably be call'd a motley one, but what of that, a good Player (from the Poet) may instruct, and as an old Author writes,

*A Verse may find him, who a Sermon flies,
And turn Delight into a Sacrifice.*

MR. SPRANGER BARRY.

St. Herbert's Parish Nov. 20. 1719

THIS Gentleman was born in Dublin. He was marry'd very young, and consequently set forward in the World, perhaps with too little Consideration. A lively Spirit, and good Sense, are not always prosperous, or meet with that Success equal to their Merit. Neither does the Employment of a Father always sit easy upon the Son. Business is not Hereditary. One may gain a Fortune by the same Employment, that might be lost, by the Descendant. Our young Gentleman, by frequent Attendance at the Theatre turn'd his Genius to the *Drama*. Inclination and Fancy, are too good Instructors, and a Willingness to please is doing some part of the Work. A good Person, and an excellent Voice, are great Substantives for the Stage.

The first Part he performed in this Kingdom *in 1714* was *Othello*, the *Moor of Venice*, to the surprising Satisfaction of the general Audience, he seem'd a finish'd Actor dropt from the Clouds.

*in 1736 he went to England
in 1759 he returned to Ireland
in 1766 he went to England*

I hear that in *England*, he has gained the Summit of Perfection. I would say more upon the Subject, but as he received the first Ruliments from me, I shall be silent, yet borrow a few Lines from the Poet, that may give a Remembrance of his Person.

*Such Beauty as great Strength thinks no Disgrace,
Smil'd in the manly Features of his Face:
His tall strait Body amidst Thousands stood
Like some fair Pine, the loftiest of the Wood.*

I do not think I can give the Reader a greater Pleasure, upon this Occasion, than to insert the following Letter upon Mr. Barry's first Attempt on the Stage, which may serve for a general Instruction to all on the Theatre.

To Mr. Spranger Barry, from a Friend in the Country.

AS I lately heard you were determin'd for the Stage, my Affection for your Person and Concern for your Misfortunes, gave Occasion to some Reflections, which may possibly be of Use to you in this new Scene of Life. In the Time of *Athenian* Elegance, when Learning was in Taste, when Liberty was the Blessing of the Public, and the Parent of Arts; which Excellence alone found Honour, Capacity, Employment, and Merit, Rewards: The Stage grew suddenly from its Infancy to Maturity, and from being encouraged,

*he died in London
January 1777.*

' couraged, became itself the Encourager of
 ' those Talents and Geniuses, with which it
 ' was supply'd. It was there, that each Spec-
 ' tator was taught his particular Conduct, by
 ' seeing his own Representation in the general
 ' Picture of Life, where the Lights were
 ' thrown alone upon Virtue, and the Shades
 ' upon Vice, where Great and Eminent of e-
 ' very Age were set up for Imitation, where
 ' every noble, tender, and exalted Sentiment,
 ' was recorded, and daily inculcated; where
 ' Purity was invited, Obscenity exiled, and
 ' where the Heart was attached to Virtue, by
 ' affectingly walking through all its Scenes of
 ' Misfortunes, and lastly, exulting in its final
 ' Reward. No Institution, less than divine,
 ' could ever be of equal Efficacy, or Advan-
 ' tage: For when Instruction becomes our
 ' Entertainment, then only it is, that Vice
 ' grows detestable, and Virtue delightful, from
 ' the Pleasure it brings: and hence were the
 ' Sentiments of the *Grecian* Vulgar so exalted,
 ' that an immoral Expression, tho' naturally
 ' introduced in an immoral Character, has
 ' been hiss'd off the Stage. Shall we think
 ' then, that where the Doctrine was so glo-
 ' rious, the Preaching was dishonourable? No
 ' sure; to be an Actor then, was not to be a
 ' *Mimic*, no Trick of Gesture, or Tone of
 ' Voice could avail; those of Distinction were
 ' to be by Nature the very Persons they re-
 ' presented, they were to have the same Ele-
 ' vation of Soul, the same Delicacy of Thought,

' the

the same Morality of Life, the same Humanity of Heart, and Sweetness of Affections, that could at once constitute the Patriot, the Hero, the Lover, and the Friend: The Words only belonged to the Author, the Sentiments were by Nature their own; and hence flowed that Aptness of Attitude, that Ease in Elocution, that expressive Look, that eloquent Silence, that Freedom of Action, and that Harmony of the Whole; which at once exalted, melted, and subdued a mighty Nation to Elegance, and Virtue. Where such an Actor was found, he was justly esteem'd a Blessing to the Community, as his Talents were the Admiration, so his Person was the Delight of all People; in his Life he was honoured, and his Posterity provided for. You will now, perhaps, be tempted to wish, that this was the Stage of the *Athenians*, but Nature and Mankind, are always the same, and even on the *English* Theatre, I have known some, who gain'd more Encouragement and Respect as Actors, than they deserv'd as Men; but if the Members of your new Province have brought a Scandal on their Profession, let it be your Study to retrieve it. If I have any Judgment, you are qualified to excel in this Way, nor would I have you imagine that any will shun you in Private, merely because you give them Pleasure and Entertainment in Public. Let your Heart be the true Model of what ever is Great, or Good in the Characters you represent:

‘ present: Take Instruction with Pleasure,
 ‘ and Applause with Humility, and then fear
 ‘ not to be received as the Man of Worth, and
 ‘ the Gentleman you have hitherto been e-
 ‘ steemed. *I am, &c.*

MR. PETER BARDIN,

WAS born in *Dublin*, tho’ of *French* Extraction. He bent his Thoughts towards the *Stage* very early in Youth, and having seen the Performance of the best Actors in *England*, upon the *London* Stages (where at various Times he has made one in most of the Theatres in that City); if he has not improv’d, it must be owing to himself. His long Inter-course of Theatrical Action has improv’d his Study, and few Parts become amiss to him, either (as *Shakespear* says) “for Tragedy, Comedy, History, Pastoral, Pastoral-Comical, Historical-Pastoral Scene undividable, or Poem unlimited, &c.” It does not become me to condemn, or uphold his Conduct in private Life, however I cannot avoid giving my Opinion that such Disputes that have fallen out, need not trouble the Public, in their public Diversions. I own if a Person pays his Money for his Entertainment, he ought to enjoy it quietly. If a Cook at an Ordinary has spoil’d another Person’s Dinner, that Person I think
 has

has no Right to spoil mine, more especially if I had made a Tinker's Bargain, and paid for my Meal before Hand. Give me leave to add a printed Paper on the Subject, whose Author has said much more than my Capacity will reach.

A small Animadversion, on a late Affair in the Play-House.

I Went the other Night to the Play-house in full Expectation of seeing the *Rehearsal*, perform'd in as high a Manner as was possible: But to my great Surprize, the Performance was interrupted, and the Audience disappointed, by a Concert of most unmusical Instruments in the Gallery. The Cause of this Noise and Hurly Burly, was soon found to be a private Dispute between somebody in the Gallery, and *Bardin* the Player, which Dispute might (with the Consent of the whole Theatre) have subsisted seven Years, so it had not offended a numerous and polite Audience. ---If a Player in his private Capacity offends me, will this warrant my offending a thousand People at once? Should I have a Dispute at Law, or Play with Mr. G---ck, must the whole Town for this Reason lose the Entertainment of the rarest *King Lear* and *Macbeth*, that ever was seen in this or any other Country? If B----n had done any unwarrantable and injurious Thing to a Gentleman, B----n should have made proper and ample

K

' Sa-

‘ Satisfaction in his private Capacity for the
‘ Offence. The Audience had no Right in,
‘ nor Care for *B---n*, but they certainly have
‘ for Prince *Volscius*, he was their Player, they
‘ had paid for him, the Prince had managed
‘ his Horse with wondrous Dexterity, and had
‘ an undoubted Right to have ridden him to
‘ the Battle. There is nothing more mistaken
‘ than that Right which some People imagine
‘ they have in Theatres, and other publick
‘ Places, for in Truth their Right consists only
‘ in decently partaking of the Entertainment,
‘ and, where they think it deserves it, giving
‘ a proper and timely Applause. It is the same
‘ Right that a Man has in a Ferry-boat, that
‘ is, (if he behaves himself properly) to be safely
‘ and pleasantly landed on the opposite
‘ Shore; but, if he disturbs the Passage and endangers the Boat, the Ferry-man and Passengers will certainly join and throw him over board. A surly Swain at a Horse-Race fancying he had a Right to any Part of the Sod, would needs ride directly in the Course: the first of the Racers threw him and his Horse twenty Yards on the Ground; and better had it been if he had died with his Horse on the Spot, for he received a Lash from every Whip in the Field. Every Gentleman properly habited has a Right to go to Court: but if a Person having a Pique to a Battle should breed an Uproar in the Levee Room, ~~he~~ would certainly have a Halberd in his Guts, or be sent to the Black Hole. There

‘ can

can be no Excuse for doing an Injury to a Multitude.

I have often dined at a two Dish Ordinary, where I had a Right to partake of each; but if I should have taken it into my Head to have thrown one Dish at the Waiter, and kick'd the other about the Floor, I do verily believe I should have been kick'd down Stairs. If a Gentleman (Heaven defend us) should have a Quarrel on his Hands with a Porter, the Gentleman certainly has a Right to do himself Justice, but I should think it somewhat untimely, if he should knock the Fellow down when he had a Dozen of my Wine on his Back. *Shakespeare*, who well understood the Decorum of Theatres, gives strong Advice for proper Behaviour. He speaks it to the Players, but he meant it to the Spectators likewise, tho' in his Modesty he held it not meet so to set it down. He directs them to be extreamly careful not to create the least Noise or Disturbance in the House when the Play should be duly attended to. He concludes, that to disturb the House is villanous, and betrays a pitiful Ambition in the Fool that does it.

I am Sirs, your humble Servant.

How necessary it is we may see, for Stage-Performers to have a strict Guard on their Behaviour: and I have said it before, their own Conduct, will make them esteemed, or slighted, will draw Regard, or Insult. To strengthen

my own Opinion, I shall insert a very small Paragraph from a very late News-Paper.

Naples, August 16, 1748.

“ One of the Lords of the Court has been
 “ banished, for having publickly insulted up-
 “ on the New Theatre, one of the Singing-
 “ Women of the Opera.”

*But many Things are spoke without a Thought,
 That badly construed have Confusion brought.*

MR. JOHN BEAMSLY.

THIS Person has had a large Experience of Time and Travel in *England* and *Ireland*, for improving his *Theatrical Genius*. He is decent in many Parts, and seldom offends in any, is ever very perfect, a Voice strong and intelligible, not unharmonious, and may Rank in the File of good Actors either in *Tragedy*, or *Comedy*.

*Merit may shine in various Beams of Light,
 And different Men in different Roads are right.*

Mrs.

Mrs. BULLOCK.

THIS Gentlewoman was the Natural Daughter of the late perfect Comedian *Robert Wilks*, Esq; by *Mrs. Rogers*, an Actress of Merit, among great Stage Performers. So Parented, one might have expected a finish'd Genius for the Stage. She however pleas'd in several Dramatic Characters, assisted by a graceful Form and Figure. In the Year 1717, she was joyn'd in Wedlock to *Mr. Christopher Bullock*, a very promising Comedian, who died in the Road to Excellence.

After various Turns of Fortune, she came over to this Kingdom, with her Daughter (now *Mrs. Dyer*.) Her Person may put us in mind of her Mother, but she is a happy Stranger to any Failing of hers. *Mrs. Bullock* died in this Kingdom in the Year 1739.

*A Scion oft proves different from the Root,
And better Branches, will yield better Fruit.*

Miss BELLAMY.

THIS young and amiable Actress, was born in this Kingdom, in the Year 1727.

K 3

She

She has a most admirable improving Genius, therefore it will be no wonder, if she soon reaches the Top of Perfection. She has a liberal open Heart, to feel, and ease the Distresses of the Wretched. How amiable must blooming Beauty appear, that forms the Mind with every Moral Virtue! She has lately left this Kingdom, to the Regret of all Lovers of the *Drama*. I cannot avoid upon this Occasion, setting down a few Lines from a Poem, on *Bellamy*. The Motto from *Milton*.

*Grace was in all her Steps, Heav'n in her Eye,
In ev'ry Gesture, Dignity and Love.*

*The Maid, in Action just, in Judgment strong,
Exacts our Wonder, and inspires our Song;
From slavish Rules, mechanic Forms unt'y'd
She soars, with sacred Nature for her Guide:
The Grace-adorning Smile! the feign'd Despair?
The softning Sigh! the Soul-dissolving Tear!
Each magic Charm, lamented Oldfield knew,
Incanting Bellamy, revives in you.*

*'Tis thine, O beauteous Maid! the wondrous Art,
To search the Soul, and trace the various Heart;
With native Grace, with unaffected Ease
To form the yielding Passions, as you please.*

*Oldmixon (n) Syren Voice, improv'd by Art,
Steals softly on the Song-enamour'd Heart:*

(m) Mrs Oldmixon, a celebrated Singer from England, now in Dublin.

But,

But, ah! how weak! how feebly must she wound!
 The Maid whose chiefest Charm consists in Sound.
 Or should Mechel (o), all languishing advance,
 Her Limbs dissolv'd in well conducted Dance.
 The Soul untouch'd) she may subdue the Sight,
 But breathing Wit, with Judgment must unite }
 To give the Man of Reason unconfin'd Delight. }

COLLEY CIBBER, Esq;

THIS great Actor, as well as Author, was once in this Kingdom, many Years ago, which I gather'd from his saying he landed in the Night, and when he ask'd what Place they were in? was answer'd, *Ringsend*. O! then I am sure we are Right, meaning the Answer as a native Blunder. But to rescue that Place from the Aspersions, I am credibly inform'd, it was the original Dwelling of a Person whose Surname was *Ring*, and from him took its Denomination. The Father of this Gentleman was a Native of *Holstein* (p), a Statuary by Pro-

(o) Mademoiselle *Mechel*, an agreeable Dancer, now performing in *Smock-Alley* Theatre.

(p) *Holstein* is a Dukedom of *Lower Saxony* in Germany; one Part belongs to the King of *Denmark*, the rest to the Duke of *Holstein*; it has two Imperial Cities. The first *Lubeck*, a large, fair, and rich Town, accumulated by Trade and Navigation, seated about two Miles from the *Baltick* Sea. The other City is *Hamburg* upon

Profession without his Equal in this Kingdom. The Figures over the Gate of *Bethlehem* (or *Bedlam* as it is vulgarly call'd) in *Moorfields*, and the Pedestal, or Base of the *Monument* (q) were carv'd by him

Mr.

on the *Elbe*, one of the most opulent Marts in Lower *Germany*, it being a Free-City, and self-dependant; it is very strongly fortify'd. The River *Elbe* ebbs and flows with the Tide, and wafts Ships of large Burden to the Port, from all Parts of the World.

(q) Since this is a Pillar, now the finest in the World, and not generally known in this Kingdom, I'll give a Description of it. This noble Structure is erected near the Spot where the dreadful Fire begun in the Year 1666. Design'd by that great Architect Sir *Christopher Wren*; it is a fluted Column, two hundred and two Feet high, the greatest Diameter of the Shaft fifteen Foot, the lower Part of the Pedestal twenty-eight Foot square and forty Foot high, built with *Portland Stone* finely polish'd. The winding Stair-Case within (containing 345 Steps ten Inches and a half broad) black Marble, inclos'd in the spiral Round with Balustrades of Iron turn'd and Ornamented. Thirty-two Foot from the Top, is a square Balcony secured with Iron Rails, with their Capitals and their Bases gilt. The Top of this noble Pillar is crown'd with a Flame gilt. The West of the square Pedestal, *London* is described by a Figure of a Woman lamenting the Ruins of the City in Flames on one Side of her, and fronting her, *London* in all its Magnificence rebuilt. This noble Sculpture was design'd and finish'd in *Basso Relievo*, by *Caius Gabriel Cibber*, Father to the *Laureat*. This Pillar was begun in 1671, and finish'd in the Year 1677, at the Charge of the Public, in Commemoration of that fatal Fire in 1666, on the Second Day of *September*, which consum'd 13,200 Houses, 400 Streets, 89 Churches, and most of the public

Mr. Colley Cibber, the Son of this great *Artist*, was born the Sixth of *November* 1671, in *London*; but I shall refer the Reader to the *Apology* for his own Life, printed for *G. Faulkner*. The excellent *Dramatic Works* of this Author are,

1. Love's last Shift; or, the Fool in Fashion, 1696.
2. Woman's Wit; or, the Lady in Fashion, 1697.
3. *Xerxes*, a Tragedy, 1699.
4. Love makes a Man; or, the Fop's Fortune, 1700.
5. The Careless Husband, 1704.
6. The Lady's last Stake; or, the Wife's Resentment, 1708.
7. The Comical Lovers.
8. She Wou'd and she Wou'd Not; or, the kind Impostor.
9. *Richard the Third*.
10. The Rival Fools.
11. *Pirola and Izadora*, a Tragedy.

public Structures. The Top of the square Base is ornamented by large Dragons, between them the Arms of *England* with Engines of War display'd, Time with the rest of the Figures masterly finish'd, with *London*, represented in the Clouds in another Figure of a Woman, looking on the City once more in her Glory, form a noble Group that cannot be describ'd in Words. The three other Squares, are fill'd with Inscriptions relating to the fatal Accident (tho' some Authors impute it to Design) too long to mention here.

118 *A General HISTORY*

12. The Double Gallant ; or, the Sick Lady's Cure.
13. The School-Boy.
14. The Non-Juror, 1717.
15. *Venus and Adonis*, a Masque set to Music, 1717.
16. *Myrtilla*, a Masque, 1717.
17. The Refusal ; or, the Lady's Philosophy, 1720.
18. *Ximena* ; or, the Heroic Daughter.
19. *Cæsar in Ægypt*, 1725.
20. The Provok'd Husband ; or, a Journey to London, 1727.
21. Love in a Riddle, 1728.
22. *Damon and Phillida*.
23. Papal Tyranny in the Reign of King John.
24. The Country-Wake.

Besides these *Dramatic Pieces*, he has wrote innumerable Songs, Prologues, &c. several humorous Pamphlets, the excellent *Apology for his own Life*, and a Critic upon *Middleton's Translation of Cicero*.

As Envy seldom attacks any other Object but conspicuous Merit, this Gentleman, was generally attack'd by the Tribe of Scriblers his cotemporary Authors, that *Like Village Curs bark when their Fellows do*, which he regarded not, and if he ever seem'd to rouse, it was like the Lion, in *Don Quixote*, *Rise, stretch, and p--ss in his Face*.

As to his Person, he is strait, and well made,
of

of an open Countenance, even free from the conspicuous Marks of old Age; meet, or follow him, and no Person would imagine he never bore the Burden of above two Thirds of his Years. He is Head of a numerous Family, and it might be said, as a *German* Author writes of the *Nestorian* Lady *Malburges* of that Country.

*Mater ait natæ, die nata Filia natam
Ut moneat natæ, plangere Filiolam.*

“ The aged *Mother* to her *Daughter* spake,
“ *Daughter*, said she, arise !
“ Thy *Daughter* to her *Daughter* take,
“ Whose *Daughter’s* *Daughter* cries.

MR. THEOPHILUS CIBBER.

THIS Gentleman came into the World the Day of the great and destructive Storm, in 1703, whose Rage rang’d over the most Part of *Europe*, but I think most fatal to *England*. He is Son to *Colley Cibber*, Esq; that excellent Comedian, the present *Poet Laureat*, whose Dramatic Works are so well known.

Mr. *Theophilus Cibber* receiv’d his Education at *Winchester-School* His strong Genius for the *Theatre* brought him early upon the Stage, where he has appear’d in full Luitre in the various

rious Branches of Comedy. And tho' he has perform'd several Parts in Tragedy with Success, in my Imagination the *Sock* sits easier upon him, than the *Buskin*. His first Wife mention'd in the Account of Mrs. *Clive*, was Miss *Johnson*, by whom he had two Daughters, the eldest I am inform'd, has appear'd on the Stage with great Prospect of excelling, first in the Part of *Juliet*, in *Romeo and Juliet* by *Shakespear*. His second Wife, Miss *Arne* (by whom he has no living Issue) is arriv'd at the highest Pitch of Excellence in the amiable Soft and Tender.

Mr. *Theophilus Cibber* has appear'd twice as a Dramatic Author, viz. First, *Henry the Sixth*, alter'd from *Shakespear*, which was play'd in the Summer Season of 1721, without any Criticks laying hold of it. His second Performance in the Drama, was a Comedy call'd the *Lover*; but as the Criticks were always ready arm'd to attack the Father, they drew their Indignation on the Son, with the false Imagination that the Father was the conceal'd Author, but I am positively convinced to the contrary, for that Gentleman to me refus'd the Sight of it before it appear'd on the Stage for the very Reasons, he suspected, that fell out accordingly. However he wrote an *Epilogue* that was spoke by Mr. *Theo.* and his Wife that took away the Sting of the Revelrout, and the Play was perform'd six Nights in the Year 1731. The *Epilogue* for its Singularity I shall insert here.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by the AUTHOR, and his WIFE.

Wife. **N**OW, I suppose you'll find your Work
is done;

Did not I say--you were your Father's Son?
Be what it might, your Play, the Town wou'd
game it

That your bare Name were half a Cause to damn
it?

Experience to your Cost, will show you now,
Who wears the wiser Head, your Wife, or you?

Author. Tho' all this should be true, my pret-
ty Rogue,

Yet what's all this, dear Jane, to the Epilogue?

Wife. Why what's an Epilogue to such a
Play?

Will it be sav'd by ought that I can say?

Author. No Matter what's its Merit--no,
my Dear,

When many a Husband's Case has known De-
spair,

A wheedling Wife has brought the Thing to
bear.

Wife. O, I'm your humble Servant humble Sir!
Now you're distrest, you my weak Head prefer--
No Sir, since you have had your Frolick pay it--
When you have rais'd the Storm, your Wife must
lay it.

L

Author.

Author. *I'll give you Composition, gentle
Spouse,
All my clear Benefit of my Third-day's House.
Wife. Which may amount to---not one
single Soufe.*

Author. *Were mine alone the Case, that may
be true,
Yet to your very Sex some Pity's due,
They'll not with me destroy the Guiltless too.*

Wife. *(To the Audience) Gallants, in this,
I hope he has touch'd your Hearts,
Let not me suffer for his weak Deserts,
Do not, to last Extreams, your Censure drive,
Give us, at least, an honest Chance to live.
Our Fate is in your Hands--if you are brave,
You'll think the Triumph less, to Ruin than to
Save.*

This Comedy, the Author dedicated to his Wife, in order to make a perfect Agreement between them. He has also wrote several small Pieces in Verse and Prose occasionally, besides several Letters in an odd Dispute between him and Mr. Thomas Sheridan, printed here and in London.

I shall not meddle with conjugal Affairs, these short Memoirs would swell too large, and the Belly out of Proportion for the Body, appear Dropfical and require Tapping.

*Then draw a Veil o'er what must be conceal'd,
To hide those Faults, that should not be reveal'd.*

Mrs.

Mrs. C I B B E R.

THIS true and perfect Actress, was Daughter to Mr. Arne, an eminent Upholder in Covent-Garden. Her first Appearance on the Stage, was as a Singer, her Voice and Judgment gain'd her universal Applause. But when she commenced a speaking Actress, she charm'd a-new. Her first Appearance was in the Part of Zara, to the Admiration of every Spectator that had their Auricular Faculties, and since that has prov'd herself the Daughter of Nature in Perfection. I shall add a Prologue wrote by the Laureat, on her first appearing in the Part of Zara, and leave her to enjoy her deserv'g Praise.

Spoke by Mr. C I B B E R.

THE French, howe'er Mercurial they may seem,
 Extinguish half their Fire by Critic Phlegm :
 While English Writers Nature's Freedom claim,
 And warm their Scenes with an ungovern'd Flame :
 'Tis strange, that Nature never should inspire
 A Racine's Judgment, with a Shakespear's Fire!
 Howe'er to Night (to promise much we're loath)
 But---you've a Chance to have a Taste of both.

L 2

From

*From English Plays Zara's French Author fir'd,
 Confess'd his Muse beyond herself inspir'd ;
 From rack'd Othello's Rage he rais'd his Style,
 And snatch'd the Brand that lights this Tragic
 Pile :*

*Zara's Success his utmost Hopes out-flew,
 And a twice twentieth weeping Audience drew.*

*As for our English Friend he leaves to you,
 What e'er may seem to his Performance due,
 No Views of Gain his Hopes, or Fears engage,
 He gives a Child of Leasure to the Stage,
 Willing to try, if yet, forsaken Nature
 Can charm, with any one remember'd Feature.*

*Thus far, the Author speaks---but now the
 Player*

*With trembling Heart presents his humble Prayer.
 To Night, the greatest Venture of my Life
 Is lost, or sav'd, as you receive---a Wife.
 If Time, you think may ripen her to Merit,
 With gentle Smiles support her wavering Spirit.
 Zara, in France at once an Actress rais'd,
 Warm'd into Skill, by being kindly prais'd :
 O, could such Wonders here from Favour flow,
 How would our Zara's Heart, with Transport glow!
 But she, alas ! by juster Fears oppress'd
 Begs but your bare Endurance at the best :
 Her unskill'd Tongue would simple Nature speak,
 Nor dares her Bounds for false Applauses break.
 Amidst a thousand Faults, her best Pretence
 To please—is unpresuming Innocence.
 When a chaste Heart's Distress your Grief demands,
 One silent Tear outweighs a thousand Hands,*

If

*If she conveys the pleasing Passions right,
 Guard and support her this decisive Night.
 If she mistakes, or finds her Strength too small
 Let interposing Pity break her Fall—
 In you, it rests to save her, or destroy,
 If she draws Tears from you—I weep—for Joy.*

MR. OLIVER CASHEL.

I Know little more of this Gentleman, than that he was born in *Ireland*, of a very ancient reputable Family. He commenced Actor in this Kingdom, where he made but slow Progress, as I have been inform'd. He was recommended to the Manager in *Drury-Lane* by his Friend and Countryman Mr. *Charles Macklin*, who brought him from the *Bristol Theatre*, where they both play'd the Summer before, I think in the Year 1738.

The first Part he play'd on *Drury-Lane Theatre*, was *Sir Julius Cæsar* in *Sir Walter Raleigh*, where his good Figure was his best Friend, for Fear had made his Voice not his own (if I may be allow'd that Term). It is a Theatrical Observation, that Fear in the first setting-out Attempt on the Stage, is not an ill Omen, for many that have set on without it, have play'd their best, and never mended afterwards. This Gentleman is one Proof of it, for he got the better of his Fear, proving a

very good Theatrical Officer in a little Time: And I hear since I have left *England*, has so far excelled in Captain *Macheath* in the *Beggar's Opera*, which requires a good *Singer* to the Qualifications of a good *Actor*) that his Merit has given this excellent Piece a large fresh Run in *Covent-Garden*, which he went to from *Drury-Lane*, eight or nine Years ago.

This Gentleman died at *Norwich* (the capital City of the County of *Norfolk*). He was taken Speechless on the Stage in the Part of *Frankly* in a Comedy call'd the *Suspicious Husband*: He was carried to his Lodgings, where Physicians and Surgeons attended, but to no Purpose, for he expired in a few Hours in sight of the Doctor.

*Death eases Lovers, sets the Captive free,
And, tho' a Tyrant, offers Liberty.*

(r) The first Dramatic Piece of Mr. *Dryden*, that great Poet, was a Comedy called the *Wild Gallant*, that met with so little Success (as *Langbain* says) “ that
“ if he had not a peculiar Force of Inclination to the
“ *Drama*, he would have been sufficiently discouraged
“ from any farther Progress in Dramatick Writing,

Mrs.

Mrs. CATHARINE CLIVE,
(formerly Miss RAFTOR.)

THIS celebrated natural Aëtres, was the Daughter of Mr. *William Raftor*, a Gentleman born in the City of *Kilkenny* in *Ireland*. The Father of her Father, was possess'd of a considerable Paternal Estate in the County where he was born; but the Parent of our Aëtres being unhappily attack'd to the unfortunate King *James* the Second, the late Revolution gave it, among many others, to the Crown. Mr. *James Raftor* her Brother went over to *Ireland* some Years ago, in order to solicit for his Grandfather's Fortune, but did not meet with Success.

Mr *William Raftor* the Father was bred to the Law; however, when King *James* was in *Ireland*, he enter'd into his Service, and after the decisive Battle of the *Boyne* in the Year 1690, he follow'd his Master's Fortune, and by his Merit, obtain'd a Captain's Commission in the Service of *Lewis* the Fourteenth; but gaining a Pardon, with many other Gentlemen in his Condition, he came to *England*, where he married Mrs. *Daniel*, Daughter to an eminent Citizen on *Fish-street hill*, with whom he had a handsome Fortune. By her he had a numerous Issue.

X She died at *Tricker's* Miss
Decem. 6. 1795 aged 70 years

Miss *Catherine* was born in the Year 1711. She had an early Genius for the Stage. For she told me, when she was about twelve Years old, Miss *Johnstn* (afterwards the first Wife of Mr. *Theo. Cibber*, another rising Genius, if Death had not overtaken her in her Prime of Youth) and she us'd to Tag after the celebrated Mr. *Wilks* (her own Words) when ever they saw him in the Streets, and gape at him as a Wonder.

Miss *Rastor* had a facetious Turn of Humour and infinite Spirits, with a Voice and Manner in singing Songs of Pleasantry peculiar to herself. Those Talents, Mr. *Theo. Cibber* and I (we all at that time living together in one House) thought a sufficient Passport to the Theatre. We recommended her to the *Lau-reat*, whose infallible Judgment, soon found out her Excellencies, and the Moment he heard her sing, put her down in the List of Performers at twenty Shillings *per Week*. But never any Person of her Age flew to Perfection with such Rapidity; and the old discerning Managers, always distinguish'd Merit by Reward. Her first Appearance was in the Play of *Mithridates* King of *Pontus*, in *Ismenes* the Page to *Ziphares* in Boys Cloaths, where a Song proper to the Circumstances of the Scene was introduced, which she perform'd with extraordinary Applause. But after this, like a Bullet in the Air, there was no distinguishing the Track, till it came to its utmost Execution.

I remember the first Night of *Love in a Riddle*
(which

(which was murder'd in the same Year) a Pastoral Opera wrote by the *Laureat*, which the Hydra-headed Multitude resolv'd to worry without hearing, a Custom with Authors of Merit, when Miss *Rafter* came on in the Part of *Phillida*, the monstrous Roar subsided. A Person in the Stage-Box, next to my Post, called out to his Companion in the following elegant Style--- "Zounds I *Tom*! take Care!" "or this charming little Devil will save all."

In the Year 1732, she was marry'd to Mr. *G. Clive*, Son to Mr. Baron *Clive*. I shall be silent in Conjugal Affairs, but in all my long Acquaintance with her, I could never imagine she deserved ill Usage.

I shall take leave of this excellent Actress, with the following Lines (as every Part cannot fit the best Performers)

*Merit mistaken, oft may lose its Way,
And pore in Darkness with the Blaze of Day.*

MADAMOISELLE CHATEAUNEUF.

THIS agreeable Dancer (as she play'd Polly in the *Beggar's Opera*, &c.) must come under my Cognitance. She was born in France, what Town or Province, has stole from my Memory. Her real Name was not what she bore. She was in her Infancy, an Orphan,
and

and Monsieur *Chateauneuf* took her from her Distresses, and bred her up as his own Daughter. Her Virtue never was tainted in most People's Opinion, but as our immortal *Shakespeare* says,

*Be thou as chaste as Ice, as pure as Snow,
Thou shalt not 'scape Calumny.*

When I was instructing her in the Part of *Polly*, she told me a Lady that Morning, was surprized to hear from a Gentleman of her Acquaintance, that she was taken for a Boy in Disguise. (This Gentleman it seems was a Person that would have been very willing to have been certain of the Distinction of Sexes.) *I told the Lady, said Miss Chateauneuf, I was very glad he knew no more of me.* Which I think was a quick, and witty Answer. She was born the same Day that our young Hero the Duke came into the World, April 15, 1721.

Since leaving this Kingdom, she is marry'd to her suppos'd Father Monsieur *Chateauneuf*, and now it is made her real Name. This Intelligence I had from a Gentleman that lately came from *Bordeaux* (f), where he convers'd with

(f)'Tis possible everyBody can not tell where *Bordeaux* lies; It is a very fine City, and Sea Port, the Capitol of the Province of *Guinne*. It is graced with a Parliament, a University, and an Archbishop, seated on the fine River

with them, being at the Head of a Troop of Comedians of their own, where he heard Madam. Chateauneuf, sing several *English* Songs, by Desire of the Audience, particularly the Song of *Rosie Wine* from the Masque of *Comus* alter'd from *Milton*.

*Thus Midwife Time brings many Things to Light,
That long lay hid within the Womb of Night.*

Mrs. C H E T W O O D.

S H E was upon this Stage in the Year 1741, an agreeable *Actress*, when the Part suited her Voice, a tolerable *Dancer*, and a pleasing *Colombine*; being Grand-Daughter to the present *Laureat*, 'tis no Wonder if she had a little Wit.

*But Wit and Wisdom seldom well agree,
Wisdom would fetter, what the Wit would free.*

ver *Garonne*, and is esteemed one of the richest Trading Cities in *France*. *Ausonius*, a celebrated *Latin* Poet, owes his Birth to this Place. Most Lovers of *Bacchus*, very much commend the Growth of its Grape. One of our *English* Monarchs (*Richard* the Second) drew here his first Breath. This Dukedom was once an Attendant upon the Crown of *England*, as tack'd to the Tail of *Eleanor* Heiress of *Poitiers*, wedded to King Henry the Second, which is my chief Reason of this Scrap of *Geography*. There is also a very handsome Theatre in this City, and the Country exceeding pleasant about it, being in the South of *France*.

Mr.

Mr. DENNIS DELANE.

IS a Native of *Ireland*, descended from an antient Family. He received his Education in *Trinity College, Dublin*, a Fountain of Learning, whose Streams have water'd the Universe.

He appeared first on the *Dublin Stage*, and was very well received, his Person and excellent Voice, joined with his other Merits, gained him the Esteem as he justly deserved. However, he set out for *London*, where he was recommended to the Managers of *Drury-Lane*, I think in the Year 1731; but their Company being brimful, even to the running over, the Managers did not give him the Encouragement, that the Promise of his Voice and Person deserved. Mr. *Giffard* took hold of the Occasion, and engaged him for his Theatre in *Goodman's-Fields*, where he had a better Opportunity of shining without any Rival Ray. Mr. *Quin*, as I am inform'd, (who can distinguish Merit, from his own superior Judgment) prevailed upon him to leave that Corner of the Town, and act on the same Stage with him (*Covent-Garden*). Persons of the *Drama* may be compared to the *Swiss Cantons*, willing to fight for those that give the best Pay, therefore it is no Novelty to see them change Sides.

Mr.

Mr. *Delane* is now marching under the Banner of *Covent-Garden*. He has an Estate in this Kingdom, and came over last Year (tho' I had not the Pleasure of seeing him) I am informed he is inclining more to the Bulky since I saw him last, which is a Recommendation to many Capital Parts that may sit easy, and give Pleasure, when the Bloom of Youth is gone.

*Truncheons, or Lawn do seldom Youth become
For distant War, or Bishopricks at Home.*

Mr. D Y E R,

I S not only a useful, but a very pleasing Actor; his good Voice, and easy acquired Manner, gives him a Cast above many of his Cotemporaries, being the best allowed Singer on the *Dublin Theatre*, that is not a profess'd Singer. I am no Friend to *Mimicry*, yet if I could be pleas'd with that natural Qualification (if I may be allowed to call it so) I do not know one could give me more Pleasure than Mr. *Dyer*; for he can *take off* (as the Theatrical Term expresses it) not only every Actor, Male and Female, he has seen and heard, worth mimicking, but also Singers and Dancers, Foreign and Domestic. All these Qualifications, join'd to a good Understanding, will render him acceptable in any Theatre.

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*A just Behaviour claims a due Regard,
Tho Modesty may fail to meet Reward.*

THOMAS ELRINGTON, Esq;

THIS excellent *Actor* was born in *June* 1688, in *London*. His Father, having ^a numerous Issue, put this Son Apprentice to an *Upholsterer* in *Covent-Garden*, where I was first acquainted with him. He was early addicted to the *Drama*. I remember, when he was an Apprentice we play'd in several private Plays together: when we were preparing to act *Sophonisba*; or, *Hannibal's Overthrow*, after I had wrote out my Part of *Massina*, I carry'd him the Book of the Play to study the Part of King *Massinissa*; I found him finishing a Velvet Cushion, and gave him the Book; but alas! before he could sectet it, his Master, (a hot voluble *Frenchman*) came in upon us, and the Book was thrust under the Velvet of the Cushion. His Master as usual, rated him for not working, with a *Mortbleu! why a you not Vark!* Tom? and stood over him so long, that I saw with some Mortification, the Book irrecoverably stitch'd up in the Cushion, never to be retriev'd till the Cushion is worn to Pieces. Poor *Tom* cast many a desponding Look upon me, when he was finishing the Fate
of

of the Play, while every Stitch went to both our Hearts. His Master observing our Looks turn'd to me, and with Words that broke their Necks over each other for Haste, abus'd both of us; the most intelligible of his great Number of Words were *Jack Pudenges!* and the like Expressions of Contempt.

But our Play was gone for ever! Another time, we were so bold to attempt *Shakespeare's Hamlet*, where our 'Prentice *Tom*, had the Part of the *Ghost*, Father to young *Hamlet*. His Armour was compos'd of Pasteboard, neatly painted: The *Frenchman* had Intelligence of what we were about, and to our great Surprize and Mortification made one of our Audience. The Ghost in its first Appearance is dumb to *Horatio*; while these Scenes past, the *Frenchman* only mutter'd between his Teeth, and we were in Hopes his Passion would subside. But when our Ghost began his first Speech to *Hamlet*, *Mark me*, he reply'd, *Beggar me vil marke you presently!* and without saying any more beat our poor Ghost off the Stage through the Street, while every Stroke on the Pasteboard Armour griev'd the Auditors (because they did not pay for their Seats) insomuch, that three or four ran after the Ghost, and brought him back in Triumph, with the avenging *Frenchman* at his Heels, who would not be appeas'd, till our *Ghost* promis'd him never to commit the Offence of Acting again. A Promise made like many other People, never intended to be kept. However in the last Year of his Time,

M 2 his

his rigid Master gave him a little more Liberty, and our young Actor, play'd different Parts, till he was taken Notice of by Mr. *Keene*, an excellent *Player* at that Time, he was introduced upon the Stage in the Part of *Oroonoko*, where he met with a good Reception in the Year 1711.

The next Season, he was invited over by *Joseph Ashbury*, Esq; and in the Year 1713, wedded the Daughter of that worthy Gentleman, by whom he had a numerous Issue, particularly three Sons, who are now alive; the eldest, Mr. *Joseph Elrington*, who makes a considerable Figure on the present Theatre here, Mr. *Richard Elrington* now of a Country Company in England, and Mr. *Thomas Elrington* the youngest, first an Ensign now a Lieutenant in Colonel *Flemming's* Regiment in *Flanders*.

Mr. *Elrington* the Father, was a true Copy of Mr. *Verbruggen*, a very great Actor in Tragedy, and polite Parts in Comedy; but the former had an infinite Fund of (what is call'd Low) Humour upon the Stage. I have seen him perform *Don Chollerick* in the *Fop's Fortune* with infinite Pleasure, he enter'd into the true Humour of the Character, equal to the Original Mr. *William Penkethman*. His Voice was manly, strong, and sweetly full ton'd, his Figure tall and well proportion'd. His eldest Son Mr. *Joseph Elrington* is most like him in Person and Countenance.

This excellent Player, succeeded his Father-in-Law, *Joseph Ashbury*, Esq; in the Place of Steward

Steward of the *King's Inns*; and the more to establish him in the Kingdom, a Post was given him of Fifty Pounds a Year in the *Quit-Rent Office*; also *Gunner* to the Train of Artillery, a Gift of the Lord *Mountjoy*, Father to the present Earl of *Blessington*, which at the Death of that noble Lord, he got Permission to dispose of. He was a Gentleman of Honour, Humanity, and extensive good Nature, of a facetious well-manner'd Conversation, a little too desirable for his Health, from Company of the best Condition. He was taken ill the very Day he was consulting a Plan for a new Theatre, after the Form of that in *Drury-Lane, London*, with an eminent Builder of this City. He went home, where his Malady increas'd to a violent Pluretic Fever, which never left him (notwithstanding all the Physicians Art) till he expir'd July 22, 1732 (t)

I shall leave him to eternal Rest with the following Lines, and a short Epitaph.

*Thus, when our stated Time of Life is come,
And Power Almighty has pronounc'd our Doom:
The best Physician's Art is shown in vain,
And Death's the Doctor that must end our Pain.*

(t) He was interr'd in St. *Michan's Church-Yard*, near the Remains of his Father-in-Law, *Joseph Ashbury, Esq*; Mr. *Elrington* had one Daughter marry'd to Mr. *Wrightson* now in *England* with a Country Company. I never saw her, but have been informed she has many promising Theatrical Talents.

E P I T A P H.

ON THOMAS ELRINGTON, Esq;

THOU best of Actors here interr'd,
 No more thy charming Voice is heard,
 This Grave thy Coarse contains :
 Thy better Part which us'd to move,
 Our Admiration and our Love,
 Has fled its sad Remains.

Tho' there's no monumental Brass,
 Thy sacred Relicks to encase,
 Thou wondrous Man of Art :
 A Cover of the Muse divine,
 O! *Elrington* shall be thy Shrine
 And carve thee in his Heart.

MR. FRANCIS ELRINGTON,

WAS born in *London* in the Year 1692.
 He had a small Post in the Wardrobe
 under his Grace the Duke of *Montague*, but
 hearing the Success of his elder Brother in *Ire-*
land, he left his Post, to follow the Call he
 had to the Stage. By his Theatrical Obser-
 vations in *England*, he set out in *Ireland* with
 Success, improving his Talents so well, that he
 gave

gave the utmost Satisfaction in many Capital Parts. His Grace the Duke of *Dorset*, when Lord Lieutenant of *Ireland*, gave him a Post in the Revenue, which he faithfully executed, and enjoyed to his Death.

He was in a languishing State of Health, near two Years; but the last Stroke he received, at *Kilkenny* where Part of the Company were playing during the Time of the Camp being at *Bennet's-Bridge*, he was carried back to his House in *Drumcondra-Lane*, where after a few Days Struggle Death overcame him in *August* 1746, in the 53d Year of his Age, of a *Polypus* (u), to the Regret of all his Acquaintance.

Mr. RALPH ELRINGTON,

IS the younger Brother of the late eminent Player *Thomas Elrington*, Esq; born in

(u) *Polypus* is an Excreffence or fleshy fungus Substance that grows in, or about the Heart; a slow, but certain Death. This Distemper is sometimes found in the thick Membrane of the Brain, which proves fatal. This Disease often seizes the Nose, and other hollow Parts of the Body, fixing its Fibres like the Root of a Plant, which must be cut off, and entirely eradicated, or it will grow again.

*How many Ways has proud imperious Death,
To plunder, storm, and steal away our Breath!*

Eng-

England, and came early upon the Stage, tho' without any Countenance (as I have been inform'd) from his Friends, and Relations. Since his elder Brother's Death, he has undertaken many of his Parts, which he copies as near as possible.

He was admir'd some Years ago, as a good executing *Harlequin*, Agility and Strength, being two main Ingredients in the Composition of that motly Gentleman, where *Heels* are of more Use than the *Head*. In one of his Feats of Activity, he was much hurt, and was in some Danger of breaking his Neck to please the Spectators, the Ears having little to do in such Entertainments; yet this unlucky Spring, met with universal Applause.

I remember a Tumbler in the *Hay-market* Theatre in *London*, by such an Accident beat the Breath out of his Body, which rais'd such vociferous Applause, that last'd longer than the ventrous Man's Life, for he never breathed more. Indeed his Wife had this Comfort, when the Truth was known, Pity succeeded to the Roar of Applause.

Another Accident like this, fell out in Dr. *Faustus*, a Pantomime Entertainment in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields* Theatre, where a Machine in the Working broke, threw the mock *Pierot* down headlong with such Force, that the poor Man broke a Plank on the Stage with his Fall, and expired: Another was so sorely maimed, that he did not survive many Days; and a Third, one of the softer Sex, broke her Thigh.

But

But to prevent such Accidents for the future, those Persons are represented by inanimate Figures, so that if they break, a Neck, a Leg, or an Arm, there needs no Surgeon.

Another Accident of the same Kind happened in *Smock-Alley*, which gave me much Concern, as having a hand in the Contrivance. The late Mr. *Morgan* being to fly on the Back of a Witch, in the *Lancashire Witches*, thro' the Ignorance of the Workers in the Machinery, the Fly broke, and they both fell together, but thro' Providence they neither of them were much hurt; and such Care was taken afterwards, that no Accident of that Kind could happen.

*When Danger's fled, it dwells upon the Mind,
And leaves the strong Impression still behind.*

MR. RICHARD ESTCOURT.

THIS excellent Comedian, was born at *Tewksbury* in the County of *Gloucester*, in the Year 1668, where he receiv'd his Education in the *Latin* School of that Town. He had an early Desire for the Stage; for in the 15th Year of his Age, he stole from his Father's House with a Country Company, and at *Worcester*, for fear of being known, set out with the Part of *Roxana*, in Woman's Apparel (in
A-

Alexander the Great) but his Father having Notice of it, sent to secure the Fugitive, who made his Escape in a Suit of Women's Cloaths that he borrow'd of one of the Itinerant Ladies, and trudg'd it to *Chippingnorton*, a Corporation Town in *Oxfordshire*, twentyfive long Miles in one Day. When he came to the Inn, Beds were scarce, and he was oblig'd to take up with that of the Daughter's behind the Bar; the young Woman going to Bed, found the weary'd Traveller in a profound Sleep, but observing the Shirt instead of a Shift, she began to suspect her design'd Bedfellow, stooping to look on the Dress that lay upon the Ground, she saw a Pair of Man's Shoes under the Bed, that convinced her she might be in an odd Situation, if she had gone to Bed in the Dark. She upon the Discovery instantly call'd in the People of the House, and wak'd our drowsie Traveller. The Landlord had design'd to carry him decently to the Horse-pond, till *Dick* made a true Confession of the whole Affair. By Accident a Person of the Town of *Tewksbury* put up at the said Inn that Night, who knew our young disguis'd Wanderer, and that Knowledge sign'd his Pardon. In two Days after his Cloaths from *Worcester* were brought him, accompany'd with a Messenger from his Father, who lead him the Road home again.

Soon after, the Father went with him to *London*, where he bound him fast to an Apothecary in *Hatton-Garden*. He was too impatient to wait so long a Time for Liberty, therefore

fore he stretch'd his Bonds till they broke, and after an *itinerant* Life two Years in *England*, he went to try his Fortune in *Ireland*, where he shone in an exalted Theatrical Sphere, for some Years, when he return'd to *London*, where by his Wit, and mimic Humour, his Conversation was taken up by Persons of the highest Rank, and Parts.

He was made Providore of the *Beef-Stake-Club*, and for a Mark of Distinction, wore their Badge, which was a small Gridiron of Gold, hung about his Neck with a green Silk Ribbon. This Club was compos'd of the chief Wits and great Men of the Nation

Mr. *Estcourt* was the original Serjeant *Kite*, and every Night of Performance, entertain'd the Audience, with Variety of little Catches and Flights of Humour, that pleas'd all but his *Criticks*. He was a great Favourite with the late Duke of *Marlborough*, whose just Fame he celebrated in several out-of-the-way witty Ballads. He was Author of a Comedy call'd, *The Wives Excuse*; or, *Cuckolds make themselves*, and acted at the Theatre-Royal in the Year 1706, but as I have been inform'd with moderate Success. Another little Piece was produced by him, call'd, *Prunella*, a Burlesque upon the *Italian Operas*, then stole into Fashion, too much supported by the excellent Voice and Judgment of Mrs. *Tofts*. But such an odd Medley---Mrs. *Tofts*, a mere *English* Woman in the Part of *Camilla*, courted by *Nicolini* in *Italian*, without understanding one single Sylla-
ble

ble each other *said*, or *sung*. And on the other Hand, *Valentini* courting amorously in the same Language, a *Dutch* Woman, that committed Murder on our good old *English*, with as little Understanding as a *Parrot*. Tho' it was reported, a Lady of some Quality fell desperately in Love with *Nicolini*, which occasion'd the following Lines, that were pinn'd to *Nicolini's* Coat in a Chocolate-House.

*Soft thrilling Notes swell'd out with Art,
May wound, alas! the Fair One's Heart;
Yet these Italians will not feel;
The Wounds they give they cannot heal.*

Yet notwithstanding the Lashes given by *Est-court* and others, the incervating Weakness took more hold, like Folly, and new Sects in Religion, Persecution but gains more Profelytes.

This celebrated Comedian paid his Debt to Nature, in the Year 1733, after leaving the Stage some Years. Sir *Richard Steel* gives him this Character in his *Lucubrations*: "An excellent Companion, one who was perfectly Master of well turn'd Compliments, as well as smart Repartees, which shews a ready Wit." (w)

Mr.

(w) The first Account of this eminent Performer, I had from the late Mr. *John Bowman*, an Actor more than Half an Age on the *London Theatres*.

This Gentleman was born in the Year 1666, and died in the Year 1739. I have often heard him

Mr. JOHN EVANS.

THIS Person was an Actor of very good Repute in this Kingdom, join'd in the Management with Mr. *Thomas Elrington*, Mr. *Thomas Griffith*, &c. His Person was inclinable to the Gross, therefore wanted Delicacy for the amiable Parts: he had an excellent Harmonious Voice, and just Delivery, but a little too indolent for much Study or Contemplation.

In the last Year of the Reign of *Queen Anne*, the Company of *Dublin* went down in the Summer Season to play at *Corke*. One Evening Mr. *Evans* was invited by some Officers of a Regiment then on Duty in that City, to a Tavern; many Healths were propos'd, and went round, without Reluctance. When it came to Mr. *Evans's* Turn, he propos'd the Health of her Majesty *Queen Anne*, which so much disgusted one of the Company (tho' cloath'd in the Livery of his Royal Mistress) that he ran down

him say, he never remember'd that any Indisposition retarded his coming to the Theatre during his long Course of Life; and this Declaration was made not a Month before he died. He never met with Contempt in the latter Part of his Life, and we may End with two Lines in *Jane Shore*.

*Age sat with decent Grace upon his Visage,
And worthily became his Silver Locks.*

N

Stairs,

Stairs, and sent up a Drawer to whisper Mr. *Evans*, who immediately put on his Sword, and went after him, without taking the least Notice to the Company. He found his Antagonist in a Room in the Passage of the Tavern, with the Door half open, who courageously made a Thrust at Mr. *Evans*, which he put by with his left Hand. At this, Mr. *Evans* drew, thrust the Door wide open, enter'd, and soon drove his Opposer out to the Passage, where he disarm'd the doughty Hero, before the Company above Stairs knew any thing of the Matter. The rest of the Military Gentlemen express'd an Abhorrence to the Treatment Mr. *Evans* received, and seemingly reconcil'd them on the Spot: But notwithstanding, when the Company return'd to *Dublin*, the Person who sent the Challenge up Stairs at *Corke*, being then return'd also, told his own Story in such a Manner, that several warm Gentlemen of the Army were made to believe that Mr. *Evans* had affronted the whole Body Military; and when the poor suppos'd Culprit came to his Business of the Theatre, their Clamour in the Audience was so great, that the House was dismissed, and no Play to be acted till Mr. *Evans* had asked public Pardon upon the Stage. His high Spirit was with great Difficulty brought to submit, but at last he consented. I remember, the Play was the *Rival Queens*; or, the Death of *Alexander* the Great. The Part of *Alexander* to be acted by the Delinquent. He came to ask Pardon before the Curtain, when he

he address'd the Audience, one Smart from the Pit cry'd out, *Kneel! you Rascal!* Evans then collected in himself reply'd in the same Tone of Voice, *No you Rascal! I'll kneel to none but God and my Queen!* A dangerous Paroxysm at such a Crisis! However, as there were many worthy Gentlemen of the Army, who knew the whole Affair, the new rais'd Clamour ceas'd, and the Play went through without any Molestation, and by Degrees, Things return'd to their proper Channel. By this we may see it is some Danger for an Actor to be in the Right.

Three Years after this Affair, Mr. Evans went to the Theatre in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*, and in his Journey back to *Ireland*, was taken ill of a Fever at the Town of *Whitchurch* in *Shropshire*; from whence he was removed for better Advice to *Chester*, where he ended his Progress of Life, in the 41st Year of his Age, and was privately bury'd in the Cathedral, without Monument, Stone, or Inscription.

*Thus may great Merit in Oblivion lye,
And rest forgotten to Eternity.*

Mr. WILLIAM ESTE.

THIS Gentleman was related to the late Bishop of *Waterford*. He died in the
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Prime

Prime of Youth, in the Year 1743. 'Tis a pity he took such Pains in getting the better of his Constitution, but he succeeded at a Time when he might have made some Figure on the Stage. He had Qualifications sufficient for Improvement, some Learning, a Person amiable, a sweet Voice, and sung not unpleasingly ; notwithstanding the Neglect of himself, depreciated his Merit. He truly made out a Saying of that late great Comedian Mr. *Wilks*, " The
 " Man that drinks a Glass of strong Liquor in
 " a Morning, for every one he swallows, drives
 " a Nail in his Coffin." Many a Genius has been drown'd in Drink. I remember an Author whose sweet Writings will keep his Memory fragrant, was so much addicted to that Weakness, that if there were no other Spirits to be come at, would empty a Lady's Hungary Water Bottle, and yet the flowing Numbers of his Pen seem'd as if he had drank no other Liquid but what came from the pure Streams of *Hellicon*. I shall end this with *Shakespeare's* Reflection from the Mouth of *Cassio* in *Othello* :

" O ! that Men should put an Enemy in
 " their Mouths to steal away their Brains. O !
 " thou invisible Spirit of Wine ! if thou hast no
 " Name to be known by, let us call thee De-
 " vil !

He died of a lingering Illness, the 24th of *January* 1742-3.

Mrs. E L M Y.

HER maiden Name was *Mors*. She was born in *England*, but *when*, or *where*, I know not (x). She has been an Actress about seventeen Years, and *begun* very young, was *enter'd* first in a Country Company. She knows what she *does*, as well as what she *says*. She seems to have more Spirits *off* the Stage in a Chamber, than she has *in* the public Theatre, which is owing to her weak Voice, but she means very well *there*. I do not know her well enough to be any judge of her Morals, therefore I shall not speak of what I do not *know*, and even this, I have gather'd more from *common* Fame, than my own particular Knowledge; therefore I shall not say any more of her, as Fame is a Gossip not always to be believ'd, as *Hudibras* tells us:

*There is a tall long-sided Dame,
But wond'rous Light, ycleped Fame;
Two Trumpets she does sound at once,
But both of clean contrary Tones,
But whether both with the same Wind,
Or one before, or one behind,*

(x) Mr. *Elmy*, her Husband, I know, was born at *Norwich*, but where he is now, I believe neither she nor I can tell.

*We know not—only this can tell,
The one sounds vilely, t' other well;
And therefore vulgar Authors name
Th' one Good, t' other Evil Fame.*

Mr. GEORGE FARQUHAR.

SINCE this Gentleman owes his Birth to this Kingdom, and on the *Irish* Stage commenced Actor, I hope it will not be thought improper to give a short Account of him, which I shall take from his Life that I collected several Years past, to prefix to his Works: The Materials I received from Mr. *Wilks*, who approv'd of them before they went to the Publisher.

Mr *George Farquhar* was born in the North of *Ireland*, of Parents that held no mean Rank in that Part of the Country, who having a numerous Issue, could bestow on him no other Fortune than a genteel Education. As those who are bless'd with a Poetical Genius, always shew some Glimmerings of their Fancy in their Youth, so he, ere he arriv'd at his Tenth Year, gave several Specimens of a peculiar Turn that Way. One of his juvenil Productions I shall here mention, in which he discover'd a Way of Thinking, as well as an Elegancy of Expression, far beyond his Years.

The

(y) *The pliant Soul of erring Youth,
Is like soft Wax, or moisten'd Clay,
Apt to receive all heav'nly Truth,
Or yield to Tyrant Ill the Sway.
Shun Evil in your early Tears,
And Manhood may to Virtue rise :
But he, who in his Youth appears
A Fool, in Age will ne'er be Wise.*

He was educated in the University of *Dublin*, where he acquired a considerable Reputation. He began very early to apply himself to the Stage as an *Actor*, following the Examples of *Lee* and *Otway* with our great *Shakespear*, and with like Success, who tho' all excellent Dramatic Poets, made but indifferent Actors. However, Mr. *Farquhar* having the Advantage of a very good Person, tho' with a weak Voice, was never repulsed by the Audience, but the following Accident made him determine to leave off the Occupation. Playing the Part of *Guyomar* in the *Indian Emperor*, who is suppos'd to kill *Vasquez* one of the *Spanish* Generals. not remembering to change his Sword for a Foil (z), in the mock Engagement, he wounded the Person that represented *Vasquez*, tho' (as it fell out) not dangerously, nevertheless it

(y) I took these Lines of Verse from the Mouth of Mr. *Wilks*.

(z) *Foils* are the Name of those Swords us'd in the Theatre, with the Edges ground off, and a blunted Point.

put

put an End to his appearing on the Stage as an Actor.

He was very young, when he wrote his first Comedy of *Love and a Bottle*, acted at the Theatre-Royal in *Drury-Lane* 1698. He was peculiarly Happy in the Choice of his Subjects, which he took Care to adorn with Variety of Characters and Incidents. He lash'd the Vices of the Age, tho' with a merciful Hand. His Plays were wrote in Order, as follows.

1. *Love and a Bottle*, 1698.
 2. *The Constant Couple*, 1700. This Piece was play'd 53 Nights the First Season.
 3. *Sir Harry Wildair*, the Sequel to the former, 1701, 9 Nights.
 4. *Inconstant, or, the Way to Win Him*, 1703, 11 Nights.
 5. *Twin Rivals*, 1705, 13 Nights.
 6. *Recruiting Officer*, 1707, 15 Nights.
 7. *The Beaux Stratagem*, 1710, 10 Nights.
- (*All acted at the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane.*)

His last Comedy, he wrote in six Weeks, with a settled Illness all the Time. He perceived the Approaches of Death before he had finished the last Act, and (as he had often foretold, died before the Run of the Play was over. It was affirm'd by some of his near Acquaintance, his unfortunate Marriage shorten'd his Days, for his Wife (by whom he had two Daughters) through the Reputation of a great Fortune, trick'd him into Matrimony. This was chiefly the

the Fault of her Love, which was so violent, that she was resolv'd to use all Arts to gain him. Tho' some Husbands in such a Case, would have prov'd mere Husbands: But he was so much charm'd with her Love and Understanding, that he liv'd very happy with her. Therefore when I say an unfortunate Marriage with other Circumstances conduced to the shortning of his Days, I only mean, that his Fortune being too slender to support a Family, led him into a great many Cares and Inconveniences, for I have often heard him say (a),
 " That it was more Pain to him in imagining
 " that his Family might want a needful Sup-
 " port, than the most violent Death that could
 " be inflicted on him (b).

*The Mind diseas'd strikes Poison to the Heart,
 And baffles all the best Physicians Art.*

Mr.

(a) Mr. Wilks's own Words.

(b) Mr. Farquhar was a Person of infinite Humour, as I have been inform'd, even in his last Indisposition. He died in the Run of the *Stratagem*. Mr. Wilks often visited him in his Illness. In one of these Visits, Mr. Wilks told Mr. Farquhar, that Mrs. Oldfeld thought he had dealt too freely with the Character of Mrs. Sullen, in giving her to *Archer* without a proper Divorce, which was not a Security for her Honour. To salve that, reply'd the Author, I'll get a real Divorce--- Marry her myself, and give her my Bond she shall be a real Widow in less than a Fortnight. While Mr. Farquhar was in Trinity College, Dublin, he sent to a Gentleman to borrow Burnet's History of the Reformation, but the Gentleman sent



Mr. FOOT E.

AS I never had the Fortune, to be present at this Gentleman's public Peformance, I cannot pretend to be a competent Judge of his

sent him Word he never lent any Book out of his Chamber, but if he would come there, he should make use of it as long as he pleas'd. A little while after, the Owner of the Book sent to borrow Mr. Farquhar's Bellows, he return'd him the Compliment---*I never lend my Bellows out of my own Chamber, but if he pleas'd to come there, he should make use of them as long as he would.* When he expir'd, Mr. Wilks took Care to bury him decently in St. Martins in the Fields. Among his Papers he found this short Note.

Dear Bob,

" I have not any thing to leave thee to perpetuate
 " my Memory, but two helpless Girls; look upon them
 " sometimes, and think of him that was to the last Mo-
 " ments of his Life, Thine G. FARQUHAR.
 Even the two last Lines he ever wrote, seem'd to be playing with Words,

*Death now appears to seize my latest Breath,
 But all my Miseries will end in Death.*

Mr Farquhar attempted to play the Part of Sir Harry Wildair for his own Benefit, as I am inform'd from a Gentleman that saw him in this Kingdom, which answer'd his Design, in gaining a crowded Audience, but he executed the Part so lamely, as an Actor, that his Friends were asham'd for him. Thus we see a good Poet may make but an indifferent Actor.

Merit,

*He died of an Apoplexy
 at Dover on his Way to Calais
 October 21. 1777. aged 55 or 56 years*

Merit, tho' I must own I have heard him launch out into *Mimicry*, which might perhaps give Pleasure to others, but I must own very little to me.

I remember an Instance of this Kind of *Satire* in my Youth, that gave Satisfaction to some light Hearts, but greater Disgust to the more judicious Sort of the Audience.

Mr. *George Powel*, a reputable Actor, with many Excellencies, gave out, that he would perform the Part of Sir *John Falstaff* in the Manner of that very excellent *English Roscius*, Mr. *Betterton*. He certainly hit his Manner, and Tone of Voice, yet to make the Picture more like, he mimic'd the Infirmities of Distemper, old Age, and the afflicting Pains of the Gout, which that great Man was often seiz'd with. Certainly, *Mimicry* is a Gift from Nature, and laudable, if made use of like the antient *Mimes*, who could dumbly describe every Passion of the Mind, and tell a *Tale* without a *Tongue*. But to mimic the Infirmities of Nature, may well be term'd Incivility, Barbarity, and Inhumanity.

I remember *D'Urfey*, the late *Lyric Poet*, stuttered extreamly when in a Passion, tho' he could speast an Oration, read a Scene in a Play, or sing any of his own Songs or Dialogues without the least Hesitation. He came one Morning to the Rehearsal a little disturbed about a depending Benefit Play, and ask'd in a Passion, *Wh, wh, where wa, wa, was M, M, Mr. Wi, Wilks?* The Drole *Penkethman* answered,

swered, *H, h, he d, d, did n, n, not kn, kn, know.* But the Cholerick Poet broke his Head for his Joke, and it was with great Difficulty the Bard was appeased.

Mimicry, as it now stands with us, is like a Statue larger than the Life, made for a certain Height and Distance, while upon the Level with you, its coarse Proportion, seems monstrous and over done. Many excellent Comedians have had this natural Talent. Mr. *Rymer* that great Critic tells us, that Mr. *Mountford* was so excellently gifted that Way (if we may call it Excellence) that when he was Train-bearer to the late Chancellor *Jefferies* in the Reign of King *James* the Second, at an Entertainment for the most eminent Lawyers, his Master ordered him to come before him and plead a feign'd Cause, which he perform'd with great Eloquence, and in his Pleadings, to the Admiration of all present, assum'd the Manner and Voice, of several of the best Pleaders then at the *Bar*, even some of those that were present at the Entertainment. As I said before, every thing of this kind must be over-done to make it the more Ridiculous, and Actors of great Merit *thus* mimic'd, are liable to some little Disgrace, which is neither Justice nor good Nature. I have seen Faces painted in a Scene of a Multitude, which is generally us'd in *Drury-Lane*, Theatre at the Coronation of *Anna Bullen*, that make most ridiculous Figures, so like, to be known, and yet the Persons they represent, have nothing particularly Faulty in their Countenance,

tenance, or Persons. But the Painter was a merry *Italian* Wag, and did it to show his exuberant Fancy.

But to return to Mr. Foote. He is a Gentleman of a good Family, and seems to have some Claim to the Estate of the *Goodiers*. One of that Family, was not many Years past, murder'd by his own Brother at *Bristol*. I believe he has *Merit*, or a *Wou'd-be-Wit* would not have publish'd the following Lines in the *News-Papers*; for I have observ'd, those that have *Merit*, are generally liable to bespattering *Defamation*. However, here are the Lines.

On a Pseudo Player.

THOU Mimic of Cibber—of Garrick, thou
Ape!

Thou Fop in *Othello*! thou Cypher in *Shape*!
Thou Trifle in *Person*! thou Puppet in *Voice*!
Thou Farce of a Player! thou Rattle for Boys!
Thou Mongrel! thou dirty face *Harlequin* Thing!
Thou Puff of bad Paste! thou Ginger-bread King!
Was a *Quin*, or *Delane*, the Boast of our Stage,
Set up as fit Marks, for thy Envy, or Rage?
Was a *Quin* or *Delane*, who Excel in their Art,
To be ap'd by a *Cobler*, who bungles his Part?
Thou Mummer in *Action*! thou *Coffee-house* Jester!
Thou Mimic sans Sense! mock *Hero* in *Gesture*!
Can the Squeak of a Puppet present us a *Quin*?
Or a *Pigmy*, or *Dwarf*. shew a *Giant's* Design?
Shall *Defiance* unpunish'd, at *Excellence* rail?

O

Or

*Or a Sprat without Ridicule, mimic a Whale?
 Can a Foot represent us the Length of a Yard?
 Where then shall such Insolence meet its Reward?
 Contempt! were the best, like the Mastiff that feels
 With superior Derision the Cur at his Heels—*

*O Ireland! too prone to encourage new Toys!
 In Trinkets, and Novelty, Fickle as Boys!
 O Dublin! alas! to a Proverb well known,
 To receive what is Foreign, yet scoff at thy own.
 Learn truly to judge 'twixt a F—t and a Tune,
 Applaud the good Player—but damn the Buffoon!*

This Poet is too passionate to be in the Right, neither would I have inserted it, if I had not receiv'd it inclos'd with the following Laconic Epistle.

S I R,

I Know what you are about; insert the inclos'd in its proper Place, or you will neither do yourself, or your Readers Justice. If you fail, you shall hear of it—*Bob!*

Notwithstanding this angry Author, I dare swear it will not do the Gentleman any Prejudice, for Passion is the worst Persuader in the World. For as the Poet says,

*Truth is too naked, of all Art bereav'd:
 Since the World will—why—let them be deceiv'd.*

Mrs.

Mrs. FURNIVAL.

I Can not tell when Mrs. *Furnival* first commenced Actress. But I know her Reputation for a Stage Performer was so great, that a Person of high Birth and Station, who had seen her act several capital Parts at the Theatre in *York*, prevail'd on the Manager of *Drury-Lane* to send for her in the Year 1737. Accordingly I received a Commission for that Purpose, which she approv'd of. The first Part she acted at her arrival in *London*, was that of the *Scornful Lady* in a Comedy of *Beaumont* and *Fletcher's* that bears the Title. I own it was a Character of my own chusing, and for no other Reason, but that the Play had slept since the Death of the inimitable Mrs. *Oldfield*. The Success did not intirely answer the Meaning of my Intention, tho' she acquitted herself so well, that there was a very good Actress in Prospect. But the Parts in Tragedy were so taken up, that her Talent that Way was never once try'd in the Theatre-Royal in *Drury-Lane*. Therefore by the Advice of the same worthy Gentleman that was the Cause of her leaving *York* for *London*, she left *London* for *Dublin*, where her Merit was so conspicuous, that her Loss is much regretted. She is once more returned to *England*, I believe, without any other Ad-

vice but her own, yet I fear she will be remember'd here till a better *Alicia* in *Jane Shore*, *Lady Macbeth*, *Hermione* in the *Distrest Mother*, or *Zara* in the *Mourning Bride*, with many other Parts, rises up to out-do her.

*But what at first gives infinite Delight,
When often seen, hangs heavy on the Sight.*

DAVID GARRICK, Esq;

THIS compleat Actor was born in *Staffordshire*, of an antient Family in that County, had a genteel Education, and by his Father design'd for the Law. I doubt not, from his good Sense and Affability, if he had continued in that Honourable Society in *Lincoln's-Inn*, but he might have made a considerable Figure at the Bar, and by his Elocution, walk'd in the foremost Rank of eminent Orators.

His Genius led him early to study Nature, and leave the crabbed Tracts of the Law. His facetious good Humour gain'd him Entrance behind the Scenes two or three Years in *Drury-Lane* before he commenced Actor, where his excellent Understanding could profit by the Faults of others, mend them, and improve the Beauties.

In the Year 1740, he set out in full Lustre

at
he was christened in Stafford Feb. 6.
1716 - died Jan. 21 1779
see Bayley's Chronicle May 14. 1778

at the Theatre in *Goodman's-Fields*, with the Part of *Richard the Third*, and by the Force of Attraction, drew even the Court, to the farthest Suburbs of *London*. After making that remote Part of the Town as familiar to Courtiers and Quality as *Wapping* to Sailors, he came with a Blaze of Light to *Drury-Lane*. Where he began with an Act of Charity worthy of his Humanity and Goodness by assisting the Widow of Mr. *Harper* with a Sum, that by good Management, will make her Circumstances easy the rest of her Life. She was at *Kilkenny*, the Place of her Birth, two Summers ago, where I received this Account from her own Mouth. The Part he perform'd was *Chamont* in the *Orphan*.

When this Gentleman was in this Kingdom last, I was unfortunately seiz'd by a stubborn Indisposition, and his good Nature prevail'd upon the eminent Dr. *Barry* to give me his Assistance; but what need I repeat to those that are not blind that the Sun shines in Summer: I shall end with two Copies of Verses that were printed at his first arrival in the News-Papers at that Time.

VERSES on Mr. GARRICK, *June*
19, 1742.

NATURE, for Ages made her dark Abode:
Obscure, nor one could find the lucky Road:
Till Garrick, strictly search'd the thorny Way,
And found the immortal Goddess where she lay.

O 3.

Arise

*Arise fair Dame, the British Roscius said,
And show thy young Admirer where to tread---
The Goddess view'd him with a pleasing Eye,
And smiling gracious, made him this Reply---*

- " Thou art my only, and surviving Son,
" Go on, and tread the Path thou hast begun,
" Go on! my Child! assert thy noble Race,
" And let the World view Nature in thy Face :
" Nature, will still be Nature to the Wise,
" Tho' oft mistaken in a false Disguise :
" Immortal Shakespear, wrote for thee alone,
" Proceed, and fix thee in the vacant Throne :
" The Sock and Buskin were design'd for thee,
" The Stage is fetter'd, thou shalt set her free.*

*So, when in Days of Yore, the adventrous
Knights*

*That follow'd Arms, and prov'd themselves in
Fights,*

*Each aim'd, alone at universal Sway,
To make unwilling Tyranny obey,
Till wise Urganda (c) fix'd a magic Sword,
Fit only for the Hand of Britain's Lord ;
Many essay'd to force the Weapon forth,
Yet fail'd, altho' accounted Knights of Worth,
Till he appear'd that knew the Sword to wield,
With Ease drew forth, and conquer'd all the
Field.*

(c) *Urganda* an Enchantress, that favour'd the Just
and Generous,

On Mr. GARRICK.

*Cur in Theatrum Cato severe venisti
An Ideo tantum veneras ut exires.* HOR.

IN Roman Days, once, Cato the severe,
With awful Brow, went to the Theatre:
But O! instead of manly Fire, and Rage,
And all the true Pathetick of the Stage:
He saw, he heard the Rant, the Droll the Stare,
Saw Nature, and the Passions murder'd there—
Saw, and retir'd—But should he now revive,
And see glad Nature in her Garrick live,
He'd laugh at Bayes, and weep with injur'd Lear,
Curse Tyrant Richard, but applaud the Player!
By Joy, Rage, Pity, all the Passions mov'd,
Garrick would well by Cato be approv'd;
The Wise, the Virtuous Cato would forbear
His rigid Censures, and in Raptures swear
That by some Power Divine the Stage was trod,
And in the matchless Actor own the God.

This great Actor, is Author of two Dramatic Pieces, the *Lying Valet* and *Miss in her Teens*, as also several well writ Prologues, Epilogues, Songs, and Poems of a peculiar Turn of Wit. I shall take Leave to insert one Song, as a Specimen.

TO SYLVIA.

IF Truth can fix thy wav'ring Heart,
Let Damon urge his Claim ;
He feels the Passion void of Art,
The pure, and constant Flame.

Tho' sighing Swains their Torments tell,
Their sensual Love condemn,
They only prize the beauteous Shell,
But slight the inward Gem.

Possession cures the wounded Heart,
Destroys the transient Fire ;
But when the Mind receives the Dart,
Enjoyment whets Desire.

Your Charms each slavish Sense controul,
A Tyrant's short-liv'd Reign ;
But milder Reason rules the Soul,
Nor Time can break the Chain.

By Age, your Beauties will decay,
Your Mind improves with Years ;
And when the Blossoms fade away,
The rip'ning Fruit appears.

May Heav'n and Sylvia grant my Suit,
And bless each future Hour,
That Damon, who can taste the Fruit,
May gather ev'ry Flow'r.

THO-

THOMAS GRIFFITH, Esq;

IS descended from an antient Family in *Wales*. His Parents came to settle in *Dublin*, where this Son was born in the Year 1680. He was put 'Prentice to a Mathematical Instrument-Maker, but a lively spirited Genius, made him cast his Thoughts towards the Theatre, when he saw a young Actress that had sufficient Charms to engage his Heart. The Passion of Love is not to be controlled in Youth. He marry'd her before he had serv'd a third Part of his Time, quitting his Mathematical Master, and bent his Thoughts entirely to the Drama. His Talent, led him to Comedy, of the merry Cast, in which he gave great Pleasure to the Audience.

His Wit and facetious Humour, gained him many Friends, of the best Sort, and superior Rank. In the Year 1710, the late Lord *Southwell* gave him a Post in the Revenue, which he enjoyed till Death, which fell out in *January* 24, 1743-4, in his grand Climacterick, two Days before the Night of his Benefit, which was performed for the Widow his second Wife, who was Daughter to the Reverend Mr. *Foxcroft* of *Portarlinton* in the *Queen's County*, a Gentlewoman of Merit and Virtue.

Mr. *Griffith* was not only a good Actor, but

a pleasing Poet, in what he attempted; his Person was well made, tho' low in Stature. I have seen a Bill of mock *Alexander* run thus :

The Part of Alexander the Great to be perform'd by little Griffith.

He was an excellent Companion, and told a Story with a peculiar Grace, and would often tell little Histories of *himself*, even in Ridicule of *himself*. I shall mention one I had from his own Mouth.

After his commencing Actor, he contracted a Friendship with Mr. *Wilks*, which Chain remained unbroke till the Death of that excellent Comedian. Tho' Mr. *Griffith* was very young, Mr. *Wilks* took him with him to *London*, and had him enter'd for that Season at a small Sallary. The *Indian Emperor* being ordered on a sudden to be play'd, the Part of *Pizarro* a *Spaniard* was wanting, which Mr. *Griffith* procur'd with some Difficulty. Mr. *Betterton* being a little indisposed, would not venture out to Rehearsal for fear of increasing his Indisposition to the Disappointment of the Audience, had not seen our young Srripling rehearse. But when he came ready at the Entrance, his Ears were pierced with a Voice not familiar to him, he cast his Eyes upon the Stage, where he beheld the diminutive *Pizarro* with a Truncheon as long as himself (his own Words). He steps up to *Downs* the Prompter, and cry'd, *Zounds, Downs! what sucking Scaramouch*

mouck have you sent on there? Sir, reply'd Downs, he's good enough for a Spaniard, the Part is small. Betterton return'd, If he had made his Eye-brows his Whiskers, and each Whisker a Line, the Part would have been two Lines too much, for such a Monkey in Buskins. Poor Griffith stood on the Stage, near the Door, and heard every Syllable of the short Dialogue, and by his Fears knew who was meant by it; but happy for him, he had no more to speak, that Scene. When the first Act was over (by the Advice of Downs) he went to make his Excuse with---Indeed Sir, I had not taken the Part, but there was only I alone out of the Play. I! I! (reply'd Betterton with a Smile) Thou art but the Tittle of an I. Griffith seeing him in no ill Humour, told him, Indians ought to be the best Figures, on the Stage, as Nature had made them. Very like, reply'd Betterton, but it would be a double Death to an Indian Cobler to be conquer'd by such a Weezle of a Spaniard as thou art! And after this Night, let me never see a Truncheon in thy Hand again, unless to stir the Fire. This Story, as I said before, was of his own telling. However he took his Advice, laid aside the Buskin, and stuck to the Sock, in which he made a Figure equal to most of his Cotemporaries,

*Our Genius flutters with the Plumes of Youth,
But Observation wings to steddyy Truth.*

Mr.

Mr. HENRY GIFFARD.

THIS Gentleman is descended from an antient Family, originally in *Buckinghamshire*. His Father had a numerous Issue, he being the last of eight Sons. He was born in *London* in 1699. In the Year 1716, he was made a Clerk to the *South-Sea* Company, in which Post he remained three Years. But having a strong Propensity to the Stage, he first appear'd in Public on the Theatre in *Bath* in 1719, and in two Years Probation, he made such a Progress, that the Manager of *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields* Theatre invited him to join his Company, where he continued two Years more: From thence, he went to try his Fortune in *Ireland*, where his Merit soon brought him into the Management.

During his Stay there, he marry'd the Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. *Lydal*, Persons that made very good Figures in the Theatre. This Gentlewoman died in Child-bed very young, leaving behind her, one Son, born in his Father's House on the *North-Strand*, who is now an Actor in this Kingdom. Some Years after, Mr. *Giffard* marry'd a second Wife, who is now alive. She has an amiable Person, and is a well-esteemed Actress both in Tragedy and Comedy, born, if I am not misinformed

informed by her Mother, the Widow *Lyddal*, in the Year 1711

Mr. *Giffard* and Spouse, if I mistake not, came over to *England* 1730, where they supported a Company of Comedians then under the Management of Mr. *Odell*, now Deputy-Licencer of Plays under the *Lord-Chamberlain* his Grace the Duke of *Grafton*. Mr. *Odell*, from not understanding the Management of a Company (as indeed, how should any one, that is not in some Sort, brought up to that Knowledge) soon left it to Mr. *Giffard* that did; who in the Year 1733, caused to be built an intire, new, beautiful convenient Theatre, by the same Architect with that of *Covent-Garden*, where Dramatic Pieces were performed with the utmost Elegance, and Propriety. Some Years after, he was obliged to quit that Theatre (I may say by Oppression) and occupy'd the vacant Theatre in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*, but his Success did not Answer his Merit. From thence he transplanted himself in the Theatre-Royal in *Drury-Lane*, where he and his Spouse continue ever since.

*Merit, will sometimes fail of due Regard,
And Virtue's self must be its own Reward.*

P

Mr.

Mr. BENJAMIN HUSBAND,

WAS born in *Pembrokeshire*, *January* 1672. His Ancestors were an ancient and reputable Family long seated in that County. He fell in Love with the Tragic Muse very young, but dangled after the Drama full two Years fighting, at great Expence, before he was suffered to declare his Passion publicly. Yet certainly he possest most of the Requisites that compound a good Actor, to assure Success. But the Managers of those Theatrical Days were very cautious in their Proceedings; no Persons were fit for *their* Stages, without a visible Appearance, at least, of not displeasing. And yet it was with some difficulty, he gained Permission to personate Sir *Walter Raleigh*, in the *Earl of Essex*, but he came off so well, that the following Pay-Day, he received a Week's Sallary, the usual Stipend of young Actors (ten Shillings a Week) but unluckily the Death of the good Queen *Mary* put a Stop to their Acting for near six Months. However when Permission was given to open the Theatres again, Mr. *Husband* soon gained better Parts, and a larger Sallary.

In the Year 1696, Mr. *Dogget* (d) being then

(d) This truly great Comedian, was born in *Castle-street*,

then in *Ireland*, recommended Mr. Husband to Mr. Ashbury, as a very promising young Actor, and fit for his Purpose. He set out from *London* with Mr. Trefusis (e), and embark'd for *Ireland*,

street, Dublin (a Circumstance overlook'd by the Laureat.) He left his Occupation, as an Actor, several Years before his Death, and in his Will bequeathed to *Waterman's-Hall* a Sum for ever, sufficient to buy a Coat and Silver Badge to be row'd for on the *Thames* by 'Prentices every Year that have fulfilled their Indentures. A humorous Poet wrote the following Lines upon the Occasion on a Glass Window at *Lambeth* the First of August 1736:

Tom Dogget, the greatest sly Drole in his Parts
In Acting, was certain a Master of Arts,
A Monument left--no Herald is fuller,
His Praise is sung Yearly, by many a Sculler:
Ten Thousand Years hence, if the World lasts so long,
Tom Dogget will still be the Theme of their Song.
Old Nol, with great Lewis and Bourbon forgot,
And numberless Kings in Oblivion shall rot.

(e) I have mentioned Jo Trefusis before, but shall add something here which I have learn'd from Mr. Husband. Jo was reputed the natural Son of *Oliver Cromwel*, but I must own he did not seem to have any Resemblance of Features with his Father, if we may judge by the Pictures and Gravings of the Protector; Jo had a long Chin, and naturally a most consummate foolish Face by Nature formed for suitable Characters, yet a Person of infinite Humour, and shrewd Conceits, with a particular Tone of Voice and Manner, that gave a double Satisfaction to what he said. Adhering strictly to Honesty without Guile, or Falshood, which I suppose he inherited from his Mother, he acquired the Appellative

Ireland, and was at Sea in that violent Storm, when Brigadier *Fitzgerald* was cast away in the Packet-Boat, near *Hoath*, where every Soul perished but the Master of the Vessel. However, after much Difficulty, and great Danger the landed safe in *Dublin*. Mr. *Husband* con-

from all that knew him of *Honest Jo*! a Character he bore with Justice. *Jo*, by the following Account of himself must have been very young on the Stage. He enter'd a Volunteer on Board the Ship where the Duke of *York* commanded in the Channel in that memorable Sea Engagement with the *Dutch Fleet* commanded (I think) by *Van Trump* in the Year 1673. When the Preparations were making for the Battle, *Jo*, tho' a Volunteer, confess'd, Fear began to invade him; but when the Man at the Topmast Head, cry'd a *Sail!* then two *Sail!* and after, *Zounds, a whole Wood!* *Jo*'s Terrors augmented; but his Fears came to the full Heighth, when a Sailor ask'd him if he had not perform'd on the Stage? *Jo* reply'd in the Affirmative. *Why then* (replied the blunt *Tarr*) *To-morrow, if you are not kill'd the first Broadside, by G--d you will see the deepest and bloodiest Tragedy, you ever saw in your Life.*

Jo was so inimitable in dancing the Clown, that General *Ingoldsby* was so well pleased that he sent him five Guineas from the Box where he sat. *Jo* dressed himself next Day and went to the Castle to return Thanks. The General was hard to be persuaded it was the same Person; but *Jo* soon convinced him, by saying, *Ife the very Mon, ant please your Ex-cell-en-cy*, and at the same time twirling his Hat, as he did in the Dance with his consummate foolish Face and Scrape. *Nay, now I am convinced*, replied the General (Laughing) *and thou shalt not show such a Face for nothing bere--* So gave *Jo* five Guineas more, which so well pleased him, that he paid his Compliments in his aukward Clownish Manner, and as *Shakespeare* says, *Set the Table on a Rear.* So Exit *Jo*.
 tinued

tinued on the Stage with great Reputation as an Actor, and a Gentleman of exact Conduct, an Example truly worthy of imitating.

He afterwards passed and repassed from *England* to *Ireland* several Times, till in the Year 1713, he was settled in this Kingdom, for (I believe) the remaining Part of his Days, fix'd in the Esteem of all that know him.

*The Lees of Life with Chearfulness he wears,
And from an upright Mind no Death he fears.*

MR. CHARLES HULET.

THIS Person performed one Season on the *Dublin* Stage. He was born in the Year 1701, and was by his Father put 'Prentice to a Bookseller. By reading of Plays in his Master's Shop, he us'd to repeat Speeches in the Kitchen in the Evening, to the Destruction of many a Chair, which he substituted in the Room of real Persons in his Drama. One Night, he was repeating the Part of *Alexander*, with his wooden Representative of *Clytus*, (an old Elbow-Chair) and coming to the Speech where the old General is to be kill'd, this young mock *Alexander* snatch'd a *Poker* instead of a *Javelin*, and threw it with such Strength against poor *Clytus*, that the Chair was kill'd upon the Spot, and lay mangled.

led on the Floor. The Death of *Clytus* made a monstrous Noise, which disturb'd the Master in the Parlour, who call'd out to know the Reason. And was answer'd by the Cook below, *Nothing, Sir, but that Alexander has kill'd Clytus.*

His Master Mr. *Edmund Curll* (f), (a Person well noted in *London* from Mr. *Pope's* commencing Physician) finding his Inclination so strong for the Stage, agreed to let him try his Fortune there. He had a most extraordinary

(f) Mr. *Curll* was a Person of extraordinary Talents, very pleasing in Conversation, and could extract Gold from Dirt. He had the Art of forming a Title to a Book, beyond the rest of the *Craft*, or even the Authors themselves. I have forgot how he came to stumble over Mr. *Pope*, for Mr. *Curll* was a little purblind and lost his Sight some Years before his Death. But Mr. *Pope* in Revenge, invited him to a Tavern under the Colour of Friendship: Sack being a favourite Liquor with Mr. *Curll*, this great Poet had a Draught prepared in an antimonial Cup, which the unsuspecting Bookseller cheerfully drank off to the Health of his good Friend Mr. *Pope*. But the Operation began to work before he could reach his own House, with such violent Motions, that the intended *Farce*, was near ending in the *Tragedy* of Mr. *Edmund Curll*. The next Day, to compleat his Revenge, Mr. *Pope* published a humorous Account of the Murder of Mr. *Curll* by Poison. But this Poet, and Booseller to their Deaths, declared fell War against each other; and tho' the latter might be put to his Shifts sometimes, yet he often found Means to gall his Kibe. *Pope* in his *Dunciad* has made *Curll* a Demi Hero, and has filthily bedaubed him with Honours; but enrag'd Wit like a Wasp disturb'd will fly at harmless Passengers, and leave their poisoned Sting behind.

melodious

melodious Voice, strong, and clear, and in the Part of *Macbeath* in the *Beggar's Opera*, he was allow'd to excel the Original ; then he was an excellent *Mimic*, if Excellency may be join'd to *Mimicry*. He took a little too much Pride in the Firmness of his Voice ; for he had an odd Custom of stealing unperceiv'd upon a Person and with a *Hem!* in his Ear deafen him for some time, with the Strength and Loudness of his Voice. Yet this customary Folly, (for Folly it may be justly call'd) prov'd his Fate ; for the last *Hem!* he gave, broke a Blood-Vessel, which was the Cause of his Death in twenty-four Hours after. He was a great Benefactor to the *Malt Tax*, which in my Opinion was the Cause of that Mountain of Flesh he was loaded with.

At the Time of his Death, he was under Mr. *Henry Giffard* at the Theatre in *Goodman's-Fields*. He was bury'd at the Charge of that Gentleman in St. *Mary's Church, White-chapel*, in the 35th Year of his Age. We shall end with Mr. *Hulet*, in Mr. *Giffard's* own Words.

“ Mr. *Charles Hulet* was endowed with
 “ great Abilities for a Player ; but labour'd
 “ under the Disadvantage of a Person rather
 “ too Corpulent for the *Hero*, or the *Lover*,
 “ but his Port well became *Henry the Eighth*,
 “ *Falstaff*, &c. many other Characters, both
 “ Tragedy and Comedy in which he would have
 “ been equally Excellent, had his Application
 “ and Figure, been proportionable to his Qua-
 “ lifications,

“ lifications, which had he duly cultivated, he
 “ would have become a very considerable Per-
 “ former.

What Machines are we poor Mortals! that
 a Person should be kill'd with a Hem!

*As in a Watch, if the least Engine flies,
 The Work is stop'd, and the whole Movement dies.*

Mr. BENJAMIN JOHNSON,

COMmonly called *Ben Johnson*, was bred
 a Painter, where his Employment led
 him to paint under his Master, the Scenes for
 the Stage, but he took more Pleasure in hear-
 ing the Actors Rehearse, than in his Pencil or
 Colours, and as he used to say in his merry
 Mood, *left the Saint's (g) Occupation, to take
 that of a Sinner.*

He arrived to as great a Perfection in Act-
 ing, as his great Namesake did in Poetry. He
 seem'd to be proud to wear that eminent Poet's
 double Name, being more particularly great
 in all that Authors Plays that were usually per-
 formed, viz. *Wasp* in the Play of *Bartholomew
 Fair*, *Corbaccio* in the *Fox*, *Morese* in the *Silent
 Woman*, and *Ananias* in the *Alchymist*.

(g) *St. Luke* was a Painter, and those that follow that
 Art, have chose him for their Patron, and make his
 Day a Time of Mirth and Jollity.

He

He was but once in this Kingdom, about fifty Years ago, in the Summer Season. I have heard him often give most extravagant Praises to one *Baker*, a Master-Pavior in *Dublin*, for excelling in *Sir John Falstaff*, the *Spanish Fryar*, *Sir Epicure Mammon* in the *Alchymist*, and many other Parts. He would be studying in the Streets, while he would be overlooking his Men at their Work. One Day two of his Men that were newly come under their Master, and were Strangers to his Manner, observing his Countenance, Motions, Gesture, and talking to himself, imagined their Master was mad. *Baker* seeing his Men neglect their Work to gaze at him, bid them in a hasty Manner, *mind their Business!* The Country Fellows (for they but lately came from *Chester*) went to work again, but still with an Eye upon their Master. The Part was *Sir John Falstaff* *Baker* was Rehearsing, and when he came to the Fifth Act where the humorous Knight is suppos'd to see *Sir Walter Blunt* lye dead upon the Stage--He gives a Look on one of his new Paviers, and muttered loud enough to be heard, with Eyes fix'd upon him---*Who have we here?---Sir Walter Blunt! there's Honour for you.* The Fellow that was stooping, rose on the Instant clapping hold of his Master--*Wauns! Ise blunt enough to take care of you, Ise warrant you!* So with the Help of his Companion, they bound *Mr. Baker* Hands and Feet, assisted by other People no wiser than themselves, notwithstanding their Master's Noise and Struggle to no purpose,

purpose, they carried him home, with a Cluster of Mob at their Heels. Mr. *Johnson* inform'd me when he returned to *England*, he gave Mr. *Betterton* the Manner of *Baker's* playing *Falstaff*, which that great Actor not only approv'd of, but imitated, and allowed the Manner was better than his own. Mr. *Husband* gave me much the same Account of this Mr. *Baker*.

Mr. *Johnson* played to the last Year of his Life, with the same standard Reputation, and died in *August* 1742, in the 77th Year of his Age.

*He fell like Autumn Fruit that mellowed long,
Even wonder'd at, because he dropt no sooner.*

OEDIPUS.

Miss J. JONES.

THE Father of this young Gentlewoman, was born in *Wales*, a Branch of an ancient and reputable Family in that Country; but an unforeseen Misfortune falling upon him, he made the Stage his Refuge, and governed a Country Company many Years, with Judgment, Honesty, and Reputation. Miss *Jones*, more by the Will of her Father, than her own Inclinations, was thrust on the Stage a mere Infant, and now makes a very good Figure there, but her Virtue and sober discreet Behaviour,

viour, may be a Pattern for Imitation : Therefore I shall say no more, but conclude that she deserves a better Fate.

*Our Guardian Angel is fair Innocence,
And virtuous Actions are our best Defence.*

MR. THEOPHILUS KEEN.

I Mention this Gentleman, as receiving Instructions from the late *Joseph Ashbury*, Esq; Mr. Keen was an excellent Scholar, and a very good Actor; but having some Share in the Government of the Theatre in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields* under Mr. Rich, either for the want of Performers, or perhaps overlooking his Talents, (a Fault sometimes very good Actors of both Sexes are guilty of) he stood for Parts something out of his Road, as *Oroonoko*, *Earl of Essex*, *Edgar* in *King Lear*, when in the Part of *Gloster* in the same Play, and others of that Cast, no Actor of his Time could excel him. Altho' a very good Figure, and Voice, his Person wanted Elegance for the soft Characters.

It was reported, the ill Success of the Theatre when he was Sharer in Profit and Loss broke his Heart. He died in the Year 1719, and was bury'd in the Body of the Church of *St. Clements-Danes*, by a voluntary Subscription

tion from both Houses. It was what we term in *England*, a Walking Funeral, and there were upwards of two hundred Persons in deep Mourning. His Life was published by Mr. *Savage* illegitimate Son to the Earl of *Rivers*. Several *Wou'd-be-Wits* wrote Copies of Verses upon his Death: One I remember ending with this Line.

And Death was found too Sharp for Keen.

MR. LAURENCE KENNEDY.

THIS Gentleman is a Native of *Ireland*, born in *Dublin*. His good Figure, agreeable Voice, and genteel easy Carriage, render him a pleasing Actor; and we may expect from such Qualifications, that Time may bring him to great Perfection. All Arts are learn'd by Time, Observation and Industry, and when Choice guides Youth in any Occupation, Nature seems to lead the Way.

*But many blunder on in various Ways,
Some ill succeed, while others merit Praise.*

*His Life was burnt to death
at his Lodg^s in Town & ended
in
he cut his Throat with a
razor in Hyde Park June 1706
aged 66 years.* Mr.

Mr. JOHN LEIGH,

I Think was born in *Ireland*. He commenced Actor, however on the *Irish* Theatre. He was a Person of some Education, with a particular amiable Form, and genteel Address, in so much that he gain'd the Appellative of *Handsome Leigh*. A good Figure was the chief Advantage in the Parts he perform'd. He was call'd from this Kingdom, to fill up the Troop of Comedians, rais'd to garrison the New Theatre in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*, in the Year 1714, at its first Opening, where he set forth the First Night in *Captain Plume*, in the *Recruiting Officer*; which occasion'd the following Lines wrote on the Back of one of their Bills.

'Tis right to raise Recruits, for faith, they're wanted:

For not one acting Soldier's here, 'tis granted.

Mr. Leigh, I believe, might have been in the good Graces of the Fair-Sex, if his Taste had led him that Way. He was addicted to Poetry, and produced a Comedy call'd *Kensington-Gardens*, acted at the Theatre in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*, in the Year 1720, which walk'd consumptively six Nights, and then expir'd. He also trimm'd up a Farce call'd, *Hob's Wedding*,

Q

ding, taken from a Comedy call'd, *The Country Wake*, written by that perfect Comedian Mr. *Thomas Dogget*. He has wrote several humorous Songs: Here follows a Sample, which as it is a Theatrical Anecdote, will require a little Illustration by Way of Notes.

To the Tune of, *Thomas I cannot*.

MY scandalous Neighbours of Portugal-street *,
Come listen a while to my Ditty ;
I'll sing you a Song, tho' my Voice be not sweet,
And that you will say is a Pity:
As merry a Sonnet as Times can afford,
Of Egleton (i), Walker (k), Jack Hall (l) and
my Lord (m),

* *Portugal street*, where the Theatre in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields* is built.

(i) Mr. *Egleton*, commonly call'd Baron *Egleton*, for taking that Title upon him in *France*, where he squander'd away a small Patrimony. His Person was perfectly genteel, and a very pleasing Actor ; but through a wild Road of Life, he finish'd his Journey in the 29th Year of his Age.

(k) Mr. *Walker* (the original *Macbeth*) Vide the Account of his Life.

(l) Mr. *John Hall*, a Sharer in old *Smock-Alley Theatre* above thirty Years ago. He went from hence with Mr *Leigh* to the New Theatre in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*. He was something too Corpulent, and a Thickness of Speech, that might be mimic'd with ease, which adds some Humour to this *Ballad*. He understood *Musick*, and was once a *Dancing-Master*, and the original *Lockit* in the *Beggar's Opera*.

(m) My Lord, a young Nobleman weak in Intellects.
(Title and Estates do not always inherit Wisdom)

If

of the STAGE. 183

*If you doubt of the Truth, to confirm every Word,
I'll call for a Witness---Will Thomas! Will
Thomas! (n)
Ill call for a Witness---Will Thomas!*

II.

*First Egleton coax'd the Fool over the Way (o)
With Sentences sweeter than Honey:
A Toad in a Hole (p) was their Dinner that Day,
And my Noodle he lent them his Money.
What tho' I have got by him many a Crown,
What I ne'er can forgive him is, that he came
down
Five Guineas the Night ere he went out of Town.
Is this true, or no?---O yes! says Will Thomas!
O yes, &c.*

III.

*Tom Walker, his Creditors meaning to chouse,
Like an honest good-natur'd young Fellow;
Resolv'd all the Summer to stay in the House,
And Rehearse by himself Massianello (q).* As

(n) A Waiter at a Coffee-house in *Portugal-street*, over-against the Stage-Door, a Person in Understanding pretty near upon a Par with my Lord.

(o) The young Lord.

(p) A Cant Word for any bak'd Meat with a Pudding.

(q) *Massianello* a Play, or rather two Plays on the Rebellion of Naples, by *Thomas Anello*, a Fisherman of that City, who was near subverting the Government, having the whole Power and Command in his Hands for several Days, but plunging himself into Wine instead of his

*As soon as he heard of the Baron's Success (r),
 He stript off his Night-gown, and put on his
 Dress,
 And cry'd D--mn my B---d ! I will strike for
 no less;
 So he call'd o'er the Hatch (s) for Will Tho-
 mas ! Will Thomas !
 So he call'd, &c.*

IV.

*Go tell my young Lord, says this modest young
 Man,
 I beg he'd invite me to Dinner ;
 I'll be as diverting as ever I can,
 I will by the Faith of a Sinner !
 I mimic all Actors the worst, and the best,
 I'll sing him a Song, I'll crack him a Jest,
 I'll make him Act better than Henley the
 Priest (t).*

his Element of Water, he at last ended his Life and Mock Reign in a Ditch. Mr. Walker took some Pains that Summer to contract the two Plays into one, which was perform'd the following Winter, with some Success. The two Plays were originally written by Mr. Thomas Dursley.

(r) Mr. Eggleton received the five Guineas from the Lord.

(s) The Hatch of the Stage Door. The Bounds of those Theatrical Princes, that might receive Four Pounds a Week, and by their Industry make shift to spend Six, A great Virtue in some Theatrical Gentry.

(t) Orator Henley, who was taught to Speak by Mr. Walker.

of the S T A G E. 185

*I'll tell him so, Sir, says Will Thomas, Will
Thomas,
I'll tell him so, &c.*

V.

*Jack Hall, who was then just awaken'd from
Sleep,*

*Said (turning about to Grace Moffet) (u)
'Twould vex any Dog to see Pudding thus creep,
And not have a Share of the Profit.*

*If you have not says Grace, you're not Mr. Hall!
And if I have not, it shall cost me a Fall,
For half a Loaf's better than no Bread at all,
And so I'll call out for Will Thomas, Will
Thomas,
And so, &c.*

VI.

*Go tell my young Lord, I can teach him to Dance,
Altho' I'm no very great Talker;
I'll show him good Manners just landed from
France,*

*That's more than he'll learn from Tom Walker!
I Sing, and I Act, I Dance, and I Fence!*

*I am rare Judge of---good Eating---and Sense--
And then--as for English--I understand French.*

*I'll tell him so, Sir, says Will Thomas, Will
Thomas,
I'll tell him so, &c.*

(u) *Grace Moffet, Daughter to Mr. Hall's Second
Wife, that kept the Bell and Dragon in Portugal street.*

VII.

The Peer was just going his Purse-strings to draw

In order to lend them his Money---

*As soon as his forward good Nature I saw (w),
I cry'd out, my Lord, fie upon you!*

*To us, you're as hard as a Turk, or a Jew,
If you part with your Money, Pay where it is due;*

Poor Betty's (x) with Child, and it may be by you.

*Here's Fun for us all! cry'd Will Thomas, Will Thomas,
Here s Fun, &c.*

VIII.

When his Lordship heard this, away down he ran,

*And drove away strait to the Devil (y),
Will Thomas sneak'd over to the Green-Man(z).*

*Thus our Customers use us uncivil (a).
Poor Betty's Misfortune is pity'd by all,
Who expects ev'ry Moment in Pieces to fall,
Tho' she swears 'tis my Lord's, 'twas got by Jack Hall,*

(w) *As soon, &c.* This Ballad was to be suppos'd to be made by the Woman that kept the Coffee-house.

(x) *Betty*, Maid to the Coffee-Woman, that could serve the Peer, and the Porter.

(y) The Devil Tavern, *Temple-Bar*.

(z) A Brandy-Shop, over the Way.

(a) *Thus our Customers, &c.* Reflections of the Coffee-Woman.

Or

Or else by poor sneaking Will Thomas, Will
Thomas,
Or else, &c.

The Author died in 1726, the 37th Year of his Age.

*A Time that should to true Perfection tend,
But many promise well, that never mend.*

MR. LEWIS LAYFIELD.

WAS born in *England*, has been in many Employments both by Sea and Land, and was formerly very active, and strong, able to go through Fatigues. As I do not know the Offices he bore in the Service, I must be silent on that Head. I remember him in *Drury-Lane*, when I was in my Youth, a nimble active *Scaramouch*, before he was loaden with that Burden of Flesh, he now carries about him. At that time, he was such a Person as his eldest Son, Mr. *Robert Layfield* appears at present, who is a very good Player in several Cast of Parts, particularly *Serjeant Kite*, &c.

Mr *Layfield* has been a main Pillar, time past, in supporting the *Dublin Theatre*, and therefore ought to be respected in his Decline, but he is happily engaged for Life, and of Consequence (if Articles are binding) will receive his

his Sallary to the Day of his Death. There are several Parts he might still perform with Satisfaction, as *Hob*, *Jobson*, and many others, for the Audience (in well esteemed Actors) will bate them something of their Years, for the Service they *have* done. I do not know whether that Circumstance will have any Weight with the Managers here, tho' it is an o'd fashion'd Custom in *England*. But different Nations different Customs.

*'Tis said the Natives of the Cape Good-Hope(t)
When Age is failing, end it with a Rope.*

Mr. WILLIAM MILWARD.

THIS Gentleman was born at *Lichfield* in *Staffordshire*, the 29th of *September*, in the Year 1702. His Great Grandfather *Sir Thomas Milward*, was Chief Justice of *West-Chester*, and rais'd a Troop of Horse, in Defence of that unhappy Monarch, King *Charles the First*, and was then a County Palatine, which occasion'd the *Rump Parliament* in the

(b) It is a Custom with the Inland *Hottentots* (who are not under the Eye of the *Dutch* at the *Cape*) when they perceive their Relations drooping with Age and Infirmities, either to carry them into some distant Wood, for Beasts to devour, or end them by Ax or Halter at Home; and have a Saying among them--*No Work, no Meat.*

Year

Year 1659, to vote their Charter void, and I do not find it ever restor'd. The Family were originally from *Derbyshire*. The Father of our Actor, a few Years after the Birth of his Son, removed to *Uttoxeter* (commonly call'd *Tociter*) in the County of *Stafford*, distant from *London* 126 measur'd Miles, formerly a Colony of the *Romans*.

He had his Education in a School of that Town, accounted one of the best in that Part of the Country. At Fifteen, his Father brought him to *London*, where he was put Apprentice to an eminent Apothecary in *Norfolk-street* in the *Strand*; but he has often declared, *there were so many Dangers in the Employment*, that he could never like it. The following Accident made him determine to leave it.

He was ordered by his Master to carry his
 “ Prescriptions to a Gentleman and a Lady ill
 “ of different Maladies, at the same time; the
 “ Labels were wrong directed, but he did not
 “ discover this Mistake till the next Day,
 “ when he carried other Medicines to the same
 “ Persons, and by his Judgment in the O-
 “ peration, soon found out the Mistake. He
 “ was greatly terrified, but for fear of more,
 “ he let fall the *Phial* he had in his Hand,
 “ as by Accident, ran back to his Ma-
 “ ster, and told him what had been done. The
 “ Master order'd more proper Doses, the Pa-
 “ tients recovered, and all was well.

Mr. *Milward*'s first Essay in Acting, was among young Gentlemen, privately, for their
 own

own Diversion. In a small time after, he mixt with a Country Company of Comedians, where his Merit shone so bright, that it open'd the Eyes of the Manager in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*, with whom he rose in that Theatre, and *Covent-Garden*, to be placed in the formost Rank of Perfection. He died in the 40th Year of his Age, in the very Meridian of an Actor, then belonging to the Theatre in *Drury-Lane*.

Mr. *Milward* shall make his *Exit* from this worldly Stage, with an Epilogue spoke for the Benefit of his Widow, which will better speak his Excellencies.

WHEN *Roscious* died, each gen'rous Roman
wept,

*While Cicero's deathless Page his Plaudit kept ;
Such was the Harvest in that Golden Age,
Who toil'd to till the Vineyard of the Stage :
The Romans wept ! more generous Britons ye
Dry up the Tears of Milward's Family :
Your bounteous Cares beyond the Grave extend !
Lo ! what a Scene dead Merit to befriend !
For Merit sure he shar'd in every Part,
Merit most rare !—Integrity of Heart !
What e'er of Friendly, Gen'rous, Good, he play'd,
In Scenes of real Life he still display'd.
Young Hamlet's Sable when he chose to wear
Young Hamlet's filial Piety was there :
When the fond Lover Phocyas was his Part,
Each tender Line sprang glowing from his Heart !;*

(c) *Phocyas* in the Siege of *Damascus*.

Or

*Or when Macduff's dire Anguish was his Theme,
The Husband, and the Father bled in him.*

*Well might he please, when with each virtuous
Thought !*

The Poet penn'd, the Player's Breast was fraught.

Such Milward was, as such his early Grave

Calls down the Pity of the Fair and brave !

Cut off just at the Noon-tide of his Days,

Just when he hop'd to have deserv'd your Praise :

The Player steel'd to counterfeit the Tear

Distills an undissembled Eye-drop here ;

Whilst by this splendid Circle fir'd, his Breast

With Emulation burns, and claims his best,

That his own Manes may like Milward's rest. }

Mr. C H A R L E S M A C K L I N,

WAS born in the Kingdom of *Ireland*, but left that Country very young. He cast his Thoughts towards the Stage in *England* in his early Years. The Science of Acting, is not to be learn'd without great Labour, and Study, and not Copying any Performer that went before him, he has at length shone out a finish'd Original. I never knew him undertake any Part, but as in Painting, I found some Strokes of Nature, that gave fresh Touches to the Picture he was drawing.

He rose gradually in the Theatrical Corps, like the late Northern Star of *Russia*, till he came

came to be chief Leader, he regularly gained the Topmast Step, and now is firmly seated in the Throne of Perfection, dispensing Laws to that Part of the Province where the Sock is worn, where he reigns sole Monarch, and deservedly so, since with long laborious Pains, he has found out the true Rule of Reigning. *Skylock* the Jew in the *Merchant of Venice*, is so inimitably counterfeited, that we cannot say more, than what a Gentleman said Extempore on seeing him perform the Part;

*This is the Jew
That Shakespear drew!*

This excellent Comedian is Author of a Play call'd, *Henry the VIIth*, or the *Papish Impostor*, acted at the Theatre-Royal in *Drury-Lane*, the Story of *Perkin Warbeck*. The Piece (in my Judgment) is well plann'd, the Diction is not considered critically. But no wonder, since he was put upon the Subject, and had but six Weeks from the first Line in Writing to the first Night in Acting. The following one Act Pieces have been performed, with great Success, but not printed.

A Will, or no *Will*; or, a New Case for the *Lawyers*.

A Critic on the Suspicious Husband; or, the *Plague of Envy*.

The Fortune Hunters; or, the *Widow Bewitch'd*.

I shall conclude with two Lines, wrote by
a Gentleman in this Kingdom.

*This Jew, this Colonel, Lopez, Ben, has shown,
He makes each various Character his own.*

Mrs. M A C K L I N,

MA Y (by her Judgment, and Execution
in the Parts she undertakes) be equal-
ly rank'd with the First Class of Actresses, and
in some Articles lead the Way. She never sets
up for a *Heroine*, or attempts to appear in an
improper Light; she knows the Power of her
own Talents, and always shines with unbor-
row'd Light, without the Danger of being e-
clipsed. Her Propriety in Dress, for the va-
rious Characters she performs, is another Ex-
cellence, that most of her Contemporaries either
pass over with very little Regard, or not e-
nough.

In my Theatrical Course of above thirty
Years, I have not seen her Equal in many Parts,
viz. the *Widow Black-Acre* in *Wyckberly's*
Plain-Dealer, Mrs. Day in the *Committee*,
Widow Lackit in *Southern's Oroonoko*, *Lady*
Pliant in *Congreve's Double-Dealer*, *Doris* in
Æsop by Sir *John Vanbrugh*, Mrs. *Amelet* in
the *Confederacy* by the same Author, *Lady*
Wishfort in the *Way of the World*, and a Num-
ber

ber of other Characters, that are wrote in the true Spirit of Comedy. But a Vessel need not fail of arriving at the desired Port, with the Care of so good a Pilot.

We may find by these two Examples, that *Ireland* has produced as compleat Comedians, as her Sister *England*. But I shall give a few Lines the Sentiments of a young Gentleman in this City.

TO MRS. MACKLIN.

WHILE Macklin charms the list'ning Throng
A nobler Subject warms my Song.
 Of Nature's sacred Name I'd sing,
 From whom her various Beauties spring,
 The swelling Sense!—the genial Fire!
 The nameless Graces we admire!
 To her—she frankly did impart
 A Clue—to trace the mazy Heart.
 She gave her Wit—with graceful Ease,
 And every Attribute to please;
 But know—thou finish'd Nymph—to you,
 Nor Wonder—nor Applause—is due
 For Charms—which Nature only drew.

MR. JOHN MORRIS,

WAS born in this Kingdom. I understand his first Entrance on the Stage,
 was

was under the Conduct of Mrs. *Violante*; with her he travelled to *England*, and by various Changes has been in most of the Theatres in *London*, as well as *Dublin*. There are several Old-Mens Parts, that he masterly executes. He sings, passingly, is esteemed a good *Teague*, and an excellent *Pierot*. He has a Brother of the same Calling.

Dancing is certainly one of the Appendages to Education, that few polite People would be without, yet if it mends the Manners, it does not always mend the Mind. But as *Othello* says,

'Tis not to make me jealous,
To say, my Wife is fair, feeds well, loves Company,
Is free of Speech, sings, plays, and dances well;
Where Virtue is, these are most Virtuuous.

Mr. CHARLES MORGAN,

WAS born in *London*, in the Year 1717. His Father and Mother both belonging to the Stage at his Birth, the Son played the Childrens Parts as soon as he could speak plain. He came into this Kingdom in the Year 1737, with his Parents, where he made a great Progress in what is called Low Comedy, and gave great Hopes of Perfection, if a lingering Consumption had not taken him off in the

Flower of his Age. I fear, he took a little too much Freedom with his Constitution, and by Perseverance made shift to get the better of it. He died in *May 1745*, in the 28th Year of his Age. The last Part he performed was *Beau Clincher* in the *Constant Couple*, being the first Time of Mr. *Sheridan's* appearing in the Character of *Sir Harry Wildair*, where Mr. *Morgan* notwithstanding his ill Habit of Body, like a Taper in its last Blaze, gave a brighter Flame, than all that shone before. This was *November*, tho' he lingered on till the *May* following.

*Thus manly Health is often overcome,
When its worst Foe is to be found at Home.*

MR. WILLIAM MYNITT.

THIS Gentleman was born of a good Family, at *Weobly* in *Herefordshire*, in the Year 1710, where he received a good School Education: He was sent to *London* very young to be put into Business, but his Friends or rather Relations (who often prove our greatest Enemies) neglecting his Fortune, he turn'd his Thoughts to the Drama. However he had not the Vanity of most of the Theatrical Young Heroes, who jump at once into your *Othello*, *Oroonoko*, *Hamlet*, or *Captain Plume*, but wisely weighing his own Talents, step'd into the
Part

Part of *Polonius* in *Hamlet*, where he gain'd such Applause, that he resolv'd to put on the *Sock*, with which he walked an easie Pace in the right Road to Perfection.

His first Tryal of Skill, was at the Theatre in the *Hay-market* (commonly call'd the *French House*) where he gave such Strokes of Judgment, that alarm'd his best Antagonists. From his beginning Encouragement, he was solicited to add a promising Member to the Company of *Bath*, where there is a regular Theatre, and an Audience as difficult to be pleas'd, as that in *London*, being generally Persons of the highest Rank that frequent those Diversions in the Capitol. He had the good Fortune to give Satisfaction there, insomuch that several Persons of Distinction and Taste, promis'd to recommend him to one of the establish'd Theatres in *London*. But a Company that Season setting out for *Ireland*, he was resolved to accompany them, and cultivate his Genius in this Kingdom. His Knowledge in Music, is some Addition to his Merit, and in his Walk of Acting, he may keep Pace with the Best on both Sides the Water.

I never saw Mrs. *Mynitt* perform any Part, but as she has an amiable Person, and excellent Voice, I have taken it upon Trust, that she is an agreeable Actress both in Tragedy and Comedy. But the Bulk of the Letters in the Bills, are the distinguishing Characteristics of Merit. It puts me in memory of a *Mandarin* I saw at *Canton* in *China*, who was list'd on

a Throne of State to public View, while a Dozen of his Slaves that bore him in Triumph, through the Streets, were cover'd with a Curtain, and no more of their Persons seen, but the regular Steps of their Feet.

*In every Region 'tis a Maxim try'd,
Custom in spight of Reason will preside.*

MR. HENRY NORRIS (alias
JUBILLEE DICKY.)

THIS natural Comedian was born in *Salisbury-Court* in 1665, near the Spot where the Theatre was afterwards erected that went by the Name of *Dorset Garden Theatre*, it being in *Queen Elizabeth's* Days the Gardens of the Palace belonging to the Earl of *Dorset*. He played on the *Irish Stage* in 1695. Tho' a diminutive Figure, there were many Parts that he excell'd in, viz. *Barnaby Brittle* in the *Wanton Wife*, &c. I remember when Mr. Norris was in his Decline Mr. *Cibber* Sen. made some Alterations in the Play, and perform'd the Part himself. Mrs. *Oldfield* that of Mrs. *Brittle*. But she complain'd she could not perform it with that Spirit with him, as she did with little Norris (as she call'd him) when I ask'd her the Reason, she reply'd, *Cuckoldom did not sit so easie on Cibber's Figure, as it did upon*

upon that of Norris's, who seem'd form'd by Nature to be one.

The Mother of this little great Comedian, was one of the first Women that came on the Stage as an Actress; for some time after the Restoration of King Charles the Second, young smooth'd fac'd Men perform'd the Womens Parts. That humorous Monarch coming before his usual Time to *Shakespear's Hamlet*, sent the facetious Earl of *Rocheſter* to know the Reason of their Delay, who brought Word back, That the Queen was not quite shav'd. Ods Fish (his usual Expression) *I beg her Majesty's Pardon! we'll wait till her Barber has done with her.*

Mr. Norris marry'd Mrs. Knapton the Sister of the late Mr. Wilks's first Wife, by whom he had several Children; the Females are since dead, and resembled the Mother in Stature, she being a very personable Woman, but the Sons copy'd the Father our *Jubilee Dicky*, which Nickname came, for his inimitable humorous Performance of a Part so call'd in the *Constant Couple*, or a *Trip to the Jubilee*.

He spoke Tragedy exceedingly knowing in the different Passions, tho' he never perform'd any Part of the serious Cast; for notwithstanding his Judgment, on the London Theatres, his Figure must have made the Sentiments Ridiculous. After the Death of that celebrated Author Mr. Addisen, the merry Mr. Penkethman at his Theatre at *Richmond* (d),
play'd

(d) There are two *Richmonds* in England; one in
Torhshire

play'd the Tragedy of *Cato*, or rather defil'd those noble Sentiments of Liberty, out of such merry Mouths. *Norris* was ridiculously dress'd for *Cato*, *Penkethman* *Juba*, low Comedians for the other Characters, and the two Ladies supply'd by Men of the same Cast. Yet a Blindman might have born with *Norris* in the *Roman Patriot*, for he spoke it with all the Solemnity of a suffering Hero, while *Penkethman* and the rest of the motley Tribe, made it as Ridiculous by Humour and Action. And yet some of the First Rank in the Kingdom seem'd highly diverted; whilst others invoc'd the Manes of the dead *Roman* and *Briton* to rise and avenge their own Cause. I remember the next Morning the following four Lines were pasted on the Door of the Play-house :

*While Greatness hears such Language spoke
Where Godlike Freedom's made a Joke,
Let such mean Souls be never Free,
To taste the Sweets of Liberty.*

An illustrious Nobleman who had a Seat near *Richmond*, saw several People reading the Lines, as he was riding up the Hill, stop'd,

Yorkshire that gives the Title to that illustrious Family. The other *Richmond* is ten Miles from *London*. It may Rank with some Cities in *England* for its Extent, but I know of none that can equal it, in its fine Situation upon the noble River of *Thames*, its healthful Air, its beautiful various Prospects from the Hill, and its increasing noble Buildings.

and

and perus'd them ; said in his usual grave Manner---*I wish the Poetry had been better.*

Mr. Norris died in the 69th Year of his Age. His eldest Son may be remember'd here as an *Actor*, some few Years ago on old *Smock-Alley Stage*, but neither he or his Brother (who has likewise troubled several Country Stages in *England*) resembled the Father in any Thing but in Stature.

*Great Nature differs in the Human Race,
Some worthless Stems the Parent-Roots disgrace.*

Mrs. ANN OLDFIELD.

THE Reason why I have thrust this celebrated Actress into my Account, may be learn'd by the following Epistle.

Dublin, May the 27th.

S I R,

“ WE find by the News Papers, you intend to give us the *History of the Stage*, it is desir'd by several, that you would be pleased to add Mrs. *Oldfield* to the Number (tho' we are all assured she never was in this Kingdom.) We know the Task is in your Power, and you will oblige many that have a Regard for you.

Yours, &c.

Every

Every Art has its Origin, but when brought to full Perfection it is often in danger of decaying, and sometimes of being quite lost in Oblivion. Painting on *Glass* in this Age, is but a faint Copy of our Forefathers in that Art, and the perdurable Cement of our antient *Castles*, &c. is now unknown. The Sun sets to rise again, but *Oldfield's* Light is lost for ever.

I was too young to view her first Dawn on the Stage, but yet had the infinite Satisfaction of her Meridian Lustre, a Glow of Charms not to be beheld but with a trembling Eye, which held her Influence till set in Night.

Mr. *Farquhar* (as I have been informed by herself) brought her first to shine in Public. He, accidentally at a Tavern kept by a near Relation of Mrs. *Oldfield's*, heard a Person reading a Comedy in a Room behind the Bar, with such a just Vivacity, and Humour of the Characters that gave him infinite Surprize, and Satisfaction. His Curiosity was too prevelant to observe the Heighth of good Manners, therefore he made a Pretence to go into the Room, where he was struck Dumb some time with her Figure, and blooming Beauty, but was more astonish'd at her Discourse, and sprightly Wit. Mr. *Farquhar* press'd her to pursue her Amusement, but was obliged to depart, without that Satisfaction.

Mr. *Wilks* was, at that time in *Ireland*, therefore he took some Pains to acquaint Sir *John Vanbrugh* (who had some Share in the Theatre) with the Jewel he had found thus
by

by Accident. It was sometime before she would be prevailed upon. Tho' she has merrily told me, *I long'd to be at it, and only wanted a little decent Intreaties.*

Alinda in the *Pilgrim* was the first Part she was taken Notice of, which Sir *John Vanbrugh* alter'd and reviv'd upon her Account, which is a Character of different Species of Passions and Variety, where she charm'd the Play into a Run of many succeeding Nights.

I remember her in her full Round of Glory in Comedy, she used to slight Tragedy. She would often say, *I hate to have a Page dragging my Tail about. Why do they not give Porter these Parts, she can put on a better Tragedy Face than I can?* When *Mithridates* was revived, it was with much Difficulty she was prevailed upon to take the Part; but she performed it to the utmost Length of Perfection, and after that she seemed much better reconciled to Tragedy. What a majestic Dignity in *Cleopatra*! and indeed in every Part that required it; such a finish'd Figure on the Stage, was never yet seen. In *Calista*, the Fair Penitent, she was inimitable in the Third Act with *Horatio*, when she tears the Letter with

To Atoms! thus!

*Thus let me tear the vile detested Falshood,
The wicked lying Evidence of Shame!*

Her excellent clear Voice of Passion, her piercing flaming Eye, with Manner and Action
suiing,

suiting, us'd to make me shrink with Awe, and seem'd to put her Monitor *Horatio* into a Mouse-hole. I almost gave him up for a troublesome Puppy; and tho' Mr. *Booth* play'd the Part of *Lothario*, I could hardly lug him up to the Importance of Triumphant over such a finish'd Piece of Perfection, that seem'd to be too much dignified to lose her Virtue.

Even her Amours seem'd to lose that Glare which appear round the Persons of the failing Fair; neither was it ever known she troubled the Repose of any Lady's lawful Claim, and was far more Constant than Millions in the Conjugal Noose.

She was of a superior Heighth, but with a lovely Proportion, and the Dignity of her Soul equal to her Form and Stature, made up of benevolent Charity, affable and good-natur'd to all that deserv'd it. Mr. *Savage*, Son to the Earl *Rivers*, when he was persecuted by his unnatural Mother, received from her ever-giving bountiful Hand, Fifty Pounds a Year during her Life, and was, with Mr. *Wilks*, a main Means in saving him from an ignominious End.

The Part of *Sophonista*, a Tragedy (by Mr. *Thomson* famed for many excellent Poems) was reputed the Cause of her Death; for in her Execution she went beyond Wonder, to Astonishment! From that Time, her Decay came slowly on, and never left her till it conducted her to eternal Rest the 23d of *October* 1730. She left several charitable Legacies, and very handsome

some Fortunes to her two Sons. But let us see what better Writers say of this Phoenix of the Stage. O! that we might have another from her Ashes!

You may read, if you please, what a *French* Author has wrote on this inimitable Actress, as well as some Touches on our *English* Drama.

“ Sir *Roger Mostings*, Baronet, was passionately in Love with a famous Actress called “ *Mrs. Oldfield*; and notwithstanding her Indifference, and even bad Usage, could not be “ cur’d--He being at Supper with us, when “ his Disgrace and Banishment were notified “ to him, his greatest Concern was for his “ Mistress, whom he must abandon, his Grief “ and Love made him shed Tears; his Order “ bore, that he should retire to his Estate next “ Day, and therefore as the last Remedy for “ his Love, he proposed instant Marriage to “ *Mrs. Oldfield*, which produced no other Effect, than a mortifying Refusal (e). This “ amiable

S

(e) We may gather from this Author, the Passage mentioned, was in the Year 1715, when the Rebel Lords suffered Death, and Lord *Nithisdale* made his Escape from the Tower disguised by his Lady in her Habit; Sir *Roger Mostings* then Commander in the Fourth Troop of Life Guards, spoke too freely in Favour of the imprisoned Noblemen that were concerned in the Rebellion, and therefore was order’d to leave the Court, and retire to his Estate, as also the Earl of *Nottingham* the Earl of *Ailesford*, the Lord *Finch*, and *Guernsey*, my Lord *Portmore*, Earl of *Orkney*, Lord *Windsor*, and many others, all deprived of their Posts and Places, with the same Orders

“ amiable Woman, was admitted with Plea-
 “ sure into the Company of Ladies of the first
 “ Rank for Birth, and Virtue, and seemed to
 “ take her Visits as an Honour done them.
 “ It must be owned, she’s an incomparable
 “ sweet Girl! She reconciled me to the *Eng-*
 “ *lish* Stage; her Voice, her Shape, and all
 “ her Actions so charm’d me, that I made the
 “ more haste to learn the Language that I
 “ might understand her.

“ The *English* are passionately fond of Dra-
 “ matic Entertainments, and I doubt if *France*
 “ can produce so many excellent Works of
 “ this Kind, as *Britain*; and I have seen some
 “ superior to *Greece* or *Rome*. They have their
 “ *Shakespeare*, *Dryden*, *Otway*, *Congreve*, *Cib-*
 “ *ber*, *Farquhar*, and a numerous Train of ex-
 “ cellent Tragic and Comic Poets, that have
 “ the Force of moving the Soul with their E-
 “ nergy of Sentiments and Expression far be-
 “ yond the Antients.

I shall conclude this Account with an Ab-
 stract of a Copy of Verses wrote by Mr. *Sa-*
vage, illegitimate Son to *Earl Rivers*, tho’ the
 Author of that unfortunate Gentleman’s Life,
 seems to deny it, I suppose because his Name
 is not in the Title-Page. But first her *Epi-*
taph.

ders to retire to their Estates. Sir *Roger* was e-
 steemed one of the handsomest Men in the Kingdom,
 witty, well bred, and a great Estate, which proves Mrs.
Oldfield despised Interest and would not give her Hand
 without her Heart.

Hic

Hic juxta requiescit

Tot inter poetarum laudata nomina

ANNA OLDFIELD.

Nec ipsa, minore laude digna

Quippe quæ eorum opera

In scenam, quoties prodivit,

Illustravit semper & nobilitavit.

Nunquam ingenium idem ad partes diversissimas

Habilius fuit:

Ita tamen ut ad singulas

Non facta, sed nata esse videretur.

In Tragediis

Formæ splendor oris dignitas incessus majestas

Tanta vocis suavitate temperabantur,

Ut nemo esset tam egestis, tam durus spectator,

Quin in admirationem totus reperetur.

In Comedia autem

Tanta vis tam venusta hilaritas tam curiosa

felicitas,

Ut neque sufficerent spectando oculi

Neque plaudendo manus.

In English.

Near this (among the celebrated Poets)

Rests the Body of

ANN OLDFIELD,

Herself not less deserving to be celebrated ;

For when ever on the Stage,

Her Action illustrated, and enobled

Their Compositions.

Never was one Genius so adapted to the most

Different Parts,
She seemed born for each distinct.

In *TRAGEDY*,
Her noble Presence, elevated Speech, and
Majestic Gait, tempered with so peculiar
Sweetness of Voice, never failed to transport the
Most Rustic, and Insensible, into Admiration.

In *COMEDY*,
She discovered such a happy Air, such a
Sprightly and becoming Gaity,
And so delicate an Address,
That neither Eyes were satisfied with Seeing,
Nor Hands weary of Applauding.

*A POEM to the Memory of Mrs. ANN
OLDFIELD.*

OLDFIELD's no more!—and can the
Muse forbear

O'er Oldfield's Grave, to shed a grateful Tear?
Shall she, the Glory of the British Stage,
Pride of her Sex, and Wonder of the Age;
Shall see, who living charm'd th' admiring Throng
Die undistinguish'd and not claim a Song?
No, feeble as it is, I'll boldly raise
My willing Voice to celebrate her Praise,
And with her Name, immortalize my Lays. }

Had but my Muse, her Art to touch the Soul
Charm ev'ry Sense, and ev'ry Pow'r controul,
I'd paint her as she was—The Form divine,
Where ev'ry lovely Grace united shine;
A Mien majestic, as the Wife of Jove,
An Air as winning, as the Queen of Love,

In

*In every Feature rival Charms should rise
And Cupid hold his Empire in her Eyes.*

*A Soul, with ev'ry Elegance refin'd
By Nature, and the converse of Mankind ;
Wit, which could strike assuming Folly dead,
And Sense, which temper'd every thing she said,
Judgment, which ev'ry little Fault could spy,
But Candour, that would pass a thousand by :
Such finish'd Breeding, so polite a Taste,
Her Fancy always for the Fashion past,
Whilst every social Virtue fir'd her Breast
To help the Needy, succour the Distrest,
A Friend to all in Misery she stood,
And her chief Pride was plac'd in doing Good.*

*But now my Muse, the arduous Task engage,
And show the charming Figure on the Stage ;
Describe her Look, her Action, Voice and Mien,
The gay Coquet, soft Maid, or haughty Queen.
So bright she shone in ev'ry different Part,
She gain'd despotic Empire o'er the Heart.
Knew how each various Motion to controul,
Sooth ev'ry Passion, and subdue the Soul
As she, or gay, or sorrowful appears,
She claims our Mirth, or triumphs in our Tears.
When Cleopatra's Form she chose to wear,
We saw the Monarch's Mien, the Beauty's Air ;
Charm'd with the Sight, her Cause we all approve,
And like her Lover, gave up all for Love.
Anthony's Fate instead of Cæsar's chuse,
And wish for her we had a World to lose.*

*But now the gay delightful Scene is o'er,
And that sweet Form must glad our World no more,*

*Relentless Death, has stop'd the tuneful Tongue,
And clos'd those Eyes for all but Death too strong,
Blasted that Face where ev'ry Beauty bloom'd,
And to eternal Rest the graceful Mover doom'd.*

Mr. P A C K,

IN the Remembrance of many, was once on the Stage in this Kingdom, to his no small Terror, for a Storm at Sea, he told me, frighted him so much, that the Anxiety of Returning dwelt so strongly on his Mind, that he could not appear half himself to the Public; and to lessen his Sea-Voyage back again, he went to *Dunaghadee* in the North of Ireland, and embark'd for *Scotland*, verifying the old Proverb, *The farthest Way about is the nearest Way Home.*

He first came upon the Stage, as a Singer, and being as they say, a *smock-fac'd Youth*, us'd to sing the Female Parts in Dialogues with that great Master Mr. *Leveridge*, who has so many Years charm'd with his manly Voice. But Mr. *Pack* was excellent in many Parts, as *Marplot* in the *Busy Body*, *Beau Maiden* in *Tunbridge-Walks*, *Beau Mizen* in the *Fair Quaker of Deal*, &c. indeed Nature seem'd to mean him for those Sort of Characters. He had such an Antipathy to the Water, that he would sooner chuse to go from the *Hay-market* to *Lambeth* round

round the Bridge, than just cross in a Boat. I heard a certain Peer (as much fam'd for his Wit as his Principles, who died in the Service of Spain) ask Pack if he would go with him to France for a Month? Yes, reply'd Mr. Pack, if your Grace will get a Bridge built from Dover to Calais, for Gads curse me! if I ever set my Foot over Salt-water again!

Mr. Pack left the Stage in the Meridian of Life, and set up a Tavern (the *Globe*) near Charing-Cross, over against the Hay-market, where he died, having no Wife, or Issue; I know not any Relation he left behind to lament his Death.

*Had Transportation been this Player's Doom,
Conviction had brought sudden Death at Home.*

Mr. WILLIAM PHILLIPS (Harlequin).

THIS extraordinary Person, was born in Wales, tho' he never knew one Word of his Mother Tongue, neither did I ever hear of the School-Mistress that taught him *English*, yet he got perfect in two Parts, and perform'd them both with Applause, viz. the *Welch Collier* in the *Recruiting-Officer*, and the *Drunken Colonel* in the *Intriguing Chambermaid*; but his great Talent lay in the *Mimes* and *Pantomimes*,
tho'

tho' the Art does not require much Rhetorick, yet they should have *Heads* as well as *Heels*.

He was taught Tumbling, and Slight of Hand, by that great Master of Arts, the stupendous Mr. *Faux*, and out-did his Master in several Tricks, and was very happy at Invention, in escaping to *Ireland* (f), where he became a Sharer in *Smock-Alley*, till he with his

(f) This great Man, was taken up in *London* for Suspicion of Debt, and dealt with the honest Officer in the following Manner. He first called for Liquor in Abundance, and treated all about him, to the no small Joy of the Bailiff, who was rejoiced to have a Calf that bled so well (as they term it). Harlequin made the honest Bailiff believe he had six Dozen of Wine ready pack'd up, which he would send for, to drink while in Custody, and likewise allow him Sixpence a Bottle for drinking it in his own Chamber. Shoulder-dab listen'd to the Proposal with Pleasure. The Bailiff went to the Place as directed, and returned with Joy to hear it should be sent in the Morning early. Accordingly it came by a Porter sweating under his Load. The Turnkey called to his Master, and told him the Porter and Hamper was come in. *Very well; then let nothing but the Porter and Hamper out.* The Porter performed his Part very well, came heavily in with an empty Hamper, and seemed to go lightly out with *Phillips* on his Back. He was dishamper'd at an Alehouse near the Water-side, cross'd the *Thames*, and soon after embark'd for *Ireland*. He was very fond of this Trick, and would take Pride in his Project, which was contriv'd long before he was taken, to be ready on such an Emergency. When this Scheme was concerted with the Porter, he made this threatening Speech to him, *G--d strike me plump!* (his usual Oath) *if you are not as secret as the Sun at Noon-day, I'll broil you and eat you alive, you Dog!* Exit *Phillips*.

Name-

Namesake broke the *Fraterhood*. He was the first Projector of the *Theatre* in *Capel-street*. Neither was he much to blame in this, since a sort of a Manager for the Proprietors, who knew as much of the Matter, as a *Journeyman Taylor* does of *Bell-founding*, by his inimitable Rhetoric, persuaded his Employers, he and his Wife had too much Sallary, and yet the next Season gave twenty times the Sum, to prevent their Playing. Yet *Phillips* open'd and got Money, but to show his Dexterity, he played a *Harlequin* Trick, and in one of his Deceits, made his Escape (with his Wife he had *here*, who was no bad Actress) back to *England*, but did not forget to take more Money than his own along with him---Travelling is chargeable. But *Capel street Theatre* has been since occupied, and is still ready on all Occasions.

*Thus Juglers Tricks are form'd to cheat the Eyes,
And Knaves have found the Art to trick the Wise.*

Mrs. PASQUALINO,

WAS a very lightly Actress, with a good Voice. I have forgot her maiden Name, which she first chang'd for *Ravencroft*, an Actor, I am told, of some Merit. After his Demise, being musically inclin'd, she

she ty'd her Fate to Sig. *Pasqualino*, an *Italian*, eminent for his great Talents that Way. She has left the Stage to follow the Fortune of her Spouse, and I have been inform'd they were both lately in *Holland*. Wherever he is, he cannot fail of Reward, from his Merit, for

*Music has Charms to sooth a savage Breast,
To soften Rocks and bend the knotted Oak.*

I shall conclude with Mrs. *Pasqualino* by inserting a few Lines of a Poet on her leaving the Stage. Tho' some Poets like some Painters do not draw exact Likenesses, and are too prone to Flattery.

*Adieu ! unspotted Excellence, adieu !
Chaste, Spight of Censure, Spight of Envy, true—
Mature in Judgment, far above thy Age,
And what's more wond'rous, Virtuous on the Stage.
Ah ! yet return ! nor rob us of Delight,
Continue still to ravish with thy Sight !
Whether in Desdemona's tender Strain,
Or softer Belvidera you complain ;
Or in Monimia force the pitying Tear,
Or in the Airs of Millamant appear,
Or Lady Betty Modish, you impart,
In Characters assum'd, a real Dart !
Receive this Plaudit from th' admiring Muse,
Nor Tribute to thy Merit paid, refuse—
And must we then the Loss of thee deplore ?
Shall we then see thy lovely Face no more ?*

Adieu !

*Adieu!—The Stage is nearly its decline,
Since we must thee, the Boast of it resign.*

Mr. JAMES QUIN.

THIS great and just Actor, was born in *King-street, Covent Garden*, the 24th of *February 1693*, tho' Numbers believe he owes his Birth to *Ireland*. His Ancestors, were of an antient Family in this Kingdom, his Grandfather Alderman *Mark Quin*, was Lord-Mayor of the City of *Dublin* in the Year 1676, in the Reign of King *Charles the Second*. The Father of our *Roscius*, received a liberal Education in *Trinity-College, Dublin*, from thence he went over to *Lincoln's-Inn*, to finish his Studies, where he was called to the Bar; but at the Death of his Father (who left him a plentiful Estate) he returned with his Son, then an Infant, to take Possession.

Mr. *James Quin* was educated under the Care of Dr. *Jones of Dublin* (a Person eminent for Learning) till the Death of his Father in the Year 1710. Mr. *Quin* was undoubted Heir to his Estate, but through his Youth and Inexperience of the Courts, a Suit of Law hung so long in Chancery, till he uninabled to carry the Cause farther, was obliged to drop it for want of proper Assistance: I am informed a powerful Guider of the Law, was his Antagonist,

nist, and a Person has but a bad Chance to fight a Duel with a Fencing-Master.

Our eminent Actor, first appeared on the Stage in old *Smock-Alley* in the Part of *Abel* in the *Committee*. I must take some little Pride, when I declare I imagine myself the first that persuaded him not to smother his rising Genius in this Kingdom, where, at that Time there was no great Encouragement for Merit, and try his Fortune in *London*, where, by his kind and ever to be remember'd Recommendation, I soon follow'd him.

It is in some Sort a Hardship to a rising Genius in the first Entrance to a regular establish'd Company; the Parts are all supplied, and like under Officers in an Army, they must wait for Preferment, or do something extraordinary, before they can expect it. An Accident fell out, that gave our young Actor a happy Opportunity.

The Managers had an Order from the *Lord Chamberlain*, to Revive the Play of *Tamerlane* for the 4th of *November* 1716, which was got up with the utmost Magnificence. The third Night the late Mr. *Mills* (who perform'd *Bajazet*) was taken suddenly Ill, and with much Persuasion, Mr. *Quin* was prevailed upon to read the Part, which was thought a great Undertaking for a young Actor of his Standing, but to the Mortification of several Competitors he succeeded so well, that the Audience gave him their general Applause, through the whole Course of the Part. The next Night he made himself

himself perfect, and performed it with redoubled Applauses of Approbation, and was complimented by several Persons of Distinction and Dramatic Taste, upon his early rising Genius.

But as the Theatrical World is a Picture in Miniature of the Great, Envy will shake her snaky Locks, and People of twice his Age, thought his Progress a little too rapid for their Approbation. His Temper took Fire at the visible Depression. He bore it some time with Temper; but the first Opportunity, he engaged with Mr. Rich in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*, where by just Degrees he attained the highest Round of Perfection; and (not to take any Merit from other Performers) was certainly the chief Pillar that supported all the Theatres where ever he has performed. I will not take upon me to point out his Excellencies in any particular Part, since he is excellent in all, therefore I shall end with the immortal *Shakespeare*,

*He is a Man, take him for all in all,
I ne'er shall look upon his like again.*

The great Honour this Gentleman has received from the second Illustrious Person in the Kingdom, in trusting the Royal-Blood to his Care, will better speak his Excellence, than my weak Skill can do.

T

Mr.

Mr. LACY RYAN.

THIS Gentleman was once in *Ireland* with the celebrated Mr. *Quin*, and Mrs. *Clive*, in the Year 1741. He was born in *England* in the Year 1694. The first Part he was taken Notice of, was that of *Marcus in Cato*, which was first acted in 1712.

In the Run of that celebrated Tragedy, he was accidentally brought into a Fray with some of our *Tritons* on the *Thames*, and in the Scuffle a Blow on the Nose was given him by one of these Water-Bullies, who neither regard Men nor Manners. I remember the same Night, as he was brought on the *Bier* after his suppos'd Death in the 4th Act of *Cato*, the Blood from the real Wound in the Face, gush'd out with Violence. That Hurt had no other Effect, than just turning his Nose a little, tho' not to Deformity, yet some People imagine it gave a very small Alteration to the Tone of his Voice, tho' nothing disagreeable. He acquitted himself in many Capital Parts both in Tragedy and Comedy to the Patisfaction of his Auditors, and has been ever esteemed in the first Rank of Actors.

Some few Years ago, another unfortunate Accident besel him. As he was going home to his House after his Night's Performance, he was

was attack'd by a Street-Robber, and making Resistance, the Villain shot a Brace of Pistol Bullets into his Mouth, which broke some Part of his Jaw; by the help of a Lamp, the Robber knew Mr. *Ryan*, as I have been inform'd, beg'd his Pardon for his Mistake, and ran off. Of this Hurt too, he recover'd after a long Illness, and play'd with Success as before, without any seeming Alteration of Voice or Face. His Royal Highness upon this Accident, sent him a handsome Present, and others of the Nobility, copy'd the laudable Example of the second Illustrious Person in the three Kingdoms. I shall say no more of Mr. *Ryan*, but that he is genteel and well made.

This Gentleman, has made several Excursions in the Region of Poetry, particularly a Piece of one Act, called the *Coblers Opera*, which has often been performed with good Success.

*No Marks in Age, in Face, or Form appears,
But Manhood bordering on the Vale of Years.*

Mrs. REYNOLDS.

THE Husband of this Person, gather'd a Company of Actors in the *Hay-market*, London, where they some Years ago met with Success for a time; but at last it fell to Pieces, the Sinews being relaxed by an intemperate Constitution. Mrs. *Reynolds* was well esteem'd for a very good Performer in this Kingdom,

but her Reputation seems *now* to be forgot ;
she's to be pitied, if it is not her own Fault.

*Scandal may heal, like gaping Wounds in War,
Yet leave behind the long distinguish'd Scar.*

THOMAS SHERIDAN, Esq;

THIS excellent Actor was born in this Kingdom, Son to that very eminent the Reverend Dr. *Sheridan*, a Gentleman, whose Memory will never be forgot while Learning holds the Reins to check the vicious Mind, and guide us in the Paths of Virtue. Men are but Human Brutes, poring in the Dark, without some Light of Education. Under such a Father, and at such a Fountain of Learning, as this Nursery of Erudition (*Trinity-College*) no Wonder for our young Actor to rise in Perfection. He was some time in *Westminster-School*, and as his Mind led him to look early towards the Drama, he had the Advantage of seeing the Regularity of the *British* Theatres, which he does not only copy, that many who have seen both, find the Colours and Drapery so strong, that at this Distance, it stands in equal Goodness to the Original.

To this Gentleman, we owe the Decency that has been long wanting on the *Hibernian* Stage ; a Difficulty, no one Person could have sur-

*he died of a Dropsy on
Sheridan in June Aug 27 1770
aged 67.*

surmounted but himself; and tho' Merit does not always meet its proper Reward, yet the Seeds of Flowers and Roots he had planted and sown in this Theatrical Garden, flourish sweet and amiable, and like a Master in the Art, Reward follows his Pains and Judgment in Culture.

The Unmeritorious pass unobserved, while Merit is commonly the Butt for Envy to empty her whole Quiver of Poison'd Arrows at, yet they generally fall short of their intended Mark, I shall leave this Gentleman to his prosperous and deserved Success, with the Character of *Envy* drawn by the inimitable Pen of Mr. Pope.

*Envy, will Merit, as its Shade pursue,
But like the Shadow proves the Substance too,
For envy'd Wit, like Sol eclips'd makes known,
Th' opposing Body's Grofeness, not its own;
When first that Sun's too powerful Beams displays
It draws up Vapours which obscure its Rays:
But even those Clouds at last adorn its Way,
Reflect new Glories, and augment the Day.*

MR. LUKE SPARKS.

MR. Sparks was born in this Kingdom, and has by incessant Attention to the Drama, arrived to be a well esteemed Person.

in the Business of the Theatre, and there are many capital Parts in the Compass of his Power, that he may be accounted a Person in the highest second Class: I have seen him bear up the Burden of a leading Part, to please the Audience without thinking of a better to stand in his Place. He is equally useful in the *Buskin* and *Sock*, and has the Advantage of a good Person and Voice, joyn'd to an excellent Study. He is esteem'd an excellent Oeconomist, which may be accounted a very valuable Disposition in the *Theatrical* World. There is something in the very Science of the Stage. that urges on to pleasurable Expence. I knew a Gentleman that called *London* the Body of Pleasure, and the Theatre the Heart.

Mr. *Sparks* is now in *London*, at the Fountain of *Theatrical* Erudition, and I make no doubt from his good Sense, at his Return to his native Country, he will meet with the proper Esteem his Merit deserves. All, or most People find Satisfaction in Novelty, and a long Possession of the best Things sink in their Value.

*'Tis Novelty that brightens all our Joys,
Even Beauty's Self by long Possession cloy's.*

Mr.

Mr. ISAAC SPARKS.

THERE are many Parts that become the Figure of this Person, which is of a superior Height, and Nature has bestowed upon him a Vein of Humour, that gives Satisfaction to the Audience. I have not seen him Act since his Return to his native Country; but I am informed by very good Judges, that he performs the Character of *Sir Sampson Legend* in *Love for Love* to the utmost Perfection, with many Characters of that Cast, which will prove almost as useful in a Theatre as a Hero, or a Lover.

*True Merit with magnetic Impulse draws
A willing Contribution of Applause.*

Mr. CHARLES STORER,

WAS born in *England*, in the Town of *Lancaster*. His strong Inclination for the Stage led him early to try his Fortune there, where he has succeeded very well. His good Understanding keeps him within the Bounds of his own Power, which is the ready Road, never to meet with Displeasure. I think
his

his Talent leads him to old Men in Comedy, and the artificial Wrinkles in his Face seem to content him best, which is something singular with young Persons in a Theatre; for to appear pretty Fellows is generally the Aim of all young Attempters in the Theatrical Province. I have seen him give great Satisfaction in *Gomez* in the *Spanish Fryar*, *Fore-sight* in *Love for Love*, with other Parts of the same Cast; and what, in my Opinion shews the Strength of his Judgment is, that he was some Years before he entered into any establish'd Theatre, therefore he has followed the best Guide, Nature, which is ever sure to be right.

*Good Sense and Nature are not form'd by Art,
But spring from secret Movements of the Heart.*

Mrs. S T O R E R (formerly Miss
C L A R K)

REcommends herself by her amiable Person, good Nature, and her excellent sweet harmonious Manner in Singing, therefore she is too much desired to show her Excellence that Way to perform many speaking Parts, but where her exalted Talents is required, and then whatever she says, or sings thus properly introduced, she doubly Charms. I shall end with four Lines of a Poem on *Ranelagh*

lagh Gardens, written last Summer in London.

*Then Storer--with her sweet enchanting Strains,
Steals to our Hearts, and o'er our Senses reigns ;
With ravish'd Ears, we hear the pleasing Sounds,
And heav'nly Joys the vaulted Roof resounds.*

GEORGE SWAN, Esq;

IS a Gentleman of a good Family, born in England. He was made Manager of the Play-house in *Aungier-street*, which I think was a difficult Attempt for a Gentleman, almost a Stranger to the Affairs of a Theatre. It is a very thinking Task, and a Person of Pleasure must either drop his Pursuits of that Kind, or sink in the boisterous Waves, which will require all his Time and Art, to steer his Vessel right: As well may a Country Gentleman, who never saw the Sea, by Interest take the Command of a First-Rate Man of War. However this Person by a genteel Behaviour, accompany'd with Affability, joyned with good Nature, gained the Esteem of every one. He played several Parts with a delicate Decency. A Person of Distinction asked an Actor his Opinion of Mr. Swan's Performance, replied, *He played very well as a Gentleman.* The Person returned, *I should be very glad to see you play like one with all my Heart.*

I have heard Mr. *Swan* has espoused a Lady of considerable Fortune in *England* (g), which he may know how to use to the best Advantage, but the Management of a Theatre was a Task too hard for him.

*As well may Readers turn reverse the Book,
Or reap the Harvest with a Pruning-hook.*

Mr. JOHN THURMOND,

WAS an Actor of Repute in this Kingdom about thirty Years past, and stood in many capital Parts, being then a Sharer in old *Smock-Alley* Theatre with Mr. *Thomas Elrington*, &c.

To let you see, how formerly, even Tragedy Heroes were now and then put to their Shifts, I'll tell you a short Story, that befel Mr. *Thurmond*.

It was a Custom at that Time for Persons of the First Rank and Distinction, to give their Birth-Day Suits to the most favour'd Actors. I think Mr. *Thurmond* was honoured by General *Ingoldsby* with his. But his *Finances* being at the last Tide of Ebb, the rich Suit was put

(g) I have been informed this Gentleman had a considerable Post at *Cape-Breton*: If it be true, the Duration of his Office (now Peace is concluded) may not last him longer, than the Government of the Theatre.

in

in *Buckle* (a Cant Word for Forty in the Hundred Interest); one Night, Notice was given that the General would be present with the *Government* at the Play, and all the Performers on the Stage, were preparing to dress out in the Suits presented. The Spouse of *Johnny* (as he was commonly called) try'd all her Arts to persuade Mr. *Holdfast* the Pawnbroker (*as it fell out his real Name*) to let go the Cloaths for that Evening to be return'd when Play was over; but all Arguments were fruitless, nothing but the *Ready*, or a Pledge of full equal Value. Such People would have despis'd a *Demosthenes* or a *Cicero* with all their Rhetorical Flourishes if their Oratorian Gowns, had been in pledge. Well! what must be done? the whole Family in Confusion, and all at their Wits-End. Disgrace with her glaring Eyes, and extended Mouth ready to devour. Fatal Appearance! at last *Winny* the Wife (that is *Winnifrede*) put on a compos'd Countenance (but alas! with a troubled Heart) step'd to a neighbouring Tavern, and bespoke a very hot *Negus* to comfort *Johnny* in the great Part he was to perform that Night, begging to have the silver Tankard with the Lid, because as she said, *a Covering, and the Vehicle Silver would retain Heat longer than any other Mettle*. The Request was comply'd with, the *Negus* carry'd to the Play-house pipping Hot--pop'd into a vile earthen Mug,--the Tankard *L'argent* travelled *Incog* under her Apron (like the *Persian* Ladies veil'd) pop'd into the Pawnbrokers Hands, in exchange for the
Suit,

Suit, put on, and play'd its Part, with the rest of the Wardrobe ; when its Duty was over, carry'd back to remain in its old Depository--the Tankard return'd the right Road, and when the Tide flow'd with its Lunar Influence, the stranded Suit, was wafted into safe Harbour again, after paying a little for *dry Docking*, which was all the Damage receiv'd.

Mr. *Thurmond* died in *London*, when he was one of the Company in *Drury-Lane Theatre*, a merry good Natur'd Companion to the last.

*Thus Woman's Wit, (tho' some account it Evil)
With artful Wyles can over-reach the Devil.*

Mrs. THURMOND.

HER maiden Name was *Lewis*, born of reputable Parents at *Epsom* in *Surrey*. She was marry'd to Mr. *John Thurmond* the Son of the above-mentioned. He is a Person of a clean Head and a clear Heart, and inherits the Mirth and Humour of his late Father.

Mrs. *Thurmond* has an amiable Person and good Voice, wisely leaving the Bustle and Business of the Stage, in her full, and ripe Performance, and at that Time, left behind her but few that excell'd her. Mr. *Thurmond* contriv'd many profitable *Pantomimes* for the Theatre-Royal in *Drury-Lane*, and was esteemed

seemed formerly a very good Stage Dancer,
but left the Practice before it left him.

*The flowery Bloom of May adorns the Stage :
We shed our Lustre in declining Age.
But, yet how few observe the lab'ring Ant,
To save a Winter-Store, when most they want.*

MR. VANDERBANK,

WAS born in *England* in the Year 1684.
his Father came originally from *Holland*.
Mr. *Vanderbank* was brought up in the Sea-
Service, but not liking that inconstant Element,
he embarked on a Trading Theatre in *Eng-
land* for some time, till he made a Voyage to
this Kingdom, where he has remained these two
and thirty Years. He was, as *Shakespear* says,
Sunk in the Vale of Years, when I arrived here
in 1741, and has not performed many Parts
since that Time, but I am inform'd both he,
and Mrs. *Vanderbank*, stood in high Esteem,
formerly; but they have both left the Stage
some time.

*Declining Age, to sprightly Youth gives Place,
As these must do the next Theatric Race.*

U

Mr.

Mr. BENJAMIN VICTOR.

I Might have, in one Respect, omitted this Gentleman, as he only performed for his own Diversion. But as few Persons that are not profess'd Actors, know better as I may say, the Dignity of the *Theatre* than himself, I hope he will excuse this mentioning him to the Public. He was bred in *London*, had a genteel Education, and from a just Way of Thinking, and Acting, has improv'd his Merits. Tho' he does not make *Poetry* his *Profession*, yet I have seen several correct little Poems of his. As he has wrote many agreeable Pieces that have never come to the Press, I shall beg Leave, as a Taste, to give one that has.

A C A N T A T A,

Performed at the *Castle of Dublin* the 21st of *January* 1747-8, the Birth-Day of his Royal Highness FREDERICK, Prince of WALES.
Set to Music by Mr. *Dubourg*.

Recet. **L**ET the soft captivating Strains
Of swelling Harmony begin:
In tuneful Numbers let the Swains
Great Harrington's Attention win:
Hibernia

*Hibernia pleas'd will listen to the Lay
That welcomes in our Frederick's natal Day!*

*Air. Hail! Day of Hope! O Prince renown'd!
Belov'd! with ev'ry Virtue crown'd!
Enrich'd with Merit in thy earliest Youth,
Friend to the Friends of Liberty and Truth!
The social Titles, all are thine
They make the Great Illustrious shine!
The Muse can with Delight commend,
The Husband, Father, and the Friend. DaCap.*

*Recet. Ne'er shall corroding Cares his Breast intrude,
For such can no Admission find
Within the bright unblemish'd Mind,
That knows the Joys of heavenly Solitude.*

*Duet. There, happy, free from public Strife
He tastes the Sweets of private Life;
Blest with Augusta, and her Race
With whom our Hopes and Joys encrease;
Futute Sceptres they shall weild,
Shine in Courts and grasp the Shield. DaCap.*

*Chorus. Live Frederick! live to teach their Youth
How to Rule where Freedom reigns;
More than Crowns to value Truth,
And bind fierce Tyranny in Chains.*

*This Gentleman has usher'd two little Pieces
on the Stage, one a Pastoral, the other the
Mock Pilgrim, altered into one Act from a
Comedy of Beaumont and Fletcher.*

Mrs. VINCENT (formerly
See end of the Miss BINKS,
Book

WHEN I left *England* seven Years ago, was a very promising young Actress, and I am informed from those that have seen her on the Stage *here*, that she is greatly improved; which I am apt to believe from the Judgment of the Manager, who would certainly give the best Parts to the best Performers. 'Tis the Interest of all Theatrical Managers to perform every Thing in the best Manner; to do otherwise, would be hurting themselves.

*That Teacher might be justly call'd a Fool,
 Who plac'd a Dunce in his first Class at School.*

ROBERT WILKS, Esq;

THE Ancestors of this most excellent Comedian, were seated many Ages in an affluent Inheritance at *Bromsgrove* (h) in *Wor-*

(h) *Bromsgrove* is one of the chief Trading Towns in the County for the finest Broad-Cloaths, containing about 500 well built Houses on the Brink of the River *Salwarp*, 93 measur'd Miles from *London*.

cestershire,

cestershire, where most of the chief Inhabitants bear the Name of *Wilks*.

The Grandfather, of our excellent Comedian (Judge *Wilks*) in the Civil Wars, rais'd a Troop of Horse, at his own Expence, for the Service of the unfortunate King *Charles* the First, which was commanded by Colonel *Wilks*, Brother to the Judge, and great Uncle to our Comedian.

In that unnatural War, the Family suffered greatly by Rapine, and Persecution, which was the main Motive that sent *Edward Wilks*, Esq; with his Wife and the shatter'd Remains of an ample Fortune, to *Dublin* for the Security of his Person, &c.

Our great Comedian was born at *Rathfarnham* near *Dublin*, in the Year 1670. His Father gave him a genteel Education. He wrote an excellent fine masterly Hand, with such Celerity, that was surprising. His Genius recommended him to Secretary *Southwell*, who confirm'd him one of his Clerks when eighteen Years of Age.

His first Inclination to the *Theatre* proceeded from the Praises of Mr. *Richards* then an Actor on the *Dublin* Stage. Mr. *Richards* lodg'd near Mr. *Wilks*, and being intimate with each other, he used to hold the Book of the Play, to hear if *Richards* was perfect in the Part he was then studying. Mr. *Wilks* used to read the introductive Speeches, with such proper Emphasis, Cadence, and all the various Passions, that the Encomiums given by Mr. *Richards*,

chards, began to fire his Mind for the *Drama*. It was with very little Persuasion he ventured to act privately the *Colonel* in the *Spanish Fryar* at Mr. *Ashbury's* the ensuing *Christmas*, where he received such Approbation from that great Master, that confirm'd his Intention.

The first Part he played on the Theatre, was *Othello*, with the utmost Applause, and as he told me, pleased all but himself. He went on with great Success for two Years, when his Friend Mr. *Richards* (i) advised him to try his Fortune in *England*, and gave him Letters of Recommendation to Mr. *Betterton*, who received him very kindly, and enter'd him at Fifteen Shillings a Week.

His first Appearance on the *English Stage*, was in the Part of the young Prince in the *Maid's Tragedy*, a very insignificant Character, requiring little more than an amiable Figure. Mr. *Betterton* performed *Melantius*; but when that veteran Actor came to address him on the Battlements, to excuse himself for the Death of the King in the Play, Mr. *Wilks* affirmed to me, that the Dignity of Mr. *Betterton* struck him with such an Awe, that he had much to do, to utter the little he had to say. Mr. *Betterton* observing his Confusion, said to him, *Young Man, this Fear does not ill become you; a Horse that sets out at the Strength of his Speed will soon be jaded.*

(i) Mr. *Ashbury* inform'd me, that Mr. *Richards* was a very good Actor both in Tragedy and Comedy, but not over happy in his personal Appearance.

How=

However, Mr. *Wilks* soon shook off his Apprehensions, and began to rise in the Esteem of the Audience, and better Parts gained him a better Sallary.

He often assisted Mr. *Harris* (an eminent Dancing-Master, at that Time) in teaching his Scholars, and by his genteel Address, gained the Affection of a young Lady, Daughter to *Ferdinand Knapton*, Esq; Steward of the New Forest, in *Hampshire*, and by the Consent of the Father, were joyn'd in Wedlock. By this Gentlewoman, he had one Son and Daughter, the Son died in his Youth. The Daughter was married to Captain *Price* (k), to whom he made up a Fortune of a Thousand Pounds.

Mr. *Wilks's* Finances did not well answer the State of an increasing Family, press'd for an Addition to his Sallary, which every Person but the *Manager* thought he deserved; but his Request was not complied with.

Mr. *Ashbury* in *Ireland*, hearing of his Discontent, came over on Purpose to engage him. He agreed with Mr. *Wilks* for Sixty Pounds a Years, and a clear Benefit, which in those Times was much more than any other Actor ever had. When he went to take his Leave of Mr. *Betterton*, the *Manager* was with him. That great Actor expressed some Concern at his leaving the Company. " I fancy (said Mr.

(k) Mrs. *Price* did not survive her Marriage above a Twelvemonth. She expired Childless in the Year 1712, the 20th Year of her Age.

“ *Betterton*) that Gentleman (pointing to the
 “ Manager) if he has not too much Obstinacy
 “ to own it, will be the first that repents your
 “ parting, for if I foresee aright, you will be
 “ greatly wanted here”.

Mr. *Wilks* told me this Speech gave him infinite Pleasure! and made him resolve to search into himself to find out, what Mr. *Betterton*’s known Judgment seemed to promise he might find. Praise from an Adept in any Science will excite Emulation, and with some People do more than Reward. From this time, Mr. *Wilks* grew more assiduous, and thought every Moment lost, that was not laid out upon his Studies, till he arrived at that supreme Excellence, even now remembered by innumerable Judges of the *Drama*.

It was not long before the prophetic Words of Mr. *Betterton* were fulfilled. For the unfortunate Death of *Mountford* (1) was the Sick-

(1) Mr. *William Mountford* was accounted an excellent Comedian, and Mr. *Wilks* often confess’d, he was the Glass that he ever adjusted himself by.

Mr. *Mountford* was basely murder’d by a Thrust thro’ the Back, while a false Friend held him in his Arms with a treacherous Embrace in *Norfolk-street* in the *Strand* in the Year 1692. He was the Author of the following Plays:

1. *Injur’d Love, or the Ambitious Father*, a Tragedy 1688.
2. *The Successful Stangers*, a Comedy, 1690.
3. *Greenwich Park*, a Comedy, 1691.
4. *The Life and Death of Dr. Faustus*, 1691.

With the Humours of *Harlequin* and *Scaramouch*, an Entertainment of three Acts.

ness of all their genteel Comedies, till his Parts could be supplied. Mr. *Wilks*, therefore, was immediately sent to with Proposals of Four Pounds a Week, which was a Sallary equal to Mr. *Betterton*. This was too advantageous an Offer to be refused, therefore he prepared for his Journey privately. Mr. *Asbbury* was so unwilling to part with him, that he procured an Order from the Duke of *Ormond* (then Lord Lieutenant) to prevent his going; but a particular Friend giving him timely Notice, he went secretly to *Hoath*, where a Boat waited to convey him on Board, and he landed safe in *England*.

The first Part he perform'd of *Mountford's* was *Palamede* (m) in *Dryden's Marriage Alamo*, a Comedy, with such extraordinary Success, as he often said, it made him almost mad with Joy! I need say no more of his Progress in Success, than that he sailed in the full Tide of Fortune, till he arrived safely, to reign unrivalled to his Death.

And as a Reward for his great Merit, he was joyn'd in the Patent granted by Queen *Anne* in the Year 1709. He was also Manager of the whole, and I shall not take from the Merit of others, when I say from his sole Directions, the Stage gained new Life, and Reward followed the Industry. For a continued Course

(m) Mr. *Cibber* has from this Play of *Marriage Alamo*, and the Comedy Part of *Secret Love*, or the *Maiden Queen*, compounded (with some Ingredients of his own) an excellent Comedy called the *Comical Lovers*.

to be administered

of the three Managers for more than twenty Years, the Stage was in full Perfection, their Green-Rooms (n) were free from Indecencies of every Kind, and might justly be compared to the most elegant Drawing-Rooms of the Prime Quality; no Fops or Coxcombs ever showed their Monkey Tricks there, but if they chanced to thrust in, were aw'd into Respect; even Persons of the first Rank and Taste of both Sexes, would often mix with the Performers without any Stain to their Honour or Understanding; and indeed Mr. *Wilks* was so genteely elegant in his Fancy of Dress for the Stage, that he was often followed in his Fashion, tho' in the Street, his Plainness of Habit was remarkable.

In *March* 1713-14, Mrs. *Wilks* (o) left this

(n) Green-Rooms are the Chambers where the principal Performers retire, till they are called to their Entrances where they are to go on the Stage.

(o) Mrs. *Wilks* was interr'd in the Church of *Covent-Garden*, with the following Inscription on her Tomb, wrote by her Husband.

Beneath this Marble
Lies *Elizabeth Wilks*, late Wife to *Robert Wilks*,
of this Parish, Gent.
The Purity of her Mind, which appear'd in all the
Duties of a virtuous Life, made her a good Wife,
Daughter, Mother, and Friend.
Her Affection was like her Piety,
Constant, as unfeigned to her last Moment.
In Memory of her Virtues,
This Monument was erected by her Husband.
She died the 21st of *March* 1713-14, in the 42^d Year
of her Age.

World

World to the inconsolable Sorrow of her worthy Husband : He continued unmarried upwards of seven Years. In the mean time, he renewed his Acquaintance with Mrs. *Fell*, Relict of *Charles Fell*, Esq; of an antient Family in *Lancashire*, and married her. This Gentlewoman's maiden Name was *Brown*, of a reputable Family in *Sussex* (p)

Mr. *Wilks*'s Excellence in Comedy, was never once disputed, but the best Judges extol him for the different Parts in Tragedy, as *Hamlet*, *Castalio* in the *Orphan*, *Ziphares* in *Mithridates*, *Edgar* in *King Lear*, *Norfolk* in the *Albion Queen*, *Piercy* in *Anna Bullen*, Earl

(p) I shall relate an unfortunate Accident concerning *John Brown*, Esq; the Father of Mr. *Wilks*'s second Wife, which he informed me of. This Gentleman lived near *Spolmonden* in *Kent*, on a handsome Estate. He took great Delight in Shooting. One Day he went out with his Servant to his usual Diversion, they sprung some Game that flew over a neighbouring Hedge ; he order'd his Servant to follow and observe them on the other Side, while he would take care on the Side where he was. The Hedge was of great Extent, and Mr. *Brown* went slowly by the Side in Expectation of the Game ; at last they came, and he fir'd. The Servant on the other Side of the Hedge did the same, and unfortunately shot his Master in the Face only with two Grains of Shot ; but alas ! one in each Eye, that for ever deprived him of Sight ! Yet Mr. *Wilks* inform'd me, he was as chearful a Gentleman as ever he convers'd with, and would lead him to every particular Fruit-tree in his large Garden, and nominate the Fruit they bore, and that very Servant *the innocent Guilty*, as he call'd him, liv'd with him at the Time I received this Account from Mr. *Wilks*.

of *Essex*, *Shore*, *Macduff*, *Monefes* in *Tamerlane*, *Jaffeir* in *Venice Preserv'd*, and a countless Catalogue of other Parts in Tragedy, which he was allowed to perform in their full Perfection.

He was not only perfect in every Part he acted, but in those that were concerned with him in every Scene, which often prevented Mistakes.

But let me have Recourse to other Pens for his Excellencies. One writes thus :

“ No sooner had Mr. *Wilks* left the *Hibernian* Stage, and appeared on the *British*, but that sinking Theatre raised its drooping Head ; and what was reckon'd almost a Scandal to belong to, has ever since been by that great Man's Management, and Justice, raised to the greatest Theatre in the Universe. *Female Tatler*.

“ The Person and Behaviour of Mr. *Wilks*, in the Part of *Essex*, has no small Share in conducing to the Popularity of the Play. *Tatler*, No. 14. Vol. I.

“ This Performance (*The Trip to the Jubilee*) is the greatest Instance that we can have of the irresistible Force of proper Action. Mr. *Wilks* enters into the Part with so much Skill, that the Gallantry, the Youth, and Gaiety of a young Man of a plentiful Fortune is look'd upon with as much Indulgence on the Stage, as in real Life. *Tatler* No. 19.

In the Preface to the same Play, the Author says: “ When ever the Stage has the

“ Mis-

“ Misfortune to lose Mr. *Wilks*, that *Wildair*
“ may go to the *Jubilee*.

In the Preface to the *Stratagem*, the Author ends thus : “ The Reader may find some Faults
“ in this Play, which my Illness prevented
“ the amending of ; but there is great Amends
“ made in the Representation, which cannot
“ be matched, no more than the friendly and
“ indefatigable Care of Mr. *Wilks*, to whom I
“ chiefly owe the Success of the Play.

Here is enough said to illustrate the personal Qualifications of this Gentleman as an Actor, therefore let me attempt to delineate his Mind.

His Purse was ever open to proper Objects of Charity, and I have often seen Tears in his Eyes at the Relation of any Misfortune that befel others. He was ever the first Proposer in any joint Charity from the Theatrical Stock, and I am convinced has often prevailed upon their unwilling Liberality. His Care of the Orphan Daughters of Mr. *Farquhar*, by giving them several Benefit Plays, continued to the last of his Days, and in losing him, they have in Reality lost a Father, but I hope his constant Stream of Bounty has placed them above Want. In short his private Acts of Charity are Numberless. I shall add one in particular.

A Gentleman, a Native of *Ireland*, whose Name is *Smith*, who received a liberal Education in *Trinity-College, Dublin*, brought a Tragedy to the Managers of the Theatre-Royal in *Drury-Lane* for their Approbation; the Play

was read and return'd, with Desire to make some Alterations for the next Season. This postponing but ill agreed with our Author's Circumstances, that loudly called for a speedy Supply. Mr. *Wilks* knowing the ill State of his Finances, bought a Night of his Brother Managers, and gave it to Mr. *Smith* for a Benefit. Yet he did not think that sufficient, but used all his Interest to make it truly a Benefit, and put a hundred Guineas clear in the Author's Pocket, with which he took Leave of his Benefactor, and the Muses, embarked for *Holland*, where he put himself under the Tuition of the great *Borehave* at *Leyden*, and in time profited so well, that his great Master of Medicine sent him to *Petersburgh*, at the Request of the *Czarina*, where at his first Arrival a handsome Pension was settled upon him. I have seen several Letters from this Gentleman to Mr. *Wilks*, a Copy of one, I procured from his Widow, which I shall give as a Note for the Singularity of it (q).

This

(q) *Petersburgh, Jan. 7. O. S.*

My dear Friend,

I Received yours with inexpressible Pleasure by Captain *Pawlet* with the Books. How shall I thank you? but no Matter. You desire I would give you an Account of myself. I am at this Instant, alone in my Chamber wrapt up to my Nose in Furrs, before a Wood Fire that might serve you in the Street for a Night of Rejoycing; (for Stoves I do not use) on my Right of the Table, my Ink and Paper, on the Left a Bottle
 of

This great and good Man continued to Charm, till the last of his performing on the Stage. He left this World the 27th of September 1732, and I must declare I have not yet seen his Equal in *Comedy*. His disconsolate Widow caused the following Inscription to be

X 2

put

‘ of good Nantz, tho’ I’m no Sot ; and yet the Moon
 ‘ and Stars shine bright, without a Cloud large enough to
 ‘ cover a Tragedy Plume. When Day appears, I must
 ‘ see it with a Candle, for my Windows will be covered
 ‘ with a cold Coat of Frost, more of a thick *Substance*
 ‘ than the Glass, and yet it is not three to one, but To-
 ‘ morrow’s Sun’s short Progress, will uncloath ’em, and
 ‘ leave ’em stark naked again. If I were to appear be-
 ‘ fore you, fashionably Drest, you would take me for a
 ‘ *Russian* Bear, I am so clumsily *Befurr’d*, not only from
 ‘ *Top to Toe* (as *Hamlet* says) but Head and Feet.

‘ I have Practice more than I desire this cold, cold
 ‘ Weather, and well paid. A Physician to the Crown here,
 ‘ never wants Practice. I was sent for Yesterday to a Man
 ‘ that had been dead some Hours, a Nobleman’s Servant,
 ‘ froze to Death behind his Master’s *Sled* ; but I left him to
 ‘ be bury’d (first receiving my Fee, and a Pint Glass of
 ‘ Brandy) for I am not Holy enough to work Miracles.

‘ I have a good Stomach, and eat and drink well.
 ‘ Here is no want of any Thing, but Warmth in our
 ‘ long Winter, and Coolness in our short Summer, be-
 ‘ ing many Degrees different from you in both. How-
 ‘ ever we have our Winter Fires, and Summer shady
 ‘ Groves and Bowers. I have served my Time to the
 ‘ Language of the Country, and it is now become my
 ‘ Servant. My Royal Mistress is a good plump round-
 ‘ fac’d Lady, and does me the Honour to ask me some
 ‘ Questions, now we understand each other. Were you
 ‘ here, you would have but a small Share in Amours ;
 ‘ Love goes by Weight in *Russia*, and those that thrive

‘ in

put on his Monument in *St. Paul's, Covent-Garden* (r), with the Arms of the *Wilks's* Family, which are *three Roses*, and a *Rose* for the *Crest*. His second Wife lies also in the same Vault, lately deceased.

Near this Place

(In hopes of a happy Resurrection)

Lyes the Body of ROBERT WILKS, Esq;
One of the Patentees of his Majesty's Theatre.
A Man in private Life

' in Flesh, succeed best. A native Painter would draw
 ' *Venus* like an overgrown Hostess, and *Harper*, would
 ' make an excellent *Mars* in Picture, lolling at the Feet of
 ' the fat *Cyprian* Goddess: were the wellgrown Bear here,
 ' he would be *Bojar* (or Lord) at his first Landing. My
 ' greatest Task is to keep sober amongst a Nation of
 ' Drunkards. Captain *Pawlet* will bring you a few
 ' Furs, with a small Quantity of Ermin, the Product of
 ' *Russia*. Were I settled in *Greenland* I should do the
 ' same, and land you a *Whale*, or a *White Bear*. You
 ' will receive them without any other Weight but them-
 ' selves. But who gave me these Furs? this Affluence?
 ' this Royal Mistress? this happy Situation? A Man
 ' just of your Age, and Stature If you can't find him
 ' out, ask my dear and worthy Friend Sir *Harry Wildair*,
 ' and tell him at the same time the Grain was his, and
 ' the Reaper with the Crop, shall ever be at his Com-
 ' mand, &c.

(r) This superexcellent Comedian, by his own Request, was interr'd at 12 o'Clock at Night, to avoid Ostentation. Yet to pay his Memory the greatest Honour that was ever done to a Subject, the Gentlemen of the Choir belonging to the King's Chapel, came voluntary, and performed an *Anthem* prepared for the solemn Occasion.

For

of the S T A G E. 245

*For many amiable Qualities, justly esteemed;
In Public universally applauded.*

In the same Vault,

(United again in Death)

*Lyes his beloved, and loving Wife, MARY,
Daughter of John Brown, Esq; of Spelmonden*

In the County of Kent,

*Relict of Charles Fell, Esq; of Swarthmore-hall
In Lancashire.*

*An affectionate Wife, and indulgent Mother,
A kind Mistress, and a faithful Friend:*

*Her charitable Disposition to the Poor,
Was at all times extended to the utmost of
Her Power,*

*And flowed from a Heart sensibly affected
With Compassion, and Benevolence.*

There is no Issue left of this excellent Man to perpetuate his Memory, but his good Deeds will last for ever. I shall finish with two Lines of a Poem wrote upon his Death.

*Farewell! O born with ev'ry Art to please!
Politeness, Grace, Gentility, and Ease.*

Mr. HENRY WOODWARD, &

WAS born in the Year 1717, in London, where he received a genteel Education. He is a very thriving Comedian; and a very

*born Dec. 2. 1714. died Apr. 19. 1771
peace-
fine appeared in the Year 1761
see the*

peaceable Mimic, for he never strikes first, but if he receives the first Blow, he generally returns it with double the Strength of his Adversary. He is an excellent *Harlequin*, and has what most of the motley-coat Gentry want, an excellent Head to his Heels; and if his black Mask should be thrown aside for a whole Age (tho' Levity will hardly lye so long obscured) yet as a just and pleasing Actor in Comedy, he can never want Encouragement any where, if Theatres are in use, joyned to his good Understanding and Pleasantry, his good Nature is ever Conspicuous upon all proper Occasions, Cool in his Resentments, and Warm in his Friendships, a Man fit for the World, and the World for him, and knows how to look on Fortune.

*Fortune a Goddess is to Fools alone,
The Wise are always Masters of their own.*

Mr. ROBERT WETHERILT.

THIS Person was born at *Stamford* in *Lincolnshire*, in the Year 1708, where his Father and Mother, belonging to a Country Company were then Playing. He play'd, as he inform'd me, the Part of the *Duke of York* in *Richard the Third*, before he could speak plain; so that it may be said, he was born an Actor.
He

He came with his Mother (who was a well esteemed Actress at that Time) to *Drury-Lane*, a Boy, where he shew'd his rising Genius, first in the Part of *'Squire Richard* in the *Provok'd Husband*. From thence, he went to the Theatre in *Goodman's-Fields*, where he marry'd the Sister of *Mr. Dennis Delane*, then of that Theatre.

In the Year 1738, he came over into this Kingdom, and may be well remember'd, his Excellence in several Parts of Comedy, having not yet been out-done. I cannot avoid mentioning a Passage in the Life of this truly good Comedian.

While he and his Family belong'd to the Theatre-Royal in *Drury-Lane*, after the Company had finish'd the Season of Playing in *London* (which generally is the End of *May*) he, with his Father and Mother, went for the Summer Season, to play at several Towns in *Lincolnshire* (the Custom of many of both establish'd Theatres) when the Company were summon'd to meet in *London* the usual Time, the latter End of *August*, to begin the Winter-Season, I received the following short Letter.

Grantham, August the 2d.

S I R,

" **M**R. *Wetherilt*, and his Wife, beg you
 " will Excuse them to *Mr. Wilks*; their
 " Son is at the Point of Death. They beg an
 " Answer. Be pleas'd to direct to your hum-
 " ble

“ ble Servant *R. Stukely*, Apothecary in *Grantham*, *Lincolnshire*.

The Meaning why I mention this Letter is, that the Son, the very Night this Letter was wrote, in all Appearance, expi'd, was strip'd and wash'd, the Bed taken away, and he laid stretch'd on a Mat. with a Basen of Salt (a common Custom in *England*) plac'd on his Stomach, the incontolable Parents remov'd to another House, and the Coffin brought to the Son's Chamber, the Windows all open. About Eight at Night, a Person was sent with a Light to watch the Corpse; when she open'd the Door, the first Object she perceiv'd was poor *Bob* (as he was generally call'd by his Familiars) sitting up, with his Teeth trembling in his Head (and well they might) with Cold. The Woman in her Fright, drop'd the Candle, and scream'd out, *the Devil! the Devil!* This Fright alarm'd another Woman below, who ran up Stairs to see what was the Matter. In the mean time, *Bob*, with much ado, had made a shift to get from the Bed, and taking up the Candle, which lay upon the Floor unextinguish'd, was creeping to the Door to call for Assistance, as naked as from the Womb of his Mother, which the two Women perceiving, with joint Voices repeated again, *a Ghost! a Ghost! the Devil! the Devil!* The Master of the House hearing this Uproar, ran himself to know the Reason, where poor *Bob*, the suppos'd Devil, and he, soon came to a right Understanding.

derstanding. He was put into a warm Bed, to the unspeakable Joy of his desponding Parents, and in ten Days after in *London* (*vive voce*) told me the whole Story of his Death.

This Accident, when real Death paid him a Visit, work'd so strongly upon his forlorn Parents, that they would not let his Corpse be Coffin'd till five Days after he expir'd. Vain Hope! he died in 1743, in the 35th Year of his Age. Both his Parents died soon after him. I am sorry to end this Account, with saying his Company was so desirable, that he had many Trials of Skill with his Constitution. He was bury'd in a very genteel Manner in the Round Church-yard.

*In Tryals of Drinking, pray let me assure ye,
I never intend to be one of the Jury.*

MR. THOMAS WALKER.

THIS Person was born in the Year 1700. In his Youth he was a very promising Actor. The Part of *Charles* in the *Nonjuror*, a Comedy founded upon *Moliere's Tartuff*, by Mr. *Cibber*, which was perform'd at the Theatre-Royal in *Drury-Lane* in the Year 1717, gave him the first Establishment as an Actor. The Applause he gain'd from performing the Part of *Macheath* in the *Beggar's Opera*, was fatal

fatal to him. He follow'd *Bacchus* too ardently, in so much, that his Credit was often drown'd upon the Stage, and by Degrees, almost render'd him Useless.

He was suppos'd Author of two Dramatic Pieces, viz. the *Quaker's Opera*, and a Tragedy call'd the *Fate of Villainy*. This Play he brought to *Ireland* in the Year 1744, and prevailed on the Proprietors to act it under the Title of *Love and Loyalty*. The second Night was given out for his Benefit, but not being able to pay in Half the Charge of the common Expences, the Doors were order'd to be kept shut; but I remember, few People came to ask the Reason. However, I fear this Disappointment hasten'd his Death, for he surviv'd it but three Days, dying in the 44th Year of his Age, a Martyr to what often stole from him a good Understanding.

*He who delights in Drinking out of Season,
Takes wond'rous Pains to drown his manly Reason.*

MR. THOMAS WRIGHT.

THIS Gentleman was born in the Year 1707. He is descended of a good Family, and had a liberal Education. It is with some Concern I say, he had *once* a good Fortune.

His

His first Appearance as an Actor in *London*, was with Mr. *Giffard* at the Theatre in *Goodman's-Fields*, from whence he remov'd with that Gentleman to *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields* Theatre, and from thence he was invited to the Theatre-Royal in *Drury-Lane*; but receiving some ill Usage from Mr. *Fleetwood* then Patentee, he came over to this Kingdom in the Year 1741, where he appeared to great Advantage in several Capital Characters. He afterwards went out with a Country Company to several Parts of this Kingdom, and is now, as I am inform'd, Head of a Company of Players in *England*. In my Opinion, his Deservings might make him desirable in any Regular Theatre, a proper Person, pleasing Voice, and always perfect in what he performs, joyned to a good Understanding to feel what he speaks.

*But various Causes, various Minds employ:
Some love to save, while others wou'd destroy.*

Mr. M O Z E E N,

C A M E too late to be listed in his proper Alphabet, yet I think I know enough of him, to imagine he is a very improving Actor: He has many Requisites that may make out what I assert for him, a good Person join'd

join'd to a genteel Education, Judgment, Voice, and Understanding. By his Success already (since he has had but three Years Experience) shews us a larger Prospect of Advantage.

He was born in *England* (tho' of *French* Extraction) and (if it is any Honour to him) had the much talk'd of *Dr. Henry Sacheverel* for a Sponsor.

Mrs. Mozeen (formerly *Miss Edwards*) I knew a Child. She sprung up under the Care of that eminent Actress *Mrs. Clive*. I know *Mrs. Mozeen* is an Adept in Music, has a charming Manner, and Voice: if her innate Modesty keeps her back as an Actress, Time may get the better of her Timidity. Modesty may assume a proper Spirit, when it is assured of being justly right in what is undertaken, for Virtue has ever Courage, and is its own Guardian.

*Virtue, could see to do, what Virtue would,
By her own radiant Light, tho' Sun, and Moon
Were in the flat Sea sunk. Milton.*

MR. JAMES WORSDALE.

THIS facetious Person must not be forgot, whose Performance as an Actor, and a Poet, has often diverted the Town. He was taught

taught the Use of his Pencil, under that celebrated Painter Sir *Godfrey Kneller*. I do not pretend to rescue him from the Lash of a Lady, who has thought fit to correct him, but this I know, that I have been in his Company, when his quick Imagination, has struck out several Pieces of Humour that have given great Pleasure in his Manner of Singing. To give one Instance of it, he and I were together, without any other Company, when on the Back of a Play-Bill he struck out the following Song, for his little Opera, called a *Cure for a Scold*.

*Who ere to a Wife
Is link'd for his Life,
Is plac'd in a wretched Condition :
Tho' plagu'd with her Tricks
Like a Blister she sticks,
And Death is his only Physician.
Poor Man.*

And Death, &c.

*So the Cur who possesst
A Bone of the best,
Could lick it, or leave it at Pleasure;
But, if to his Tail
'Tis ty'd, without fail
He's harass'd and plagu'd without Measure.
Poor Cur.*

He's harass'd, &c.

Now what convinces me of the quick Coinage of this Song is, that the last Stanza was produced,

ced, by the Accident of seeing a Dog run that Instant by the Window, with a Bone ty'd to his Tail, followed by a hooting Mob.

This may certainly be said of him, that he had an inexhaustible Fund of good Humour, good Nature and Generosity, and might have had a heavier Pulse, if he had not been so light of Heart. I shall end with two Lines of his own, with very little Variation.

*May he ever from Duns and from Bailiffs be freed,
And shake a loose Leg on each Side the Tweed.*

Mr. JOHN WATSON,

IS a Person worthy of Imitation, from his Oeconomy and Behaviour in private Life. He belonged to the Stage from his Youth, first as a *Prompter*, but many Years as an Actor: If he does not excel, he is ever decent. His long Continuance in the Business, has made him perfect almost in every Character, and such a Person must be extremely Useful in a Theatre.

*He best can guide a Stranger in the Road,
Who oft the mazie Labyrinth has trod.*

Mr.

Mr. JAMES WILLIAMS,

MUST not be forgot, since what he does, he does well, and in my Judgment, were he put forward in some Parts in Low Comedy, his Execution would not lose him any Reputation. In one Ingredient to make up a Play, I think him the best I have ever known, that is a *Property-Man*(f).

*His bloodless Weapons only kill in Jest,
And those that drink his Poisons fare the best.*

Mrs. WOFFINGTON.

THIS amiable Actress was born in Dublin of reputable Parents, who gave her a genteel Education. Her sprightly Genius led her early to the Stage, where she made a rapid Progress. Her first Establishment, was in the Character of Sir *Harry Wildair* in this King-

(f) *Property-Man* is the Person that receives a Bill from the *Prompter*, for what is necessary in every New or Reviv'd Play, as Purfes, Wine, Suppers, Poison, Daggers, Halters, Axes, and many more Implements of Execution, with a Thousand other &c. &c. &c.

dom, which was the first Part she perform'd in *Covent-Garden Theatre*, and had a successive Progress of upwards of Twenty Nights with universal Applause. The Manager of that Theatre having some Dispute with her relating to Sallary (as I am inform'd) she engaged with the Manager of *Drury-Lane*, where she has reign'd in full Perfection ever since, unrival'd in the Parts she undertakes.

As Merit too often creates Envy, the little World the Theatre is not free from it. This agreeable Actress in the Part of Sir Harry coming into the Green-Room, said pleasantly, *In my Conscience, I believe half the Men in the House take me for one of their own Sex.* Another Actress reply'd, *It may be so, but in my Conscience! the other Half can convince them to the Contrary.* As the Theatre is the Test of other People's Wit, why may they not find a little among themselves?

I am inform'd she now shines in several Capital Parts in Tragedy, viz. *Cleopatra* in *All for Love*, *Jane Shore*, *Monimia*, *Calista* in the *Fair Penitent* (t), &c.

I

(t) I shall mention as my last Note, an Accident that fell out at this Play, the first Season it was perform'd in the Year 1699, which I gather'd from that Stage Chronicle, Mr *John Bowman*.

Lothario, after he is kill'd by *Altamont* in the 4th Act lies dead by Proxy in the 5th, raised on a Bier covered with Black by the *Property-man*, and the Face whitened by the Barber, the Coat and Perriwig generally filled by one of the Dressers. Most of the Capital Actors in the

estab.

I shall leave this Lady to pursue in her Path of Merit where she still leads, with an *Epilogue* wrote purely for her Manner of Speaking; and as *Prologues* and *Epilogues* are the most difficult Tasks of both Sexes on the Stage, it is to be remark'd but few besides the Capital

establisht Theatres, have generally a Dresser to themselves, tho' they are paid by the Manager, to be ready on all Occasions for Stage Guards, Attendance, &c.

Mr. *Powel* played *Lothario*, and one *Warren* his Dresser claimed a Right of lying for his Master, and performing the dead Part of *Lothario*, which he propos'd to act to the best Advantage, tho' *Powel* was ignorant of the Matter. The Fifth Act begun, and went on as usual with Applause; but about the Middle of the distressful Scene, *Powel* call'd aloud for his Man *Warren*, who as loudly replied from the Bier on the Stage, *Here Sir!* *Powel* (as I said before being ignorant of the Part his Man was doing) repeated without Loss of Time, *Come here this Moment! you Son of a Whore, or I'll break all the Bones in your Skin.* *Warren* knew his hasty Temper, therefore without any Reply, jump'd off with all his Sables about him, which unfortunately were tyed fast to the Handles of the Bier, and dragg'd after him. But this was not all; the Laugh and Roar began in the Audience, till it frighted poor *Warren* so much, that with the Bier at his Tail, he threw down *Calista* (Mrs. *Barry*) and overwhelm'd her with the Table, Lamp, Book, Bones, together with all the Lumber of the Charnel-House; he tugg'd, till he broke off his Trammels, and made his Escape; and the Play for once, ended with immoderate Fits of Laughter, even the grave Mr. *Betterton*,

Smil'd in the Tumult, and enjoy'd the Storm.

But he would not let the *Fair Penitent* be played any more that Season, till poor *Warren's* Misconduct was something forgot.

Per-

Performers are trusted with them, and a good Prologue and Epilogue, have often help'd a bad Play out of the Mire, or at least send the Audience Home a little better humour'd.

EPILOGUE

Design'd for Mrs. WOFFINGTON in the Character of a *Volunteer*.

Enters reading the Gazette.

CURSE on all Cowards! say I—why—blest
 my Eyes—
 No—no—it can't be true—this Gazette lies—
 Our Men Retreat before a Scrub Banditti,
 Who scarce could fright the Buff coats of the City!
 Well—if 'tis so, and that our Men won't stand,
 'Tis time we Women, take the thing in hand—
 Thus, in my Country's Cause I now appear
 A bold, smart Khevenhuller Volunteer—
 And really, mark some Heroes in the Nation,
 You'll think this no unnatural Transformation;
 For if in Valour real Manhood lies
 All Cowards are but—Women in Disguise—
 They cry these Rebels are so stout and tall,
 Ah! Lard! I'd lower the proudest of them all.
 Try but my Courage, place me in the Van,
 And post me, if I don't bring down my Man—
 Had we an Army of such charging Wenches,
 What Man d'ye think wou'd dare to attack our
 Trenches?

O!

O! how the Cannon of our Eyes would maul 'em,
But our mask'd Batteries—Lud! how they would
gall 'em!

No Rebel 'gainst such Force durst take the Field—
For damme! we wou'd die before we'd yield!

Joking apart, we Women have strong Reason
To stop the Progress of this Popish Treason,
For now when Female Liberty's at stake,
All Women ought to bustle for its Sake.

Should these audacious Sons of Rome prevail,
Vows, Convents, and that Heathen Thing a Veil
Must come in Fashion, and such Institutions
Would suit but oddly with our Constitutions.

What gay Coquet would like a Nun's Profession,
And I've some private Reasons 'gainst Confession.
Besides, our good Men of the Church, they say,
(Who now, thank Heav'n, may Love, as well as
Pray)

Must then be only wed to cloyster'd Houses—
Hold! there we are fobb'd of twenty Thousand
Spouses.

And faith no bad ones, as I am told—then judge ye
Is't fit we lose our—Benefit of Clergy?

In Freedom's Cause, ye Patriot Fair arise,
Exert the sacred Influence of your Eyes!
On valiant Merit, deign alone to smile,
And vindicate the Glory of our Isle,
To no base Cowards render up your Charms,
Disband the Lover who deserts his Arms;
So shall you fire each Hero to his Duty,
And British Rights be fix'd by British Beauty.

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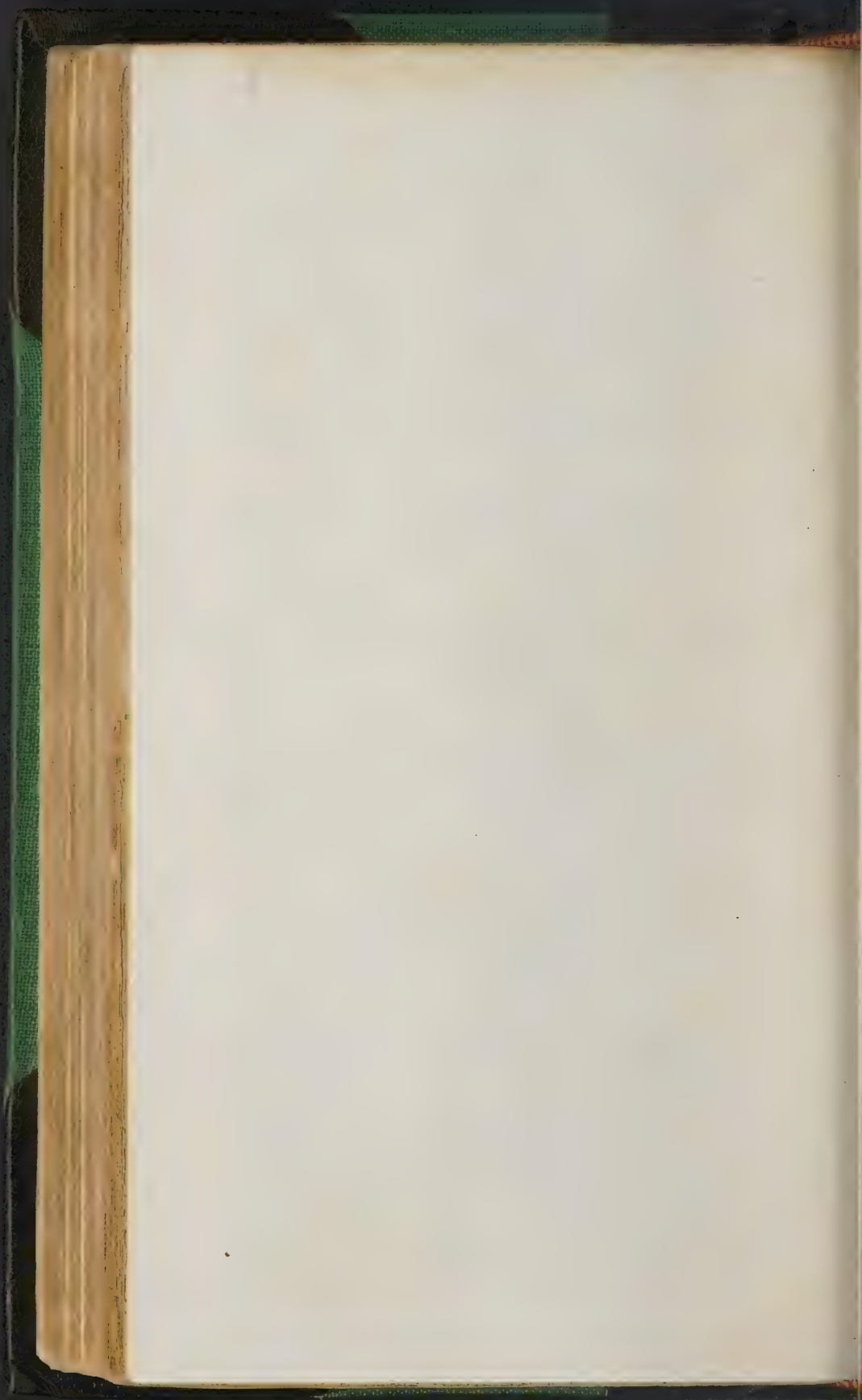
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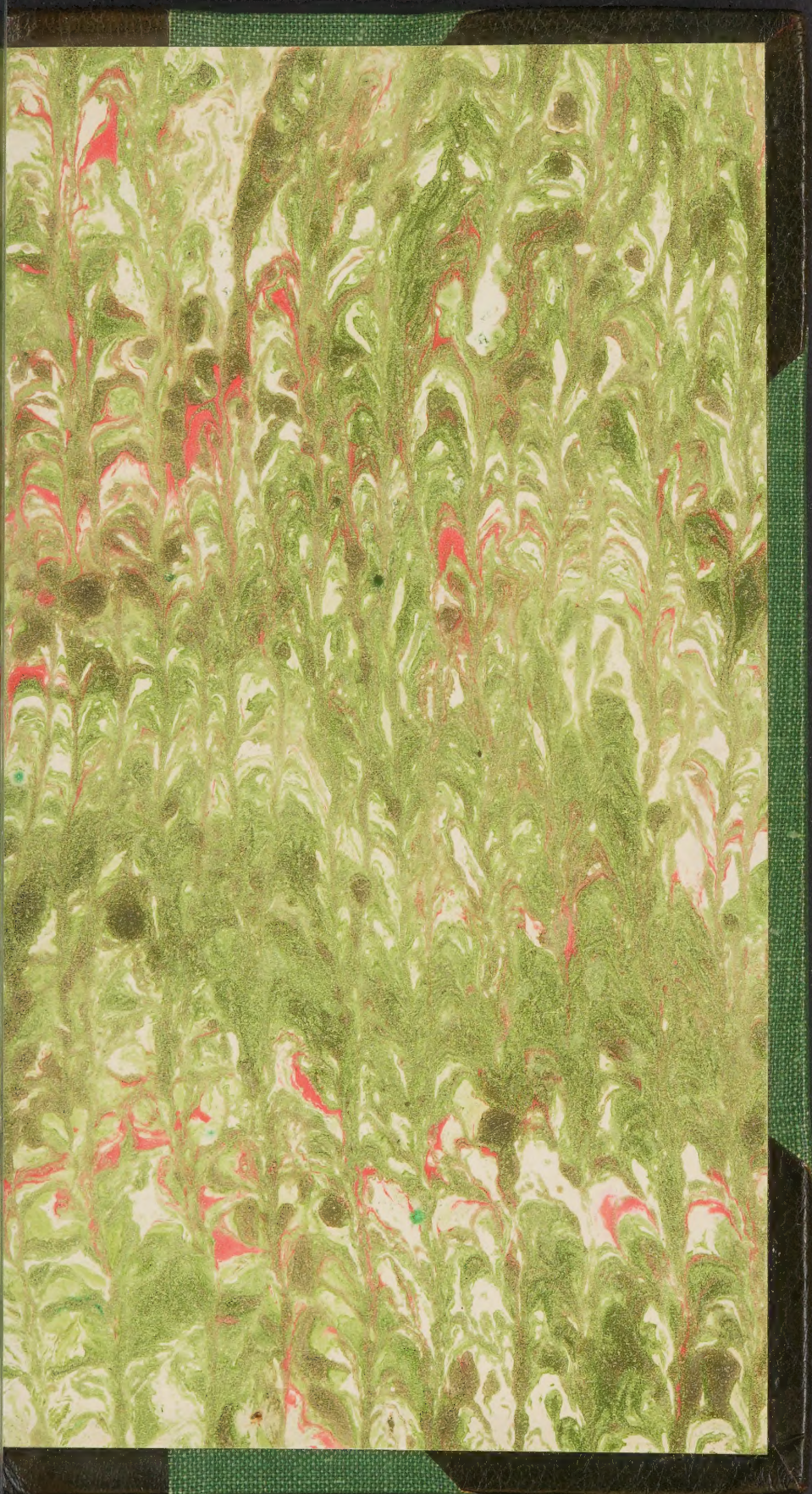
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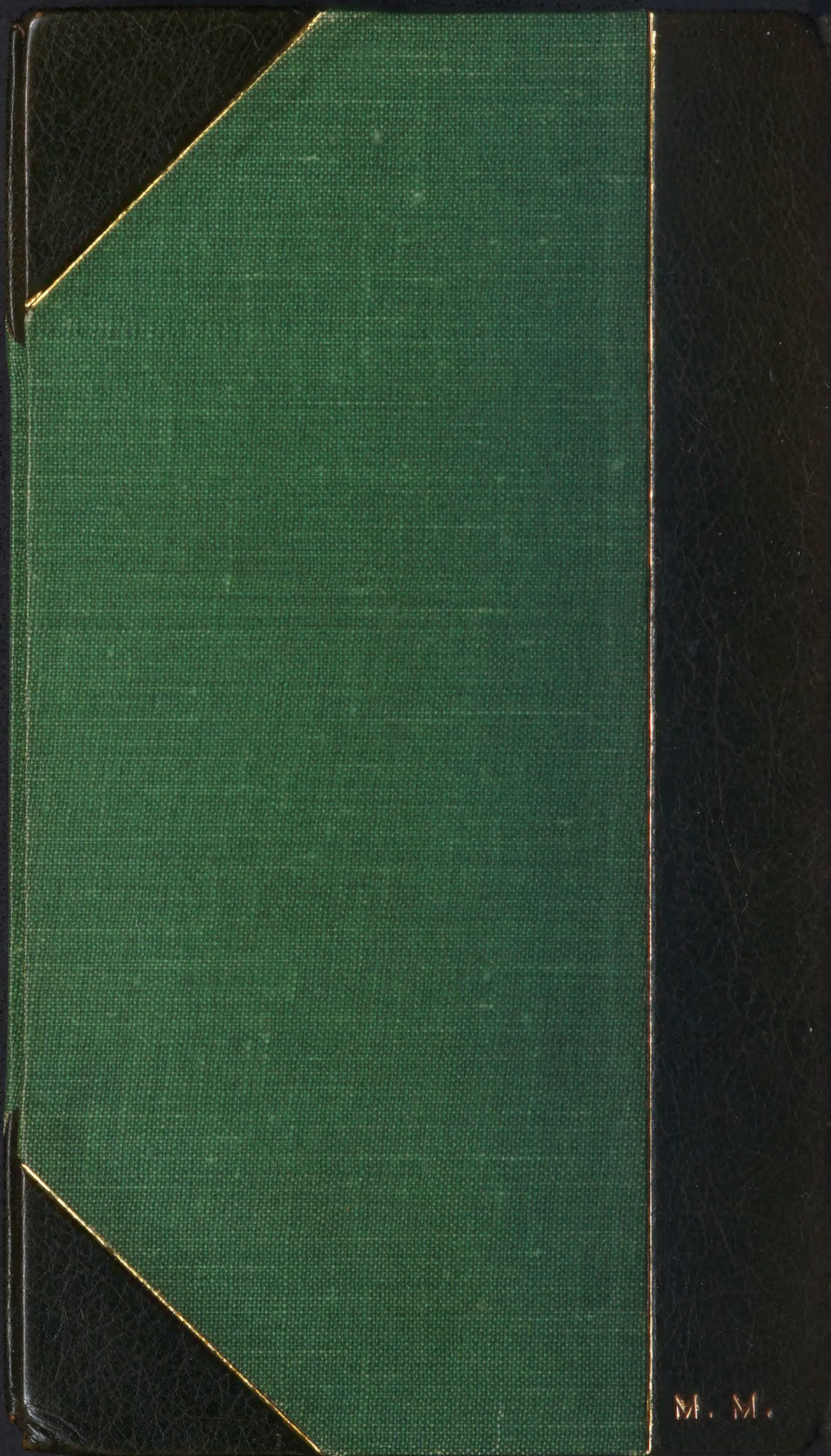
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